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# NORTH AMERICAN

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## REVIEW.

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VOL. LXXX.

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Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur.

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CROSBY, NICHOLS, AND COMPANY,  
111 WASHINGTON STREET.  
1855.

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# NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CLXVI.

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JANUARY, 1855.

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- ART. I.—1. *Historia de la Dominacion de los Arabes en España.* Por el Doctor DON JOSE ANTONIO CONDE.
2. *Histoire des Mores Mudejares et des Morisques, ou des Arabes d'Espagne sous la Domination des Chrétiens.* Par M. LE COMTE ALBERT DE CIRCOURT.

ONE of the most curious and important branches of study which can be presented to the philosophical thinker is the causes, characteristics, and effects of the mutual influence of nations and races, when brought into contact or relation with one another by invasion, immigration, or colonization. The differences of nations in regard to laws, government, social customs, and personal traits, and the varying aspect of the same nation, as contrasted with itself at different periods of its history, are owing not so much to any self-derived law of growth or retrocession, as to the introduction from without of new elements, which soon become incorporated with, and go to make a part of, the sum total of that which constitutes national character. The self-reliant Chinese are not so much of an exception to this rule as might at first sight be supposed. Long ago, in the infancy of the world, they built themselves up on a commixture of the various Indian races; and had they in later times dealt more with "outside barbarians," and intermarried less with their own kindred, they would now have less to fear from foes within. The traces of alien tribes.

are engraved indelibly in the heart of every people; and, in general, the most distinctly and abundantly in those which have made themselves the most deeply felt. The results of this ceaseless interaction are, in different cases, as varied as extensive; and the lessons which they leave are the safest of guides — actual precedents — for many of the most difficult questions of national policy, political economy, and international law. In digesting and interpreting these results, philosophical history finds the largest possible scope occurring in human experience for subtile analysis and profound generalizations. Nations are substituted for individuals, continents for cities, and centuries for years. Yet, while on an arena so vast there is room for the marshalling of greater truths than can be presented in the compass of ordinary history, there is so much the more danger of fatal errors, — errors arising from an imperfect sympathy with the spirit of the age under review, from generalizing on insufficient induction, or from national partiality or prejudice. Alike penetrating and thoroughly catholic should be the judicial spirit which would call up the nations to give account of their talents, — to exhibit what they have rendered and for what received, — and what place they have maintained in history.

Nowhere is this discriminating and impartial spirit more needed, and nowhere is it less likely *a priori* to be found, than in judging of the claims of the Saracens, especially in Spain, to our esteem and gratitude for the new elements and impulses imparted by them to modern civilization. Professing as they did a system of belief so radically at variance with our own, and one which incorporated itself so thoroughly into whatever they accomplished or attempted, — rising so suddenly from obscurity into a first-rate power, — flourishing most proudly when all but they were in the darkest gloom, — it is no light task, where these and other elements, so alien to our own experience, must be weighed, to calculate their influence aright, and to reconcile the apparently conflicting phases of national character to which they gave rise. Hence it is that this subject has been often examined with too great hastiness and ignorance of detail, or scrutinized through the distorting medium of favorite theories. The zealous theorist

who maintains the uniform progress of humanity looks with incredulous eye at the glowing accounts of Moorish arts and learning; while the too fond lover of the past sighs over their departed brilliancy and chivalry, and contrasts them discontentedly with the unromantic tendencies of his own times. A calm, dispassionate inquiry alone will preserve the just medium between the extremes of partisan views, and evolve the truth from their conflicting statements.

The Moorish dominion in Spain hinges so completely on the nature and relative position of the whole Saracen power, that a survey of the former would be incomplete without taking a hasty glance at the latter. The sudden rise and giant strides of the Saracens are without a parallel in history. Their rapid growth seems typified by the seeds which the Hindoo juggler places in the earth before our eyes, and which in the space of a few moments pass from the incipient germ, through the various stages of development, to the ripe and perfect fruit; or, even more aptly, by the fabled monads of Lamarck, which, being at the first ultimate atoms, acquire, by the mere force of a strong craving and the fortunate concurrence of external circumstances, new and higher powers, hastening on to the most perfect organism. To explain this progress requires a brief mention of some of its more general causes. For three or four centuries prior to the Saracen conquests, the foundations of all government had been impaired or broken up by the inroads of successive tribes of half-naked Scythians, who, pushing forward from their home in the desert tracts of Tartary, had trodden out in their invincible career the few sparks of life and energy remaining among the Western nations. The Roman empire, having lived its thousand years, and embraced the known world in the centralizing arms of a universal monarchy, had collapsed at last, like its three great predecessors, the Assyrian, the Persian, and the Macedonian, and had fallen for ever under the sturdy blows of the savages of the North. Its feeble successor in the East inherited its empty title with but the shadow of its power. The pigmy emperors of Constantinople were unable to wield the sword of a Cæsar. Their genius was not for political extension, nor even for preservation. Lolling idly upon their

thrones, they preferred a subtle contest with the chiefs of the Latin Church upon the disputed doctrines of image-worship and the *filioque*, to a victory with more material weapons. If theological arms had been adequate, and the fury of the domestic factions of the Blues and Greens had been concentrated on national foes, they would not have seen limb after limb lopped from their body politic, or rottenness at its core. In the West the great Clovis, as lieutenant of the Roman power, had sought to replace its fallen fragments; but even his hand was powerless to unite so heterogeneous elements, and still more was this the case with his drivelling sons and successors.

In this universal chaos of society, what power could rise to eminence, and vindicate to itself the place of lord paramount over its fellows? Evidently no European nation. Even at that day, the mutual jealousies of the various tribes in Europe taught them too well the necessity of maintaining a balance of power, to admit the usurpation of extensive authority by any one of their number. For still stronger reasons was it impossible that any nominally Christian state should acquire a broad dominion. The factions of professed Christians, dividing them into Arians and Nicæans, Greek and Latin, and innumerable petty heresies, struck even deeper than the national feuds. And though Christianity has succeeded by following in the track of the conqueror, as John Foster says, she has never prevailed when going herself as the conqueror. The eight fatal and fruitless Crusades of her votaries furnish a striking example in point. Her genius is to flourish by spiritual conviction, never by force of arms. The conditions necessary, then, in any case, in order to acquire dominion in Europe or the East, demanded a nation non-European, non-Christian, uncorrupted by luxury, unweakened by dissensions, and united by some principle which should furnish an adequate motive, and nerve its powers for conquest. These conditions were realized in the nations inhabiting the Arabian peninsula, and in the faith of Mohammed which formed their bond of union. Possessing a country for the most part barren, forced to subsist by continual plunder, and having the memory of unbroken independence for their sole luxury, these rude sons of

the desert gave to Islamism the necessary substrata of its growth,—hardy sinews and restless energy. The language of the new religion was in effect the following: “You delight in spoil and plunder; but in your present condition you are confined to a narrow and sterile field, and Gehenna will surely receive you after death. Only put faith in me, and go on ostensibly in my name, and you shall ravage to your heart’s desire. Your petty conquests shall become national triumphs for Allah’s glory. And at death the zealous soldier shall be honored as a martyr. He shall at once pass safely and swiftly over the narrow, flaming bridge, Al Sirat, without a possibility of falling into the seething abyss lying ready on either side for unbelievers, and shall be welcomed into the beautiful garden of bliss, Al Jannat. There seventy-two beauteous houries of Paradise shall infold him in eternal love; and on luxurious couches he shall eat and drink for ever without satiety, in perpetual manhood.” With rewards like these for doing what they had gladly done before of their own will, what wonder at their superadded zeal? The early character of their zeal is best exemplified in the speech of Ali, the cousin of the Prophet: “O Prophet, I am the man; whoever rises against thee, I will dash out his teeth, tear out his eyes, break his legs, and rip up his belly. O Prophet, I will be thy vizier over them.” Another defender of the faith testifies that “the holy war is the ladder of Paradise. The Apostle of God styled himself the son of the sword. He loved to repose in the shadow of banners, and on the field of battle.”

The early conquests of the Saracens, then, are to be ascribed to their own inherent love of power, to the propagandizing spirit of their new faith, and also to Mohammed’s artful doctrine of predestination, which told them that the death-hour of every man was irrevocably fixed, so that neither peace nor war could hasten or retard one’s doom, and that it was therefore better bravely to meet it in battle, and so wear a martyr’s crown, than to be damned on beds of ease. The concurring influence of these causes, with others of less note, hurled the intrepid fatalists like thunderbolts upon their unbelieving foes. One hundred years after the death of the arch-impostor, while the heart of the Saracens was leaping and throbbing at Bag-

dad, it was driving the fiery, life-giving blood through its giant limbs, from the banks of the Ganges and the sandy wastes of Tartary to the western coast of Northern Africa. Here, finding the broad Atlantic an invincible barrier to further progress, the gallant leader drove his horse in among the foaming waves, and wept, like Alexander, that there were no more western shores to conquer for Allah. Twice had the daring Moslems assaulted Constantinople, but were driven back after a seven years' siege by the terrors of the Greek fire, rather than by the valor of the natives. In their light barks they had visited all the shores of the Levant, which, in the days of their maritime weakness, the brave Amru had contemptuously compared to "a great pool which some foolhardy men furrow, looking like ants on a log of wood."

Within the same short period, in the year A. D. 711, the Saracens, crossing the narrow straits from Africa, planted their banners in Spain, after a two years' struggle. The long-cherished tradition that this invasion was owing to the invitation of the hostile governor, in revenge for his sovereign's outrages upon his daughter, is now overthrown. Few of late, besides Mr. Southey, have given it credence; and he probably received it more from a kind of poetical credulity, and as forming the sole basis of his "Roderick," than from any firm conviction of its historic truth. Here, as elsewhere, they were driven on by the ferocious activity of their nature and religion. Spain was then held by the Suevi and Visigoths, the remnant of those mighty waves of barbarians, which, rolling westerly over Europe, had broken against the Pyrenees, and inundated the quiet valleys below. The rocky northern regions of Biscay and the Asturias were in the hands of a hardy primeval race, which was afterward to found the kingdom of Castile, and drive the Moors from Spain. In the south of the peninsula the Moors gained and maintained for eight centuries their kingdom, in the heart of nations alien alike in manners, language, civilization, and religion. Farther north their empire never extended. The dauntless Musa did indeed propose to convert all Europe to Allah; but the invincible Charles Martel prevented the fulfilment of these plans, and for ever put a bar to their northern progress, on the field of Tours, beyond the

Pyrenees, — on nearly the same spot where the imperial Clovis, some three centuries before, had routed the Visigoths.

Nowhere has the Saracen name ever won trophies so proud as in Spain. Here was the climax, here the brightest blossom, of all its learning, arts, and chivalry. Of the long line of brilliant capitals from Samarcand to Seville, Cordova was the fairest gem. Even the imperial city of Bagdad, in the time of Haroun Al Rashid, though equal, perhaps, to her Western sister in pomp and luxury, was inferior to her in culture, refinement, and the blessings of a well-ordered government. The vices of licentiousness and intolerance, and the dread tyranny of the partial bow-string, so universal in the East, were far less frequent in the European colony. This superiority was owing to its early independence of the central government, to the more exhilarating climate of Spain, and to the energy developed by continual contests with hostile neighbors.

But the Moorish dominion in Spain is most interesting to us when considered in its situation relatively to the rest of Europe, and in the effects which it has produced upon civilization and society. It presents itself in the light of a graceful and airy bridge, stretching from the hithermost limits of the Roman or Pagan civilization, to the furthest of the Christian or Romantic, and linking them to each other; spanning with but a single arch the dark abyss between, of five or six centuries in duration. Many of the treasures of antiquity have come to us over this fragile structure, illuminated by the rays of Moorish erudition; and of the remainder, those which have not been wholly lost were long hidden in the darkness, till the revival of learning in the fifteenth century brought them again into the sunlight of knowledge. Over and above their services thus as passive depositaries for a time of the learning of others, the Moors are entitled to our regard in a higher point of view, as communicating elements of their own. Their claims in both these aspects, whether we consider them relatively to their contemporaries, or absolutely in themselves, will be more clearly seen by regarding them under the very general heads of literature, arts, and manners.

The literature of the Mohammedan nations may be said to have been comprised in the period of six centuries, extending

from the middle of the eighth to the middle of the fourteenth century. Previously to this time their productions were limited to a few unpolished romantic fictions, and lyrical effusions of love and war, distinguished for nothing but vapid sentiment and overloaded ornament, qualities so common to Oriental poetry. Of these the most celebrated that have come down to us are the seven prize poems of the Moallakat, which were inscribed in letters of gold, and hung about the walls of the sacred temple at Mecca. The causes of this sudden rise of intellectual activity, simultaneously among the Arabs in the East and West, are not a little singular. Mohammedanism itself, in letter or in spirit, gives no sanction whatever to learning that does not connect itself with the study of the Koran. A learned Caliph was accused of hostility to his religion, on account of his earnest devotion to science. Probably their early intercourse with the Greeks, in pursuit of conquest, made them acquainted for the first time with the treasures of Greek science and philosophy; and when the aggressive spirit of the first few generations had in a measure abated its hot zeal, these few scattered seeds took root and produced abundant fruit, which in time served as germs to yet richer harvests. Certain it is, that their first efforts were in the direction of science; and their devotion to the philosophy of Aristotle has been unequalled in any age or nation. The acumen and cosmopolitan character of the Greek dialectician was well adapted to the quick, subtile intellect of the Arabs; and his system was at once taken as the basis of all sound scholarship. Large libraries might be made up merely of the copies and versions of his works, and of the almost numberless commentaries and illustrations of his doctrines prepared by his enraptured disciples. Of these the most illustrious was Averroes of Cordova, of the earlier part of the thirteenth century, to whom the title of the Interpreter was given, from his learned labors in expounding his Greek master. This Moorish sage was not only known in Spain, but extravagantly esteemed throughout Europe. Pupils from every clime sat at his feet. Petrarch tells us that one of the admirers of the Arabian, at Padua, scoffing at the flimsy learning of the Christian Fathers and Apostles, once said to him: "Would that

you might study Averroes, so as to see how far superior he is to these shallow triflers of yours!" A passage exists in the continuation of the old Latin chronicle of Ingulphus, which, if genuine, goes to show that the study of Aristotle with the commentaries of Averroes was introduced into the University of Cambridge at a very early period. In fact, it was only from the Arabic versions of the Greek philosopher, obtained from the Moors, that Europe derived its acquaintance with him; and from the sudden impulse thus received from their Arabian brethren arose the subtle metaphysics of the scholastic theology, which occupied the great intellects of Christian Europe from the eleventh to the fourteenth century.

In the study of the physical sciences equal zeal was manifested by the inquiring Moors, and more profitable results obtained. There was no department of knowledge which eluded their restless industry, none which they did not in some degree illustrate and extend. Astronomy, geometry, the various branches of mathematics, chemistry, physiology, and geography alike found eager and assiduous devotees. The primitive Chaldæans had some acquaintance with the stars, as we may see even in the book of Job. These scattered rudiments of science, corrected and improved by observation and by the principles received from the numerous versions of Ptolemy and other Greek astronomers, formed the basis of the broad, if not wholly accurate, acquisitions made by the Moors. Observatories were built to watch the changing face of the heavens, and minute astronomical tables were made, with a zeal worthy of modern science. Their catalogues of the fixed stars, though necessarily incomplete, are of use in our own times. Their observations on the obliquity of the ecliptic, on the theory of planets, and on eclipses, attest their patience and zeal, if not their originality. As in philosophy, so in astronomy, they have been the channel by which many ancient treatises have come to us. The version of Ptolemy made by Frederic II. of Germany was itself taken from the Arabic version of the Greek original. Our knowledge of the ancient geography of many countries is owing in a considerable degree to existing works compiled by Moslem geographers, and to the written topographical descriptions of different lands,

which were invariably drawn up by the generals in their conquests, by the order and for the benefit of the home government. Their labors in this department were not only accurate, but were assisted by the application of astronomical principles. The various branches of mathematical learning also flourished abundantly under their hands. The very name of algebra is Arabic. The use of decimal quantities, and of the Arabic numerals, Europe received from the Moors. Valuable treatises were written on optics, trigonometry, and geometry, many advances being made beyond the teachings of Euclid and Apollonius, their masters. Though, as Mr. Whewell asserts in his "History of the Inductive Sciences," the origin of chemistry cannot be assigned to the Arabians, yet the first steps of moment in this science were taken by them. The useful results of their labors were frustrated most of all by their constant efforts to realize the dreams of a visionary alchemy. Bending eagerly over their alembics and crucibles, year after year, they soon found wrinkled old age where they were seeking perpetual youth, and wasted the precious gold of a lifetime in searching for the impossible Midas-touch. Yet they were indisputably the inventors of chemical analysis, and the discoverers of the qualities and the processes of preparation of many substances now indispensable in therapeutics. The terms *alkali*, *alembic*, *alchemy*, and many others now known in the nomenclature of chemistry, together with the knowledge which they imply, originated with them. But in the study and practice of medicine they made, perhaps, the greatest advances, and exhibited the most important practical results. Taking the science where Galen had left it, they added many new medicaments, and revealed many new principles. Most of the Moorish metaphysicians were also eminent physicians, and wrote with equal facility about mind and body. Such was their skill and fidelity, that the health of the Christian monarchs was in charge of the infidel doctors. To their influence was owing the establishment of a medical school in Italy in the ninth, or, at the latest, the tenth century, which, in turn, caused others to spring up all over Europe. In anatomy they made but little progress, on account of their superstitious fears respecting the dissection of the human frame.

While thus devoted to the sciences and philosophy, the Moors by no means neglected the lighter pursuits of history, poetry, and fiction. In the single province of history some thirteen hundred writers are mentioned, one of whom wrote a universal history down to his own time. Few of their works, however, are of value to the modern scholar. Burning with a love of whatever was romantic and novel, they endeavored to gratify their predilections even in the so-called details of facts. Accordingly, their annals are for the most part made up of a miscellaneous collection of striking anecdotes, and of such events as admitted of a brilliant treatment, gathered without regard to their importance, or even to their verisimilitude. And, in truth, extravagance both of conception and of diction is the prevailing fault of all their literature, properly so called. In science and philosophy these erratic tendencies were of course less discernible, the disciple being bound by inflexible rules, and stern logic, which allowed step after step right onward, but suffered no random deviations. Hence, while the scientific labors of the Moors are of equal value with all efforts of the same grade by whomever made, their *belles-lettres*, being limited by no technical restraints, but conformed freely in every respect to their peculiar cast of mind and manner of life, comport ill with the present standard of taste. We cannot sympathize with their ecstatic vagaries of passion, or discover much merit in their over-sensuous images and descriptions, and their verbose and stilted euphuism. Their poetry, which abounds most of all in these fantastic conceits, has therefore never satisfied the severity of an alien criticism. From it, however, sprang without doubt the amorous love-conceits of the Provençal Troubadours in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. And it is more than possible that the metrical romances of the thirteenth century, of Arthur, Lancelot, Amadis de Gaul, and Charlemagne, owed their origin to the fictions of the Arabs, introduced from Spain. Bishop Percy, indeed, refers them to the Scandinavian minstrels; the learned Mr. Leyden derives them from the various Celtic tribes; but the equally learned and zealous antiquary, Mr. Warton, argues with great plausibility in favor of their Moorish parentage.

Nor were these multifarious pursuits confined to a few pa-

tient, self-taught sages, whose light burned all the more brightly in a dense national darkness. The whole nation seemed imbued with a ferment of mental activity and an enlightened culture far beyond their age. The various aids and appliances for the increase and diffusion of knowledge were early known, and liberally patronized. Universities of a distinguished grade were founded, to which resorted not only the Moorish youth, but inhabitants of every country in Europe, eager to taste of knowledge, though flowing only in infidel streams. The foremost men in every department of learning, of whatever nation, were encouraged by generous rewards to establish themselves in Spain, and there sow in the minds of a willing people the seeds of their long experience. Emissaries were employed by their royal patrons, in all the great seats of learning, to buy up rare and valuable manuscripts. With such success was their bibliomania attended, that, as we are told, seventy public libraries were established in the Moorish kingdom, and the royal collection at Cordova amounted to six hundred thousand volumes,—a collection far greater in number, though infinitely less in real worth, than the priceless treasures now reposing on the shelves of Oxford, Paris, Dresden, and Munich. Fifty colleges and eighty free schools were supported by the numerous devotees of learning in their petty domain in the South of the Peninsula. Hither resorted alike the prince of the blood royal and the unknown peasant; and here each learned, besides the usual routine of study, valuable lessons of mutual forbearance and good-will, which afterward, in their relation of master and subject, contributed much to the happiness so constantly enjoyed under the gentle sway of the house of Ommyyah.

Let us turn from this rough sketch of learning among the Moors, and notice briefly their influence upon the arts, useful and ornamental, and the characteristics of their social life. Here are most distinctly revealed the true expression and outgrowth, the bud and the flower, of the essential idiosyncrasies of the Moorish character. Their severe learning seems to have been a transplanted exotic, not indigenous to the luxurious fulness of their nature, nor able to incorporate itself with

it, but standing separate and independent, like a foreign graft upon a gorgeous stem. It rose, and could have risen, only in peculiar and unnatural circumstances. The fiery activity and ambition of the Moors, which first vented themselves so fiercely in arms, afterward, their utmost limits of conquest having been reached, were forced to turn themselves for gratification to the only channel then lying open to them,—that of letters. Thus it was, as stated above, that the influence of the Greek mind was so profoundly felt. But Moorish arts and Moorish customs would have been just what they were, at any time when they were left free to conform themselves to the peculiar genius of the race,—modified slightly, perhaps, by different ages and climates, but in all essential points one and the same. Nurtured at first under the hot sun of the tropics, their nature had an organic voluptuousness and passion unknown to dwellers amid Northern snows; and afterward, in the balmy air of Spain, these inborn tendencies, softened and directed by learning and culture, gave rise to an ardent love and intense appreciation of whatever was rich and gorgeous in form, color, or description. These characteristics are especially manifest in the glowing inventions of their romantic fiction and the cloying sensuousness of imagery in their poetic lays; and no less so in the undulating lines, the crowded ornaments, and the warm and brilliant tints, which so strikingly distinguish Moorish architecture from all other. The fantastic groupings of this style could never have been built upon the polished refinement of the Greeks, expressed so clearly in their severely simple forms, nor yet upon the intense religious awe of the Teutonic races, striving to embody itself in the pointed arches and lofty spires of Gothic art. The origin of this last style reveals most distinctly the controlling and modifying influence upon form, as well as in other aspects, of national habits of thought and feeling. However we may love, for poetic effect, to trace back its rise to an attempt to imitate in art the branching stems, the shadowy recesses and intertwining arches, of Nature's temple, the awe-inspiring forest, it is known to have sprung in fact from the airy fabrics of the Moorish and Arabian styles, changed and solemnized by the less buoyant enthusiasm and the

deeper religious consciousness which marked the Northern Christian nations. In like manner, the Moorish style also, founded at first upon the later Roman or corrupt Greek structures, was at length seasoned and tempered so thoroughly with the luxuriousness of Moorish tastes, as to lose in its sportive features all traces of its origin. Even at this late day, when so few vestiges of Moorish architecture are left to us, enough may yet be seen to prove its gradual departure from its first forms, and the encroaching influence of national tastes. The crowded passages, the low portals, the cumbrous arches and hybrid pillars of the gigantic mosque at Cordova, since converted into a Christian cathedral, differ essentially from the gay unity of the palace of the Alhambra, erected some two or three centuries subsequently in the smaller but more brilliant kingdom of Granada. In this latter structure were exhibited the climax and full perfection of the Moorish style, as the Cathedral at Cologne embodies the more sublime splendor of the Gothic, and the Parthenon the more simple beauty of the Greek. Its gossamer lightness, resting, like the baseless fabrics of fairy land, on the bosom of the earth, the rich, undying hues of its walls and ceilings, its gorgeous lavishness of decoration, its springing domes, tessellated pavements, and clustered columns, even now delight the eye above all other beauties of Spain. When, in the days of its grandeur, it stood encompassed by spacious orange-groves, and sparkling fountains, and rich gardens, recalling the sweet perfumes of Araby the blest, capacious enough to embrace within its ample circumference forty thousand men, and surrounded by the dazzling splendors of private domiciles, lying beneath its proud eminence in the city at its feet, we cannot wonder at the enthusiastic praises of the delighted Moors. Those who cannot look upon its still remaining beauties will derive a pleasure only second to sight from Mr. Irving's charming pages, or the highly colored pictures of Bulwer's *Leila*, or the exquisite illustrations to Murphys's *Moorish Antiquities of Spain*.

While thus cultivating literature and science, and increasing the splendor of their state, the Moors did not neglect to develop their internal resources, and to carry on trade with

other nations, in order to the creation of wealth, — the only safe basis of national luxury. Their commerce was so general, that one of their historians tells us that “Granada became the common city of all nations.” They had dealings with all the great races from England to India. The covetous Venetians are reproached with furnishing slaves to their infidel neighbors, in payment for the luxuries of the East. The Genoese also had commercial leagues with the Moors of Granada, which seem to have been kept in good faith for a long period. The preparation of silk is said to have employed six hundred villages; and it was from the plunder of two Moorish cities, in the middle of the twelfth century, that the manufacture was first introduced into Italy, and thence into the rest of Christian Europe. According to Mr. Hallam, there is, to say the least, a probability that the knowledge of the mariner’s compass was derived to Europe from the Moors, who, in turn, had received it from their Eastern brethren. At any rate, the old tradition of its invention being due to Flavio Gioja, a native of Amalfi in Italy, in the fourteenth century, can no longer be received; for its properties are described most plainly by French and Italian writers of more than a century previous. It is also exceedingly probable that the knowledge of gunpowder was communicated in the same manner to Europe by the Moors. We would not detract from the merits of good Friar Carmarden, often mentioned as its inventor, nor interfere with the just claims to our sincere gratitude of Roger Bacon, that great experimental philosopher of the thirteenth century, who did so much for science in a rude age, and who is so often lauded for the triple invention of burning-glasses, the telescope, and gunpowder. However it may have been in regard to the first two, his claim to the last invention is unfounded. His merit cannot be greater than that of having been the first to receive the knowledge of its composition and uses from the Saracens, and to introduce it among Christian nations; for its use in discharging missiles is clearly and graphically described in an Arabian manuscript no later than 1249, the Latin version of the passage calling it *pulvis nitratus*; and in several manuscripts of the early part of the fourteenth century, before the battle of Crécy, in 1346, when

field-pieces were first employed by Europeans, the use of cannon among the Saracens is described. The manufacture of cotton and linen paper came into Europe through the Moors. Some Arabian writers claim that linen paper was known to their nation in the eighth century, having come from China. Though this is probably untrue, yet Arabic manuscripts of linen paper exist, of date as early as the beginning of the eleventh century, which was before linen paper was known to Europeans. It does not appear that the Moors communicated much in the department of scientific agriculture to the European nations, though it is well known that they made great advances in theoretic and practical husbandry, and cultivated, in their narrow but fertile territory, with equal skill and success, the various products, both useful and ornamental, of almost every clime. The fruits of their labors seem to have perished with the fall of their kingdom. Nor were the mineral resources for which Spain was so celebrated in the early ages left untried by the Moors. Their industry and success in mining are best attested by the fact, that a large part of the government revenue was derived from working the mines of gold and silver, and by the number of their excavations still apparent, being, in all, more than five thousand.

Turning from this gleaning of details, to which many others of equal significance might be added, let us look at the more attractive aspects of social life among the Moors. Their vivacious temper and gay tastes are manifested in their showy attire, their sprightly dances and never-ending festivities. Their old chroniclers never tire of telling of splendid pageants and gallant tourneys, of gold and silver and jewels, of crystal fountains and intoxicating perfumes, of the loveliness of the Moorish maids and the honor of Moorish men, and all the wonders of a luxurious and brilliant court. But it is in the general toleration, the freedom of intercourse, and the chivalric courtesy mutually exhibited by the Moors and their Christian neighbors, that the most pleasing picture is presented,—one redounding alike to the credit of both nations. Though engaged for centuries in what was evidently, sooner or later, to be a war of extermination, they seldom forgot to

observe the nice requirements of knightly honor. Some of their brilliant battles might almost make us fancy ourselves reading, in the pages of Froissart, of the French and English chivalry a few centuries later, in the days of Poitiers and Agincourt, when good Sir John Chandos would give notice to his French foes, in the true knightly style, that "by God's grace he would meet them in gallant encounter on the morrow of the third day." And the splendid reception of Henry IV., in 1463, by the Moorish king, in the plain before the city of Granada, reminds one of the magnificent pageants of "the Field of the Cloth of Gold," in the time of Henry VIII. and Francis I. The Moorish and Christian knights mingled together alike in festivals and tournaments. Often the Christian cavalier won the favor of a Moorish lady, kindled his courage by the fire of her eyes, and received from her hands the guerdon of his valor. Religious toleration formed the rule, not the exception, between the two nations, being extended to all by a special stipulation in the treaty concluded between the Moors and Theodemir, the prince of the Goths, in 713. This special agreement was undoubtedly induced at first by policy. But the long continuance of these and many civil privileges must be allowed to rest upon something more than a mere respect for the faith of treaties, — upon the basis of a mutual good understanding and honorable feeling. At all events, whatever was the cause of this toleration, it stands in pleasing contrast to the stern doctrines of the Koran, which condemn all unbelievers to the sword, and also to the bitter strifes of contemporary sects, having the name, but not the spirit, of Christians.

These various advances made by the Moors in learning, science, and the cultivation of the arts of civilization, though far less striking and of less positive utility than the progress of modern times, were remarkable for their age, and of the utmost importance, not only as serving to link together the old and the new, but still more as arousing the dormant intellect of slumbering Europe. Their merits are best appreciated when we reflect that, during the first, and by far the greater part, of their dominion in Spain, their contemporaries were passing through that doleful period of ignorance, of six

centuries, from the fifth to the eleventh, known emphatically as the Dark Ages. Stagnation had settled upon all. Not far from the time when the royal sages, Almanzor and Almanon in the East, and, somewhat later, Alhakem III. in Spain, cultivated with pre-eminent and equal success physics and metaphysics, it is a debated point even now whether Charlemagne, though a liberal patron of the learning of others, was able to sign his own name. This was of course an extreme case, notwithstanding that all the learning of the time was among the clergy. But how limited were even their attainments we may infer from the fact that King Alfred complained, that in his time, about 900, not one priest south of the Thames understood the common prayers, or could translate Latin into the vernacular; that the clergy were uniformly accused of borrowing their discourses from the writings of the Fathers; and that, so late as the thirteenth century, the translators of Aristotle were reproached for their ignorance of science and of the Greek tongue. This ignorance cannot justly be ascribed to barrenness of intellect; for where such philosophers as Abelard, Thomas Aquinas, "the angelical friar," and William of Ockham, "the invincible doctor," arose and wrought such wonderful fabrics out of the beggarly materials granted them, what would they not have done if allowed fitter tools and ampler scope? It was owing mainly to the jealous restriction of thought by the Church of Rome. The study of physical science was forbidden, lest revelation might suffer. The Council held at Carthage in 398, whose decrees, unfortunately, long kept the souls of many in awe, strictly prohibited the bishops from reading secular books. But when, at last, freedom of thought was gained, and the preposterous claims of the Papal despots, ascending through Gregory VII. and Innocent III., had been crushed out in that monster and climax of assumption, Boniface VIII., by Philip IV. of France, and when, concurrently with this, the impulse given to learning by the Moors had gained due strength and momentum, and the seeds planted by them in the minds of the omnigenous frequenters of their schools had taken firm root, then was Europe ripe for that brilliant revival of letters, so auspiciously commenced in the fourteenth

century, by Petrarch and Poggio, the light of which has steadily increased down to the present time.

The fifteenth century was marked by four great events, — the discovery of America, the invention of printing, the taking of Constantinople by Mohammed II., and the counterbalancing advantage to Christendom of the total extinction of the long dominion of the Moors. The Moors present to us the only instance in history, from the wild Bedouins down to the sluggish Turks, of a nation professing the faith of the Prophet having made any contribution of moment to learning, or taken any important step in civilization. By their hands were painted many of the brightest colors which adorned the institution of chivalry in the Middle Ages, some of which still blend themselves so harmoniously in the fabric of modern society. Their seats of learning, their treatises, their versions, and their contagious spirit of zeal and patient industry, made Europe largely their debtor. Many have speculated on what would have been the probable or possible results to society had they subjugated all Europe to Allah, as they at first designed. Such speculation is, however, wholly useless and groundless. Not only they did not, but they could not, overrun the continent. Even if they had been able to overthrow Charles Martel at Tours, in the North of Germany they would have been at once crushed under foot by the sons of those rude Teutons, who, in the year 9, under Arminius, had utterly exterminated the Roman legions under the leading of Varus, and for ever freed themselves from a foreign yoke. But, granting that they could have subdued the whole of Europe, nevertheless their power of centralization was, and always would have been, insufficient to hold entire under one government such a gigantic domain. They would soon have been broken up into innumerable petty rival powers, each held in check by the others and by the adjoining hostile tribes; so that, throughout the continent, their influence must have been very much the same as on the smaller stage of the Peninsula, where their powers and tendencies were seasonably regulated by the jealous watchfulness of the Christian principalities, in such a way as to allow of their highest possible development for good, while it, at the

same time, restrained the free indulgence of their coarser and grosser propensities.

The final expulsion of the Moors from Spain was but the inevitable result of concurring causes, which had been operating, now silently, now with the loud notes of war, for many centuries. The climax of their glory had long since been reached, and they were fast descending. Their empire was crumbling to decay. They could well be spared now; for Europe was all ablaze with the marvellous light which they had kindled at the first. They had fulfilled their mission; they had finished their work. The grand final cause of their being established in Europe, the energizing of the Christian world, had been successfully accomplished. Year after year they had seen the lines drawing continually closer about them, and pushing them from the Douro to the Guadalquivir, and thence to the Xenil. At last, in 1492, in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the disciples of the Prophet took their last look at Granada, and embarked for the African shore. And even to this day the swarthy sons of the Spanish Moors, across the straits, turning their faces toward Mecca, pray every Friday to Allah to restore them once more to the pleasant paradise of Malaga and Granada. But they never shall return. The early meteoric conquests of Islamism are all over. Its vital, energizing spirit is extinct. It came, and succeeded at the first, not at all as a religion, but as a well-contrived political and military system; and now others of greater weight have crushed it. So far from being able to colonize again their old possessions, its devotees retain their present dominion only by the indifference or mutual jealousies of stronger powers. Its presence now only brings a blight. The very garden of Europe — the only country on that continent now subject to Mohammedanism — has for four or five centuries lain waste and unproductive, under its withering influence. A religion only six centuries its senior now sways the world, and every year lessens the power of the Prophet. And while the light of Christianity is still steadily increasing, and, after having once been perfectly established, has nowhere been extinguished, except only in a little province of Northern Africa once the bishopric of Augustine, Mohammedanism,

on the other hand, the mushroom conqueror, once the subjugator of half the known world, has been for centuries giving ground, and now rules one hundred and sixty millions of palsied mortals, who, ignorant and sensual, in a period of unusual knowledge and culture, have done nothing whatever for learning or civilization, and have advanced in no way the interests of humanity. The true and the false faith have both found their level, and "by their fruits shall ye know them."

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- ART. II.—1. *Algernon Sidney. A Lecture delivered before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, Dec. 21, 1853.* By ROBERT C. WINTHROP. Boston: S. K. Whipple & Co. 1854.
2. *Speech delivered by HON. JOSIAH QUINCY, Senior, before the Whig Convention, August 16, 1854.* Boston. 1854.
3. *Considerations respectfully submitted to the Citizens of Boston and Charlestown, on the proposed Annexation of these two Cities.* By JOSIAH QUINCY, Senior. Boston. 1854.

MR. WINTHROP'S is a lecture that we should be glad to put into the hands of every young man in the United States. It is written in an easy style, rising naturally with the subject, and presents a noble character with those accessories of greatness in speech and life which are fitted to make more than a transient impression upon the reader. It is well for us to keep green the memory of such men as Algernon Sidney, and to quicken our virtues anew by the example of theirs. In the peaceful enjoyment of numerous social rights and an almost unlimited political freedom, there is danger lest we forget the cost at which our liberties have been purchased, and so begin to undervalue and despise them. "Eternal vigilance" is the price which we must still pay for such privileges; and in a constitutional republic not less than under a monarchy the great maxims and safeguards of free and equal government are to be cherished, applied, and enforced with a jealousy as sensitive as that with which female purity or a man's personal integrity and honor should be guarded and preserved.

Mr. Winthrop has very happily connected the name of Algernon Sidney with the history of our Revolutionary patriots, and shown how intimately his principles of civil and religious liberty were related to the movement by which our national independence was secured.

In reading this graceful memorial of one whose name is better known among us than his life, and whose virtues we are more ready to praise than to imitate, our thoughts have been led off from the topics of public interest and importance suggested by it to others of a more private and personal character. The lesson taught to statesmen and reformers by the life of Algernon Sidney is indeed a most valuable one. Never was the cause of constitutional liberty in England apparently in a more hopeless condition, than when the highest bench of justice was disgraced by the inhuman ribaldry of Jeffreys, who brutally set at defiance every principle of equity and law, as he scoffed at every humane sentiment, and made the self-sacrificing exertions of the patriotic, and the saintly virtues of the devout, alike the objects of his coarse mockery. Yet his descent from that proud elevation of seeming impunity and power was swift as the judgments of Heaven, and that which had appeared to be the permanent triumph of injustice and oppression over liberty served only to rouse a spirit which was speedily to be its most terrible avenger and restorer. The insolence with which the tools of arbitrary power use their moment of victory, the violent measures into which they are whirled while intoxicated with success, and the impatient scorn with which they fling away the old restraints of decency and law and sacred compacts, are indications of that insanity which must lead to their speedy downfall. The whole history of the English people, from the days when the earliest charters of freedom were extorted from the haughty Edward I., through Charles I. and James II., down to the separation of these American colonies from the mother country, goes to show that the greatest gain on the side of popular rights has almost invariably been just at the epoch when those who held the government were rioting most insolently in the exercise and extension of their power. It is well that we on our side of the Atlantic should remember this at the present time,

when the propagandists of a fearful system of oppression have set aside the faith of solemn compromises, and, in the mad intoxication of victory, with jeers at men who would uphold the sacredness of human rights, dare to speak of what they have already done in repealing the Missouri Compromise as only "the basis of a grand movement in this country" for the perpetuity and extension of slavery. In great matters like this, involving the liberty, social order, and moral well-being of millions, we are not to be discouraged by the momentary ascendancy of the wrong. The violence of its threats, the recklessness of its measures, and the extravagance of its claims, are to be regarded as encouraging symptoms of the madness with which the gods first smite those whom they would destroy.

These broad considerations, however, relating to our national honor and the public prosperity which is bound up with the moral integrity of a people, are not what we would now dwell upon. Nor would we treat of the influence on public affairs which may be exercised by men like Algernon Sidney in spite of any apparent want of success during their lives. The thought which has been suggested to us, and which we would carry out in some of its particulars, is this. Here is a man of extraordinary powers, devoting the enthusiasm of his youth and manhood to the highest ends, yet apparently failing in whatever he undertook, living for years in exile, condemned as a felon, and finally dying by the hand of a public executioner. Yet his life does not strike us as unfinished or incomplete, nor his death as premature. What is it, then, that gives the impression of a finished life? Not length of days, nor immediate success in the particular measures to which their strength has been devoted. The life of Robert Wheaton, short as it was, does not seem to us an unfinished life, though it brought out so many promises which were not fulfilled, and though there were so many ties of duty and affection binding him here, which were rudely broken by his sudden and early death. The life of Dr. Arnold, taken as he was in the fulness of his manhood and in the midst of his most active and useful career, does not strike us as an unfinished life, though we mourn over the loss which learning and

religion, not less than his friends, sustained in his death. But the life of Haydon, the artist, wasting itself, often nobly, but with a mistaken aim or by unworthy means, and ending in despair and suicide, though prolonged almost to the limit allotted to man, grates harshly upon us, as an inharmonious and unfinished life.

No man in his generation was so distinguished for his military achievements and all the outward elements of success as John, Duke of Marlborough, and he lived more than his three-score and ten years. Yet, notwithstanding the blaze of glory that encircles his name and connects it with the proudest monuments of his country's military greatness, no one, we think, in reading his memoirs, comes to the close of his career without a sensation of disappointment. The life is incomplete. The last act in the drama pains us, and throughout the whole there is something wanting to the fulness of his fame. His extraordinary abilities, showing themselves on so large a scale, in actions of such dazzling splendor, rewarded as they were with almost boundless wealth and the highest place that could be given to a subject in a great and powerful empire, indicate the want of other qualities which should be formed on the same large scale to fill out the just proportions of such a character and such a life.

On the other hand, in the Duke of Wellington, who may possibly have been inferior to Marlborough in the native endowments of genius, there is, as we approach the close of his life, a sense of completeness. There were no moral obliquities, no one-sided intellectual idiosyncrasies or deficiencies, in short, no unsound portions of character, which his friends were anxious to keep out of sight. He unquestionably had his foibles, and in his long public life must sometimes have been mistaken. Indeed, there are many things in his political views and conduct with which we could not sympathize. But his weaknesses were those of a great man, as his errors were those of an honest man. There was in him a soundness of judgment, a manliness of purpose, a massiveness and integrity of character, which endure like a rock, and which must always give to those who contemplate his life an emotion not unlike what we feel in looking at some finely propor-

tioned, substantial, and finished specimen of architecture. The parts are harmonious. He is not a poet or a philosopher, but he does not pretend to be. What his talents in one direction lead us to expect of him in others, that he is. His wonderful victories do not, like those of the great Frederic of Prussia, make him ridiculous by their contrast with the wretched attempts at verse which he imposed upon his friends. Unlike that king, whose greatness was surpassed only by his vanity, he knew where his strength lay, and was contented with it. When Napoleon said, "He is the greatest general who makes the fewest mistakes, and Wellington has made as few as any one," he said of him in his military capacity what applies to him equally well in his whole character.

Washington is another and almost the only other instance that now occurs to us, of one belonging to the highest rank of the world's great men, who gives, and that in a yet fuller degree, this same impression of completeness. The harmony of proportions both in his intellectual and moral powers conceals the grandeur of the scale on which they are formed. The wisdom, in the largest and best sense of that comprehensive word, which ran through his whole life, giving a similar tone and coloring to all its parts, has made his actions seem less brilliant than they were. The consummate skill, which, foreseeing from afar all contingencies, by timely provisions prevented the possibility of those desperate crises when extraordinary victories are to be gained only at the risk of overwhelming defeat, and the magnanimity with which he placed the grandest opportunities of success in the hands of others, have made his military services less dazzling than they might have been. And the unsurpassed prudence with which, by his ascendancy over the minds of others, in the most perilous times of his presidential administration, he subdued in their beginnings the powerful factions that were threatening to overthrow our infant government, may, like his own self-control, be lost sight of and forgotten, because of its entire success; and that which is the highest proof of his transcendent ability may serve only to conceal his greatness. But the harmony resulting from all this, as it shows itself in his mind, his character, and every department of a life crowded with noble

and illustrious deeds, serves to create and leave with us the sense of completeness which it is so delightful to carry away in our minds as we close the volume of a great man's life.

It is a matter of some interest to ascertain in what pursuits we are most likely to find men whose protracted lives leave this sense of harmony and completeness. It certainly is not in the department of letters, at least not among poets. Homer and Shakespeare are almost mythical characters, and come before us as endowed in the largest proportions with all the qualities that go to make up a harmonious and happy life. In our ignorance of what they actually were, we transfer to them the inward resources which their works would indicate as belonging to them. We imagine that men living amid such marvellous creations of thought and fancy could not feel the pangs of neglect or the weariness and *ennui* of advancing years. Though Homer is supposed to have wandered from province to province, a blind old man, getting a precarious support by reciting his poems, we think of him still as an inspired minstrel, the greatest and most gifted of men, carried away by the mighty flow of song, his own soul moved, and kindled, and exalted, as he touched the hearts and roused the enthusiasm of others by the majestic and ever-varying harmony that swept the chords of his wonderful lyre. But, setting aside these greatest of poets, of whom we know so little, there are very few of their order who give us the impression of finished or happy lives. Milton, in the soarings of a spirit as pure and lofty as his Muse, and the consciousness of employing his vast powers in a great and noble cause, was in no small degree lifted above the troubles that pressed around him, and, upon the whole, presents to us the picture of a true and harmonious life, although

“fallen on evil days and evil tongues, . . . .  
In darkness and with dangers compassed round,  
And solitude.”

But, with this single exception, if it be an exception, among all the names in Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* there is not one which suggests to us the idea of an harmonious or a happy life. In almost every case, the sensibilities which made them poets turned inward and fed upon their own natures. Even Addi-

son, the finest character among them all, dying as a Christian should die, does not by his whole history leave on the mind an impression which we altogether love to recall. Dryden and Pope, Prior, Savage, and Young, need only to be named, to bring before us the thought of talents which we admire, but of lives disjointed and unhappy. Cowper and Burns, and the poets of the last generation, Byron and Shelley, Coleridge, Campbell, and Moore, however beautiful the song they may have sung, leave us with a feeling of disappointment and sadness, as we follow them through their lives, and close the memoirs which have been prepared even by their most partial friends. Southey's was, perhaps, a happy life, though the cloud that rested on his latter days leaves something of its gloom behind it. Scott, the most healthful, the most vivacious and fortunate of poets, the fresh breezes of success filling all his sails and bearing him on so prosperously till the lusty summer of his manhood was beginning to give place to the serene autumnal days, down to that period is an example of all that we desire to associate with a favorite author. His home was the centre of as much enjoyment as falls to the lot of man, and its amusements and more serious pursuits were such as become a man of genius and of letters. There was a hospitality as large and generous as his own large and generous nature. Literature for the occupation of his morning hours, rural sports and labors succeeding them, his own delightful family, friends, and visitors from abroad to entertain the harmless day, with his affluent mind, his exuberant spirits, and inexhaustible kindness of nature, present, on the whole, the brightest picture of domestic and social felicity that is to be found in the annals of literary history. But one weakness, — "that last infirmity of noble minds," — an ambition to have his name and family connected with a place worthy of his fame, laid upon him a task which even his robust frame could not carry through. He struggled long and bravely. But here was the one disproportionate and tyrannical passion which broke up the harmony of his career, and made the closing scenes of a life so brilliant and joyous among the saddest that we have ever known. If that imagination which revelled amid the splendors and magnificence of feudal times

had only confined itself to the creations through which past ages are made to live before us; if the poet had only been content to be a poet, unrivalled as he was in using these rich materials of his art, and never attempted with prosaic stone and mortar to build castles vieing with his poetic dreams,—we might have been spared the tears which we have shed over his painful history, and the sorrowful regrets which haunt us even when we think of his early and his later triumphs.

Wordsworth was the only poet of his time whose life seems to have been in harmony with his works, and whose works are little else than the transcript of his daily thought and experience. Rogers, who has united the man of business and the man of letters, and who is to be known hereafter rather as the friend of poets than as himself one of their fraternity, though *we* would be slow to close the door against him, affords now, we suppose, at the age of more than ninety, one of the finest specimens ever known of a serene and happy old age, rich in all the resources of literary and social culture, the freshness of feeling, the refinement of taste, the quick and generous sympathies, which throw a mellowing grace over the declining strength of years, and make him the honored and delightful associate of all. William Roscoe, the historian, the poet, and the man of business, was also one, who, notwithstanding severe pecuniary misfortunes, combined in his character and experience, as fully perhaps as any one, the qualities which give dignity, beauty, and honor to the closing years of a useful and protracted life.

In regard to literature, as it respects the subject of which we are treating, we should say that it is better as a companion than as a mistress, and that few who make it their sole pursuit have the harmonious development of mind and character which is most favorable to a healthy and happy life.

But neither is such a life to be found often among the great orators. As the sensibilities of the poet, so the ardent and powerful emotions by which the orator would move and sway the minds of others, are unfavorable to a nice adjustment of the faculties. In the greatest orators there have been, almost always, great and fatal weaknesses. Demosthenes, the de-

voted patriot, the consummate statesman, seeing far and wide into the affairs of nations, moving by his speech vast assemblies of men almost as easily as he moved his own impassioned limbs, lived in evil days, and his light went out in the tempestuous darkness and night that overwhelmed the liberty and extinguished the glory of Athens and of Greece. And Cicero — the very style of his later writings steeped in anxieties and sorrows — shows how deep a hold on his spirit public calamities had taken, and how hopelessly on this account, independently of his private griefs, his last days were spent. All that he sought from his philosophical studies and writings was to forget national misfortunes, while he dwelt for a season amid the bright examples of earlier and better days. The overthrow and fallen glories of cities and empires seemed to lend a meagre and momentary consolation, by showing him that he was not alone in his sorrows. But neither to him nor to his greater compeer and prototype in Athens should we look for that combination of high and noble qualities which go to make a harmonious and happy life.

We have only to mention by name the most eminent orators belonging to more recent times, — Chatham, the greatest of them all, unless Mirabeau may have rivalled him in the mastery which he exercised over the tempestuous passions of his hearers, Burke and Fox, the younger Pitt and Sheridan, James Otis, Patrick Henry, and Fisher Ames, or, in our own day, those three great champions in our national Senate, whose death has taken from that august body so much of its dignity and interest; or, at the bar, Erskine, the greatest of English forensic orators, and, in this country, Luther Martin, William Pinkney, and Samuel Dexter; or, in the pulpit, Bossuet and Massillon, George Whitefield and Robert Hall, Chalmers and Irving. We doubt whether any one of these, unless it might be Chalmers, would be selected as furnishing an example of the sort of life that we are discussing. Great and admirable qualities belong to them. The haughty and unmanageable pride of Chatham left him when he crossed his threshold to mingle with the members of his own family. Burke and Fisher Ames were the most amiable and entertaining of men among their familiar associates; but

notwithstanding the quickness of Ames's parts and the playfulness of his wit, notwithstanding the philosophic imagination which has made Burke the greatest of political writers, the ardor of their natures and their vividness of apprehension, which gave them such power as public speakers, tyrannized over their own minds, and to some extent clouded their last days with unhappy, if not with needless fears.

Among statesmen we find more men of well-balanced character and life. The danger with them is, that they should be too ambitious, too severely tasked in labor, too hard driven by the emergencies of state, and that, when they have once tasted the enjoyment of political power, they should cling to it with too tenacious and desperate a grasp. Their minds are also likely to be taken up with measures and compromises, rather than guided by the broad and enduring principles of expediency and justice. The statesmen formed in the school of our Revolution, in times of imminent peril, when old formulas were thrown to the winds, and they were obliged to seek in the fundamental principles of law and justice a foundation on which to establish their institutions, were so situated as to escape these liabilities, while the necessity of building up a permanent and efficient government saved them from the destructive tendencies to which their revolutionary struggles might have exposed them. The consequence was the training, on a liberal scale, of a class of statesmen, who, if less learned than the most accomplished civilians of England, were, by the very magnitude of the work intrusted to them, called upon to exercise those far-reaching faculties by which the statesman is distinguished from the politician, and to frame their laws on the broad principles of national honor, expediency, and justice. Here was an office eminently fitted to call out their best faculties of thought and action. And we accordingly find among those belonging to this school an unusual number of men whose long and important public services are remembered in connection with lives which it is also a pleasure to remember. Benjamin Franklin and George Washington, John Jay and John Marshall, both eminent as statesmen before they graced the highest judicial office of the nation, are names to which we may turn, not only as calling

before us distinguished public benefactors, but as suggesting some of the best examples of well-finished lives that the world has yet seen. John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and James Madison may, with some qualifications, be added to the list. And among the less conspicuous lights in that brilliant constellation, among the men associated with them, or formed under their influence and rendering to them important aid, are statesmen who, within their narrower sphere, were hardly less honored and beloved,—John Taylor Gilman and Meshech Weare, of New Hampshire, Timothy Pickering, Caleb Strong, George Cabot, and James Bowdoin, of Massachusetts, William Ellery, of Rhode Island, Roger Sherman and Oliver Wolcott, father and son, of Connecticut, George Clinton and Rufus King, Gouverneur Morris and Joseph Reed, Stockton, Bayard, and Tilghman, Laurens and Rutledge, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, William Smith, and others scarcely less distinguished than these, whose setting sun some of us who are yet in the meridian of life remember with affectionate respect, as that of men whose intelligence, large experience, and ripened virtues made old age attractive and honorable. And we dare to hope, that statesmen of this exalted stamp are not to be thought of as belonging entirely to an extinct race.

It has usually been supposed that agriculture, as it is the employment of the greatest portion of the human family, is most favorable to the culture of those qualities which make a happy and useful life. But we incline to think that, though agriculture, like literature, is admirable in its influence on the mind when employed as a healthful recreation and an occasional resource for men who have other occupations, or as furnishing a peaceful retreat to those who have done their work, it is not favorable to the best development of our nature where it is made the sole pursuit. At least, here in New England, with our hard soil and harder climate, the labor necessary to support a family from the proceeds of a farm is too continuous and exhausting. It breaks down the natural elasticity of body and mind long before the mellowing influence of time has had its perfect work. We have been pretty extensively acquainted in the rural districts of New England, and, though we have known many old people among laboring farmers, we

can hardly call to mind more than three or four who could be looked upon as favorable specimens of a green and happy old age. Popular notions on this subject are apt to be borrowed from poetry and romance, from descriptions like Virgil's of the Corycian old man, who was the first to pluck the rose in spring and the apple in autumn, or like Spenser's of the aged Melibee, and his encomium on the

"happie life

Which Shepherds lead, without debate or bitter strife."

A slight acquaintance with facts will drive away these romantic dreams, and painfully convince us, that the occupation which forces men into the sharpest conflict with nature may be too severe in its exactions to admit of the culture and the enjoyments which would be the natural fruits of a more peaceful communion with the external universe.

Of the liberal professions, the medical is that which most severely tasks the body, and which, for one in the routine of his daily practice, does perhaps the least for the enlargement of the mind by literary culture. The social qualities and kindly feelings are called into exercise, and upon the whole the pursuit may be considered favorable to the life and character. Its members are less likely than those of the other liberal professions to have a wide reputation. Their labors as practitioners are circumscribed within comparatively narrow limits, and their best influence, as well as their most exhausting and anxious labor, is given within the privacy of a sick-chamber, where no approving multitudes are admitted to witness their skill and sound abroad their fame. We have no tables of statistics at hand, but should guess that fewer members of this profession than of any other attain to old age. There have been, however, remarkable cases of longevity. Dr. Holyoke of Salem lived more than a century, his faculties wearing bright to the last. In villages near Boston we have known of more than one who, apparently in the full possession of their powers, have gone beyond their ninetieth year. The late Dr. Thacher of Plymouth, who had been a surgeon in our Revolutionary war, retained to an uncommon degree the freshness of his faculties till he had reached the age of nearly or quite fourscore and ten years. Ezra Green,

of Dover, New Hampshire, lived with faculties unusually bright eighty-two years after he was graduated at Harvard College. The Memoir of Robert Wheaton gives an account of a physician in Providence, Dr. Levi Wheaton, who, at the age of ninety, kept up his interest in the literature of the day, and never lost the freshness of his thoughts and emotions. But such instances of longevity are very rare in the profession. The excessive labors and anxieties which it imposes on one in extensive practice cannot be favorable to length of days; and it is very difficult for an eminent physician to withdraw partially from practice. We have been personally acquainted with no very aged physician, but we need not go beyond this city to see how gracefully the best endowments of mind and heart may be developed and combined in a physician, how pleasantly the fruits of a long and wide experience may be enriched by the kindest affections, and how modestly they may show themselves in wise and beneficent acts. We have such among the living, and one such, Dr. George Cheyne Shattuck, within a few months has passed from us, at the age of seventy, after a life so filled with useful and generous deeds, with such devotedness to his profession, which he held more and more in honor, and to all the best interests of man and society, that it is a comfort and a privilege to be permitted to dwell upon it in our recollections.

In the clerical profession there have been among us fine specimens of well-finished and protracted lives. Dr. Nathaniel Emmons, of Franklin, Massachusetts, died in 1840, in the ninety-sixth year of his age. He withdrew from the ministry in his eighty-third year, and to a gentleman who, admiring his green and happy old age, expressed a doubt whether he had not retired from the pulpit too soon, he replied, "I meant to retire while I had *sense* enough to do it." He was a theologian of clear and profound thought, as the five compact volumes of his writings prove. He was also a man of kindly feelings, and of a quick and sprightly wit, though not wholly free from the one-sided development caused by a training almost exclusively professional. Having on one occasion been asked what he thought of a certain sermon being published and circulated in the same pamphlet with a review of it, he

instantly replied, "It is against the law; for it is said in Deuteronomy, 'Thou shalt not plough with an ox and an ass together.'" On another occasion, when a young man to whom he was rather partial had delivered a discourse with too much pomposity of manner, and in an inflated style, he requested the private criticism of Dr. Emmons. The critic, ninety years old, rose from his chair, protruded his chest, inflated his cheeks, raised his eye-brows, and, after a significant puff, sat down, not saying a word, but smiling at what he had done. To another young minister he said, "Your sermon was too much like Seekonk Plain, long and level." "When," says Professor Park, in his entertaining lecture on Dr. Emmons, "he appeared in the streets of a New England city, a few years ago, with his three-cornered hat, his bright buckles on his shoe and knee, his white locks flowing down his shoulders, the boys flocked after him, as after a military general." But it was his vigorous understanding, his laborious and faithful life, and, above all, his genuine spirit of devotion, that made his old age so interesting. His conversation not long before his death reminds one of the best passages of Izaak Walton. "I want to go to heaven," he said. "The more I think of it, the more delightful it appears. And I want to see *who* is there; I want to see brother Sandford, and brother Niles, and brother Spring, and Dr. Hopkins, and Dr. West, and a great many other ministers. . . . I want to see, too, the old prophets and the apostles. What a society there will be in heaven! There we shall see such men as Moses, and Isaiah, and Elijah, and Daniel, and Paul. I want to see Paul more than any other man I can think of." And so his mind was filled with the anticipations of heaven. At another time he said, "I do not know that I shall be saved. If another man should be the subject of all my exercises, I think I should have a hope of *him*. But it is a great thing to be allowed to enter heaven. Perhaps I shall be shut out. But if I am *not* saved, I shall be *disappointed*." Again he said,—and it shows his magnanimity,—“I feel grateful that, if I am not to be saved, others will be.” But when the hour came, his characteristic words were, "I am ready"; and, like a good soldier as he was, he cheerfully obeyed the call.

We might bring up many instances of this kind in the clerical profession, both from among the living and the dead. We only mention the names of the venerable Bishop White of Philadelphia, and Bishop Griswold of Boston ; Dr. John Pierce of Brookline, whose white locks and hale countenance and form were for years so picturesquely associated with the Commencement exercises at Harvard University ; Dr. Leonard Woods of Andover, whose milder virtues make one almost forget the keenness of his intellect ; and the venerable Dr. James Kendall of Plymouth, in character as in personal appearance the fitting successor of those who held the office of pastor and teacher to the early Pilgrims. Dr. Abiel Abbot of Peterborough, N. H., who was born December 14th, 1764, shows how lightly the weight of years may rest on a mind always devoted to the highest studies, and to whatever may conduce to the best interests of man and of society. In the adjoining town of Jaffrey is Rev. Laban Ainsworth, who must be nearly a hundred years old, and who, if during the last few years the shadows have begun to fall upon him, was till recently resting in the pleasant light of a serene and cheerful old age. In Garland, Maine, we understand, is a clergyman, Rev. John Sawyer, born October 9th, 1755, who, till he was ninety-six or ninety-seven, continued to preach with great regularity without apparent flagging, and with a readiness to meet every call. Since he entered on his ninety-ninth year he has preached three times on a single Sabbath. It is stated that he is cheerful, and even playful, in his extreme age. "His countenance," we are told, "lights up, and expresses the emotions he feels. There has ever been a somewhat humorous vein about him, — strokes and flashes of wit, — but there reigns through all the spirit of piety. He is indeed a memorable man ; and we feel, as we look upon him, that he is an eminently godly man. The presence of such an one is impressive ; even his silence is a sermon." Very similar to his case was that of Rev. Dr. Nott, of Connecticut, who died a few years ago.

There is, perhaps, no profession which, taking it all in all, is so favorable to the qualities of which we have been speaking, as that of the law. Notwithstanding the vulgar prejudice

against lawyers, which has been only too much countenanced by the low cunning and threepenny thrift of a class of pettifoggers that prevail more or less in every community, and always most where a mistaken idea of public economy calls only second and third rate men to the bench, there is no profession which has furnished more numerous or better examples of integrity, intellectual culture, and a high-minded sense of honor. The study of the law by itself does unquestionably expose those who devote themselves exclusively to it to the dangers alluded to by Mr. Burke in his felicitous portraiture of the character of George Grenville. While it strengthens and sharpens the mind, it does not to the same extent enlarge and liberalize its powers. Accustomed as it is in the courts to give to precedents, forms, and legal enactments a final authority, it sometimes forgets to recognize the higher principles of justice and order which lie behind them, and which furnish the only broad and safe rules of political philosophy and practical statesmanship. Lord Mansfield, as compared with Chatham or Burke, and Lord Eldon as compared with Sir Robert Peel, may be taken as instructive illustrations of what we mean. But in this country there has seldom been among our most eminent men the same exclusive devotedness to the law. Judge Marshall was trained in the army and the halls of legislation, and was an historian and statesman as well as a lawyer. Judge Story was a man of wide and almost universal culture outside of his profession. John Jay and William Pinkney were distinguished as statesmen and diplomatists, as well as at the bar. Theophilus Parsons and Samuel Dexter were not lawyers alone. Hamilton, though unsurpassed at the bar even by the extraordinary powers of Marshall, was yet more eminent as a statesman, and, by those who knew him best, was thought to be more gifted still in the qualities which go to make a great military commander. Mr. Webster, if he had no rival at the bar, was equally without a peer in the Senate and the council-chamber.

Hence it is, that no profession in this country has contributed finer specimens of manhood, adorned and enlarged by high qualities of mind, and a rich and varied culture. We

need not go abroad to such men as Sir Thomas More, Lord Bacon, and his stern antagonist, Sir Edward Coke, who at the age of eighty was the uncompromising advocate of popular rights against the royal prerogative, Lord Somers and Lord Hardwicke, the two brothers Stowell and Eldon, Lord Campbell, the able historian of Chancellors and Judges, Lord Jeffrey, better known as a critic than on the bench, or Talfourd, beloved for his estimable private qualities, honored as an upright and learned judge, and known by his writings wherever our language is read. In our own country we have had their peers in lawyers less widely known, perhaps, for their part was enacted on a less conspicuous stage, but with qualities as great, and lives not less useful, when we consider what influence they who establish and expound the laws of a mighty nation in its infancy are yet to have. Chancellor Kent, though judicially limited to a single State, may be looked upon, not only as a lawyer who improved the science of jurisprudence, but as one of the happiest specimens of a genial, intelligent, delightful old age. Here in New England, we might mention a score of men distinguished on the bench or at the bar, who, by their happy combination of gifts and attainments, were, down to the latest period of life, the delight of their homes and of every circle in which they were found. Of this class were Jeremiah Smith of New Hampshire, and his early competitor at the bar, Jeremiah Mason, of whose great abilities no fitting memorial is left except in the short but impressive eulogy on him by Mr. Webster. John Lowell withdrew so early from the bar that we hardly think of him as a lawyer. Judge John Davis, of the United States District Court, retained the high qualities of a Christian gentleman and scholar till he was nearly ninety years old; and Judge William Prescott lived beyond his fourscore years in the full exercise of the clear intelligence, the modest virtues and genial affections, which, attractive as they were to those who knew him, are likely to be outshone by the more dazzling fame of the father who led the American troops at Bunker Hill, and of the son who has recreated for us from half-forgotten or perishing materials the extraordinary historical characters and events of former days.

We remember to have met, some years ago, two men who had occupied at the same time a seat on the bench of the Superior Court of New Hampshire, and who, each in turn, lived to hold the place of the oldest graduate on the Catalogue of Harvard University. Paine Wingate was born in May, 1739, was graduated in 1759, and died in May, 1838. He was settled as a minister of the Gospel for some years in Hampton Falls, N. H., was afterwards a Senator of the United States, and for many years a judge, though we believe that he was placed upon the bench before he had studied the law. Till he had nearly completed his century of years, he retained his natural vivacity and capacity of enjoyment, but after he was ninety-six or ninety-seven, his hearing, his sight, and his powers of locomotion failed so much, that life at last became burdensome to him. Timothy Farrar was born in July, 1747, and graduated in 1767. He was more than forty years a judge, and during more than thirty years after he had retired from the bench, down to the time of his death at the age of nearly one hundred and two years, he retained the use of his faculties to a more remarkable degree than any other person whom we have known. He was modest, well informed, devout, and always a man of remarkable cheerfulness and equanimity.

Of living members of the legal profession who serve as striking illustrations of our subject, we might mention one whose venerable form is seen daily in our streets, who occupied for many years a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts with honor to himself and advantage to the State, and who now, at an age considerably beyond fourscore years, is looked up to by younger members of his own and other professions, who love to honor his many virtues, and to enjoy the privilege of his conversation and society. And with Samuel S. Wilde we may mention the name of Charles Jackson, his junior in age, though he withdrew from the bench many years before him, taking into his retirement the qualities of mind and character which are best fitted to make a man's public services precious and his private life cheerful and respected.

There is one other living man,\* who is, perhaps more than

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\* Josiah Quincy, Jr., one of the most distinguished patriots in those trying days

any one else whom we have known, a striking illustration of our subject. We hardly know where to place him. A lawyer and a judge, he would seem rightfully enough to belong to the legal profession, were it not that he has been more a statesman than a lawyer. But the brilliancy of his early career as a statesman has been eclipsed by his more important and substantial services as the author and founder, we might say, of municipal regulations in his native State. These labors of his prime are already more than half forgotten by those who have known him mainly as a man of letters, presiding with signal ability and success over the oldest literary institution in the United States. And already the sentiments of honor, gratitude, and affection which followed him when he retired from the academic halls are giving place to the deeper admiration and reverence with which they regard one in whom the conservative tendencies of age, and of the long-continued prosperity which so few are able to resist, have done nothing to weaken his confidence in what is right, to soften his indignation at what is wrong, or to chill the ardor of his youthful love of liberty, or his sympathies with the oppressed. It is as if the spirit of the father, whose early death in the cause of freedom has made him always young, had transfused itself into the son, and through every period of his long life had crowned him with the freshness of a perpetual youth. His wisdom has never degenerated into the prudence which outgrows the affections of childhood, and learns to despise the instincts of our common humanity. At the last meeting of the Alumni of Harvard University, it was our privilege to hear him, the only survivor of the class of 1790, vividly contrasting the past with the present, pleading for old age as the best and happiest period of life, if only the rightful preparation is made for it, veiling all the while, under sportive images, the ripened wisdom of long experience and many

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which prepared the way for our Revolution, died April 26, 1775, aged 31, just as he came within sight of Cape Ann, on his return from London. In his will, as quoted by Mr. Winthrop in his Lecture on Algernon Sidney, he says, "I give to my son, when he shall arrive at the age of fifteen years, Algernon Sidney's works, John Locke's works, Lord Bacon's works, Gordon's Tacitus, and Cato's Letters. May the spirit of liberty rest upon him." That son was then three years old, having been born on the 4th of February, 1772. The father's prayer was more than answered.

studies. The occasion was one which amid laughter and tears fixed itself deeply in our minds, and presented, as we have seldom if ever seen them before, in living combination, the great and manly qualities which go to make up our ideal of a finished and harmonious life.

In the diary of the Rev. Joseph Stevens Buckminster, under the date of September, 1805, is the following entry: "President Nott preached in Brattle Street church; the fullest audience ever known there except on ordination day. Epigram made on him by Josiah Quincy.

‘ Delight and instruction have people, I wot,  
Who in seeing *not* see, and in hearing hear *not*.’ ”

The author of this clever epigram was the now venerable President Quincy, and the subject of it, as we suppose, was no other than the equally venerable Rev. Eliphalet Nott, now, as he was then, nearly half a century ago, the President of Union College. Recently President Nott has been the most conspicuous personage in a yet more remarkable assemblage. We copy from a religious paper a striking and beautiful account of the celebration at the close of the fiftieth year of his presidency.

“For many years there had been hints, and then open charges, that Dr. Nott had embezzled the funds of Union College. At length the Legislature of the State of New York appointed a committee of inquiry. The investigation was long and searching, and it disclosed a state of things to which probably no other institution can furnish a parallel. Dr. Nott had managed the funds of the College with such prudence and forecast, that he had added to them the immense sum of one million of dollars. More than half of this was in strict equity his own private property, it having accrued in consequence of individual risks and responsibilities which he had incurred; and yet he had laid it all down a splendid offering to the College, the child of his affections. When these facts were brought to light, a call was issued to all the graduates of Union to come home to their Alma Mater to testify their respect and filial love to the wise and good old man at the completion of the fiftieth year of his presidency. They came from every quarter of the Union, and gathered around their venerated father. They filled the body of the Presbyterian Church, an immense building, to its utmost capacity. Judge Campbell of New York addressed the Alumni, giving a clear and

brief statement of the history and present affairs of the College, its struggles out of weakness and embarrassment to its present state of palmy prosperity. Dr. Wayland, the early pupil of Dr. Nott, followed, saying that he appeared there at the call of his master, which with him was as imperative as when he listened to it in yonder halls. He then went on at considerable length, and gave a profound and admirable exposition of the subject of *the education which the country demands*. At the close he turned to Dr. Nott, and with words of deep emotion, that drew tears from strong men, expressed to him the love and veneration of his assembled pupils, praying that he might be spared to them for many years more; that, when the time of parting must come, God might stop gently the beating of his pulses, and softly close his eyes upon earth, that they might open upon the glories of heaven, leaving us only to lament a loss to this world which nothing can repair.

“In the afternoon Dr. Nott addressed the crowded assembly for an hour, sketching rapidly the changes of fifty years, and closing with a last farewell to his ‘beloved pupils.’ It was altogether a patriarchal scene. Though crowned with the snows of eighty-one winters, his intellectual clearness and vigor were unabated. The latter part of the address breathed a spirit of childlike faith, that kindled his venerable features with visions of immortality; and when, after expressing the earnest faith that *there* we should all meet again, he closed with choking utterance: ‘Till then, beloved pupils, farewell, — a long and last farewell!’ He seemed within the two worlds, breathing a patriarch’s blessing upon his children here, while catching upon his silvery locks the shine of the skies.”

We have not looked very particularly into the facts of the case, and in a matter of this kind would be careful to speak with all suitable caution and respect. But, while thinking over this branch of our subject, the question has occurred to us, whether the office of president of a college, even though it should be held only for a short time, is not favorable to length of days and the general preservation of the faculties. Besides the two distinguished octogenarians whom we have already mentioned, among men venerable for their years as well as for their talents and virtues we at this moment call to mind Daniel Dana, formerly President of Dartmouth College, Jeremiah Day of New Haven, Bennett Tyler, the successor of Dr. Dana, William Allen, formerly at the head of Bowdoin College, Heman Humphrey, the first President of Amherst, and Joshua Bates, who for a considerable time presided

over the college at Middlebury. With the exception of Dr. Bates, who died during the last year, these eight men, of whom four have passed beyond their eightieth year, are now living in the fulness of their powers, and taking a hearty interest in whatever belongs to the cause of letters and religion. We, indeed, hardly recognize these dignified heads of colleges under the simple names by which we have designated them ; and it is perhaps worth the while to consider, whether the formidable titles, which, like a numerous body-guard, attend upon each of their names in the college catalogues, do not frighten off the enemies which otherwise, by slow approaches or sudden attacks, might make sad inroads on their physical or mental powers. We refer the subject to the grave and respectful attention of the learned bodies by whom these titles are conferred ; and if the suggestion should be found to be not without weight, it will furnish a reason beyond any that the public now recognize for the continuance and extension of these imposing, and, as some have profanely surmised, invidious or unmeaning honors. At least, the experiment might be tried in some extreme cases, and the effects carefully observed. In one instance, we see that the degree of LL. D. was conferred on a man when he had just completed his hundredth year ; but, like the old Cornaro's wine, which he resumed the practice of taking at about the same age, it came too late, and the patient continued less than two years after the prescription had been given. It may be a little difficult to ascertain precisely at what stage of mental vigor or weakness the application may be made with the greatest prospect of success. But there are no difficulties which may not be overcome by zeal and perseverance in the cause of learning. And as, in the present instance, the prescription is one seldom objected to by the patient, the boldest experimenter will not be likely to expose himself to the charge of cruelty.

The mercantile profession, though usually too absorbing and exciting for the best development of mind or character, has furnished fine examples of the calm intelligence and substantial virtues which give interest and dignity to life. Indeed, to be a merchant on a large scale demands an amount of knowledge, and a breadth and strength of mind, hardly in-

ferior to what are required for the heads of departments in our national government. Not only is there need of a wide, far-seeing sagacity; but unshaken integrity is equally required in order to secure the general confidence which is so essential to mercantile success. With the acquisition of property, an opportunity is given for the practice of beneficence, and the encouragement of all the liberal arts which conduce to the elegance and refinement of society. Among the eminent merchants of this vicinity whose lives may be studied with profit we would mention William Rotch, senior, of New Bedford, a merchant of great enterprise and success, who lived till he was more than ninety years old, venerable for his age, but more so for his intelligence and virtues; and his son, William Rotch, junior, whose benignant countenance and patriarchal dignity and simplicity of manners, at the age of ninety, gave indications of a well-spent life and a mind at peace with itself, though, like the patriarch Jacob, he did not quite attain unto "the days of the years of the life of his father in the days of his pilgrimage." At the head of the eminent merchants of Newburyport in the last generation was William Bartlett, the principal founder of the Andover Theological Seminary, a man of strong mind, of unquestioned integrity, of religious principle and high public spirit.

It would not be easy to mention the names of all the merchants in Boston whose acts of public and private beneficence, remarkable as they were, have only been such as became the men from whom they proceeded. Samuel Eliot and Samuel Parkman were in their day distinguished alike for their public and private benefactions, and did much to establish it as a part of the public sentiment of the community, that an eminently wealthy man fails in his duty to society unless he contributes liberally to institutions required for the advancement of learning and religion, and for the alleviation of human suffering. Among the worthy successors of these men were Amos Lawrence, Samuel Appleton, and Thomas Handasyd Perkins.

For twenty years before his death Mr. Lawrence devoted the energies of his strong and liberal mind to deeds of benevolence, and probably during that time distributed more than

half a million of dollars. Schools and colleges were endowed. Funds were advanced to young men of small means. Valuable books were published and distributed. Poor children were picked up in the streets, and their condition inquired into and improved. Aged persons, who had known better days, were kindly sought out and rendered comfortable. Innumerable packages of clothing were made up and sent to those in want. His daily rides were seldom taken without his carrying with him something that might contribute to the comfort and happiness of those who had been less favored by fortune than himself. And there was no class of suffering persons or public objects which was wholly shut out from his sympathies.

Mr. Appleton, though he devoted himself less exclusively to such acts, was a man of equal kindliness of nature, and probably gave away during his lifetime a much larger amount of money. As other men love to accumulate, so he loved to give to whatever he believed to be a good and useful object. Having no children of his own, he extended his fatherly care to a wide and numerous circle of relatives. If, as with Mr. Lawrence and so many other eminent philanthropists, there was a slight tincture of good-humored vanity in his composition, it entered as a most harmless ingredient into his large and generous nature, and delighted most of all in making every one around him happy. Once, at the exhibition of a menagerie, the attention of the kind-hearted old man was attracted by a crowd of boys trying to catch a glimpse of the animals through the seams of the tent. "How much," he asked of the door-keeper, "will you take to let them all in?" A bargain was immediately made, and by this wholesale operation the happiness of a hundred or more penniless boys was secured for the afternoon. With the bluff heartiness that marked his deportment, there was not only a general benevolence, but sometimes a peculiar delicacy of conduct, which showed that his nature was marked by the finer shades of sentiment. By his will he had left a large amount of property to a favorite nephew. The nephew died, and it was represented to Mr. Appleton by his legal adviser, that, if he left his will as it was, that part of his estate would go to per-

sons who were not at all related to him, and in whom he could not be supposed to have any particular interest. Mr. Appleton, after maturely considering the matter, replied, that he had concluded not to alter his will; that he believed his friends in another world knew what he was doing here; and he should be sorry to have his nephew see that his first act relating to him after his death was to divert from his nearest relatives the legacy intended for him. These little incidents, taken from a life of fourscore and eight years, are given here to show the quality of the man. His last days were probably his happiest days. There were no regrets to cloud the serenity of his mind when the physical infirmities of age came upon him, and at length, without severe illness or pain, or any other feeling than a gentle desire to depart, the silver cord was loosed, and he peacefully passed away. We do not know that we could select from among all those whom we have mentioned any who at the close of life have left on our mind a sense of satisfaction and repose more complete than Samuel Appleton and Amos Lawrence, both men of rare native sagacity, living up to a high standard of mercantile and personal integrity, and delighting to use their large means so as to advance the best interests of society.

Colonel Perkins lived to the age of ninety, and, as was said by a prominent merchant at the time of his death, was for fifty years at the head of the Boston merchants. There were few great enterprises of public utility or private benevolence started here after the commencement of the present century which did not find in him a leading advocate or efficient supporter. The Boston Athenæum will always bear witness to his munificence. The Bunker Hill Monument, as long as its history is known, will testify to his patriotism, which was not content to spend itself in words. Of the Asylum for the Blind he was the founder, and its principal benefactor. We have heard an anecdote which illustrates his character in a different relation, though we cannot vouch for the exactness of the details. In a rural village in France the guests had come together to a wedding festival. There were sounds of mirth, and all the festivities with which the light-hearted peasantry of France are accustomed to celebrate

such an event. But suddenly the scene was changed into one of violent and piercing grief. It was in the days of Napoleon. The bridegroom had been seized as a conscript for the army, and it was well known how slight a chance was left for his return from those fatal wars. The sum required for his liberation was altogether beyond his means or those of his friends and neighbors. An American gentleman who happened to be spending the night in the village, on hearing the circumstances, became deeply interested in the fate of the young people, and advanced the funds (quite a considerable sum) which were needed for their relief. The festival was again resumed, and, amid the wild outbursts of merriment, there was probably no one who enjoyed the occasion more heartily than the generous Boston merchant who had so suddenly changed their sadness into mirth. Colonel Perkins was the patriarch of a large family of descendants, reaching down to the third and fourth generations. His faculties were unclouded, and his last days such as it is pleasant to associate with the remembrance of such a life.

Of the business men belonging to a former generation in this vicinity, there was no one who united the qualities of a statesman and a man of general intelligence with those of a merchant in larger proportions than George Cabot. The ablest men of his day were in the habit of consulting him as an oracle of wisdom, and there was probably no one in the Commonwealth whose opinions were entitled to greater consideration and respect.

We hesitate a little about mentioning the name of Nathaniel Bowditch as a man of affairs. We think of him rather as a mathematician and a man of science. But there are few who have done so much for the community in some of the most intricate branches of business, particularly in those relating to navigation and insurance, or who have given so much thought and attention to business, as this able and accomplished man. Through whatever he did his large and genial nature shone out with peculiar grace and attractiveness. To those who knew him as a public-spirited citizen, as a neighbor and friend, or in his more intimate social and domestic qualities, his well-ordered mind, and his pro-

found attainments in science, held only a subordinate place in their regard; and it would not be very easy to find in any occupation one who lived a more finished and harmonious life. We close the memoir of what he did and was, feeling, though in a far higher sense than that in which Cicero used the expression, that "he had lived long enough for nature, long enough for glory." It was well that just before he died he should ask for the word (*euthanasia*) by which the most euphonious and expressive language ever spoken among men would describe the peaceful close of a useful and honored life. With this word and this example of good omen to our cause, we would take our leave of this branch of our subject.

It is said, that when an English monarch, George III. we believe, made inquiries of the oldest persons in his kingdom respecting their habits of living, he found that the only practice common to them all was early rising. This would indicate fairly enough the folly of laying down specific rules for all sorts of men. But besides the moral and religious precepts which apply here with a peculiar force, there are a few suggestions which may be adopted with a good degree of assurance by those who would look forward not so much to length of days as to a cheerful and happy old age. When their active powers begin to abate, they may be excused from the sharp competitions and contests of life; but they must be careful never to withdraw their sympathies from the world, or to admit that their days of usefulness or their time for personal improvement has gone by. They may employ themselves in the less exciting branches of their business, or seek some other occupation more congenial to their present feelings. They may indulge their tastes in rural and literary pursuits, and spend some portion of their time in those sedative amusements which comport with their quiet habits and predilections. They may dwell much in the memories of the past, if only they will let the light and air of the present mingle freely with those memories, that new acquisitions of knowledge may enlarge their boundaries, and fresh emotions and affections temper the feelings with which they would otherwise cling to them. The minds of some old persons are like sepulchres, which, though they sometimes allow momentary visits from

others, give a hospitable reception to none but the dead. The minute elements of learning must be retained, former acquisitions preserved, and new treasures gained by keeping the intellectual powers in brisk and constant exercise. We remember to have heard the late Jeremiah Mason once say, that, "unless a man occasionally tasked his faculties to the utmost, they would soon begin to fail." It was probably by observing this rule that he was able to retain, unabated to the last, the keenness and strength of his quick and powerful mind, together with a variety, exactness, and extent of knowledge which impressed those who conversed with him in the latter years of his life hardly less than the growing kindness of feeling which was interfused through his conversation and pervaded his whole manner. The elder President Adams, after he was ninety years old, said to Mr. Quincy, who found him reading Cicero de Senectute, "It is with an old man as with an old horse; if you wish to get any work out of him, you must work him all the time." These two rules, constant exercise of the mind, and occasionally tasking its powers to the utmost, will be found, so far as the intellect is concerned, to contain the secret of a green and vigorous old age. When we add to them the moral discipline and the affections which ripen into virtuous principles and friendships, and crown them with the faith which lends its solemn sanctions to virtue and its undying hopes to friendship, we have indicated the sources of usefulness, improvement, and enjoyment which can hardly fail to result in a finished and harmonious life. And then it matters little whether it end, like that of Sir Philip Sidney, in youth, on the field of battle, or, like that of his greater kinsman, in maturer years, on the scaffold; whether it pass away unnoticed in the obscurity of some private home, or whether, as with Washington and Wellington, whole nations honor its departure by their tears and by solemn acts of public commemoration. Perfected in itself, it needs not length of years or the uncertain witness of man's praise, but even in dishonor and reproach, if such should be its portion, nay, even amid abounding profligacy and venality, if these should prevail, it may find comfort and assurance in words like those with which the patriot martyr, Algernon Sidney, met an ignominious and bloody death.

“I believe the people of God in England have, in these late years, generally grown faint. Some, through fear, have deflected from the integrity of their principles. Some have too deeply plunged themselves in worldly cares, and, so as they might enjoy their trades and wealth, have less regarded the treasure that is laid up in heaven. But I think there are very many who have kept their garments unspotted; and hope that God will deliver them and the nation for their sakes. God will not suffer this land, where the Gospel hath of late flourished more than in any part of the world, to become a slave of the world; he will not suffer it to be made a land of graven images; he will stir up witnesses of the truth, and, in his own time, spirit his people to stand up for his cause, and deliver them. I lived in this belief, and am now about to die in it. I know my Redeemer lives; and as he hath in a great measure upheld me in the day of my calamity, I hope that he will still uphold me by his Spirit in this last moment, and, giving me grace to glorify him in my death, receive me into the glory prepared for those that fear him, when my body is dissolved.”

Words like these, supported by the example of such a life, cannot be lost. “This day,” (says Niebuhr, in 1794, and we are still copying from Mr. Winthrop’s admirable lecture,) “this day is the anniversary of Algernon Sidney’s death, one hundred and eleven years ago, and hence it is in my eyes a consecrated day, especially as I have just been studying his noble life again. May God preserve me from a death like his; yet even with such a death, the virtue and holiness of his life would not be dearly purchased.”

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ART. III. — *History of the Greek Alphabet and Pronunciation.*

By E. A. SOPHOCLES, A. M. Second edition, revised.  
Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1854. pp. 120.

It is now about thirty-five years since we dealt with the old controversy of the Reuchlinians and Erasmians. We were prompted to its consideration by the then recent treatise of an eminent philologist on the pronunciation of Greek, in which he favored the claims of the Romaic language to im-

pose its sounds of the old characters on the students of the Ancient Greek. We have now to consider another treatise of quite a different character, whose title we have prefixed to the present notice. Although it claims to be but a second edition, it is so completely rewritten, that we are guilty of no misnomer when we call it a new work. Since our former article, the custom of scholars hereabouts has remained nearly stationary with regard to Greek articulation, while their attainments in the knowledge of the ancient language have been constantly increasing.

Indeed, the whole science of philology has made so much progress during these years, so much improved are all our sources of the knowledge of Greek, and so vastly better is all our classical apparatus, that we seem to stand in a different point of view towards the subject, and may be allowed to express a more decided opinion on more sufficient grounds. We therefore think it unnecessary to apologize for the present notice. We admit that the subject is not one of interest to the business world. But scholars have long desired some uniform standard of practice; and they vainly expect any other standard than the sounds given to their language by the Ancient Greeks themselves, if they can be ascertained. It will be no slight inducement to encounter the difficulties incident to their recovery, that Hellenists would desire to hear, if possible, the very sounds which delivered to the Athenian ear the grand old dramas of their country, to *listen* to the eloquence of the bema, or to the inspired utterance of the epic Muse.

It will scarcely be denied, in view of the nature of alphabetic writing and its history, that the Greeks originally used their written characters as *phonetic*. Each sound they uttered must have had a character to represent it, and each character must have stood for but a single elementary sound.

Now it is vain to expect the Modern Greek to teach us the old Greek utterance from the analogies of a dialect so eminently deficient in phonetic nature as the Romaic. Nor are we disposed to consider his claim to give us his pronunciation founded, as some would found it, on the wide diffusion of the Romaic in Southeastern Europe and the adjacent parts of Asia. Surely, if the Ancient Greek precisely informs us by

exact description how his tongue and other organs formed the sounds of his letters, no appeal can be taken from him to any modern, however wise, or to any body of moderns, however numerous. Moreover, if there is no evidence that this phonetic character of the alphabet had essentially changed in the classic times, and if by means of this character the Greeks truly represented at that period all the varieties of their dialects, and traced all the minute changes which their organs of speech demanded as reliefs in difficult combinations of the elements, we are bound to believe that the original sounds continued to adhere to the letters until the history of the nation shows that sources of great corruption had arisen from intermixture with foreigners, and from the luxurious degradation of the whole people. No one would deny that at this latter period changes must have come in, the history of which may be instructive to the philologist; but he must look further back for the true ancient orthoepy. A neglect of the evidence of antiquity, and a complication of impediments in the way of retracing the lost ground, have induced a long acquiescence in the absurd doctrine that each nation should pronounce Greek according to the analogies of its own tongue.

The difficulty in the way of adopting this dogma lies in the want of a common standard for scholars of different nations. They cannot understand one another when they read or speak Greek, and they are liable to misunderstand one another when they discuss the philology of that language. Besides, what is quite as important, those of the same common language have no common standard when their native tongue comprises various analogies; so that one man may follow one and another man follow another analogy. How can the Englishman pursue the analogy of his language in pronouncing *EI*? Shall he adopt that of the word *receive*, or *weight*, or *height*? How shall he select, in pronouncing *OT*, when he has such a latitude of selection as this: *thou*, *through*, *rough*, *court*, *cough*? And what shall he do with *Alpha* when he can choose from all the riches of his native tongue in the sounds of its protean *A*?

Now the author of this treatise, Modern Greek as he is,

with Romaic as his mother tongue, but unprejudiced by that fact, undertakes to go back to the evidence furnished by the ancients themselves, and to deduce, from that evidence and the history of the Greek alphabet, the original pronunciation, so as to form or recover a fixed standard for all scholars. His results are worthy of the gravest consideration. Years spent as a student and teacher of the ancient dialects have qualified him for the task he has undertaken, and he spreads before us all the grounds of his conclusions. We believe that he has supplied evidence enough to enable scholars of all nations to determine upon such a common system of reading Greek, that they could understand one another, and better comprehend the meaning of the ancients.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus is the main witness; for he has so described the articulation of each letter that there seems little to be done except carefully to study his treatise *Περὶ συνθέσεως ὀνομάτων*, and fully to understand him, in order to get a good idea of the powers of the letters in his day. We venture to affirm that no unprejudiced mind could take his description of the formation of the Greek vowels, and come to any other result than that given by Mr. Sophocles. The short vowels differed from the long in no respect but the quantity of duration. Hence, the five elementary vowel-sounds (*a* in *ah*, *e* in *fête*, *i* like the double vowel in *feet*, *o* in *note*, and the *u* in French *vu*), either protracted in the long vowels or curtailed in the short ones, were the only pure vowel-sounds of the Greek language. The human voice is indeed capable of more; but there is no evidence that Plato or Æschylus uttered any other sounds than these, when pronouncing the vowels of their native tongue. In vain has Plato been adduced by the Romaicists to prove the similarity of the sounds of *η* and *ι*. His evidence rightly considered is conclusive that the power of those letters was different. (Cratylus 418. 6.)

With regard to the diphthongs Dionysius says nothing. But his silence is very expressive. He describes the vowels, then passes on to the semivowels, including the double consonants, and describes them, and ends with a full description of the mutes. "Syllables," says he, "are formed

of the foregoing letters having the powers thus described." Taking, then, the phonetic nature of the Greek alphabet, and joining to it the definition of the term *diphthong* (Priscian, Lib. I.), we are safely led to the proper utterance of these combinations of vowel elements. When we define a diphthong as the union of two vowels in one syllable pronounced by one impulse of the voice, we can mean only the union of those two vowels which compose the written diphthong. It has long ago been well remarked, that, if these combinations of vowels stood for any other elementary sounds not expressed by the Greek vowels, they would have been called, not diphthongs, but digraphs. Now the usage of most modern Europeans, excluding the English, is sufficiently uniform with regard to all the vowels except  $\eta$  and  $\upsilon$ . But with regard to diphthongs there is a great discrepancy. The very nature of a diphthong, the unstable equilibrium, so to speak, of its two elements, and the change it is liable to undergo from the predominance of one or the other of these, would lead one to expect that there would be a greater and quicker divergence among nations with regard to them than with regard to the five vowel sounds. Indeed, the modern languages are very loose with regard to them, using them as digraphs to represent elementary sounds, and strangely interchanging their powers when employed as diphthongs. Take the French *ai*, *au*, *ei*, *eu*, *oi*, *ou*. Only one of these is a diphthong, and that one unknown to the Greek. Regard the German *eu*, and try to trace the connection of its sound with the component letters. Examine the English *ai*, *au*, *ei*, *ou*, and see how unphonetic they are. Lastly, place the whole list of Romaic diphthongs before you, and consider what the grammars of that language tell you. There is not a diphthongal sound among them. Here we would remark, that among the peasantry of Greece there is now, in fact, a recognition of some of the diphthongs, e. g. *ou* and *ai*, — a fact worthy of consideration in another connection. There being, then, no uniformity among the modern tongues with regard to diphthongs, there can be none in their mode of pronouncing Greek, unless all will agree to adopt Priscian's definition of a diphthong, and to unite the separate Greek vowel-sounds for the utterance of

these combinations. We confidently refer all interested to Mr. Sophocles's treatise.

Let us now review the consonants. Here the minute descriptions of Dionysius supply all the authority required. We need not follow him in detail. We presume there will be a sufficient uniformity among scholars of various nations, so far as their organs are capable of pronouncing the consonants, except  $\beta$ ,  $\gamma$ ,  $\delta$ , and  $\zeta$ . Most Continental nations will find  $\theta$  difficult. The English and Romaics will not. The Englishman again will not easily adopt  $\chi$ , although his Scotch neighbors have long uttered that letter correctly.

As to  $\beta$ ,  $\gamma$ , and  $\delta$ , we learn from the ancients that these were *mutes*, and were called middle because intermediate in respect to aspiration between  $\pi$ ,  $\kappa$ ,  $\tau$  and  $\phi$ ,  $\chi$ ,  $\theta$  respectively. And here it becomes important to observe that  $\phi$  is not quite equivalent to the Latin and English *F*. The anecdote about Cicero's Greek witness who could not pronounce Fundanius is proof in point. The  $\phi$  must have been nearer to  $\pi$  than *F* is, and was pronounced without joining the under lip to the upper teeth. It was uttered "*compressis labris*," — "*ἀπὸ τῶν χειλέων ἄκρων, τοῦ στόματος πιεσθέντος*." Now although the English *f* may be sufficiently near to  $\phi$  for common use, yet when we wish to arrive at the sound of  $\beta$  as intermediate between  $\pi$  and  $\phi$ , the distinction becomes important. It is clear from this relation of  $\beta$  to  $\pi$  that it could not have been equivalent to the English *v* (as the Romaic has it), for no one has described it as requiring any approximation of the lower lip to the upper teeth, which there is in *v*. Mr. Sophocles has well expressed himself with regard to this letter. *Beta* was a mute and a labial. Arraying *all* the labials, he eliminates all of them but *b* and *v*. *Beta* must have been a labial. But *Beta* was a mute, while *v* is a semi-vowel. It follows that  $\beta$  and *b* are equivalent. To us it seems, however, more than probable, from the description of Dionysius, that this letter was the equivalent of the Spanish *b*. The English *b* would probably not be distinguished from this by any but experts, and would serve all practical purposes. If it were not aside from our course of remark, we should call attention to the consideration of the kindred nature of the sounds of *o*, *ou*, *υ*,  $\beta$ , *v*, *w*, and

the Hebrew *Vau*. A glance at such a sequence of words as this would be profitable: *Ἰετός*, *vetus*,—*Ουελία*, *Ἰελία*, *Velia*,—*Servius*, *Σερβίος*,—*Severus*, *Σεουήρος*, *Σενήρος*, *Σεβήρος*. A minute dissection of the consonantal and vanishing sounds, and their fuller cognates, would easily account for their interchanges.

By a similar method of reasoning Mr. Sophocles gets at the sounds of  $\gamma$  and  $\delta$ . They were not semivowels, and therefore were not pronounced as the Romaics utter them. They were mutes, and had a slight aspiration. And although they might slightly have varied from our corresponding letters *g* and *d*, in practice we shall be sufficiently near if we give them the sounds of these letters. The only remaining letter is *Zeta*. The evidence our author adduces respecting this seems to us conclusive to prove its identity with the English *z*. Dionysius indeed says that its sound was composed of  $\sigma$  and  $\delta$ , and grammarians have inferred that both  $\sigma$  and  $\delta$  were *consecutively* uttered. But other considerations in the account of Dionysius, as well as proofs *aliunde* from Plato, Velius Longus, Quintilian, &c., make it improbable that Dionysius meant otherwise than that  $\zeta$  was a *blending* of the two sounds of  $\sigma$  and  $\delta$ . (Compare the word  $\sigma\iota\zeta'$  in *Odyssey* IX. 394.) The laws of euphony forbade the combination  $\delta\sigma$ , so that it could not have had that sound.

Having thus surveyed the elementary sounds of the Greek, it remains to consider the matter of accent. In the full faith that we shall thus imitate the old sounds, it is proposed to accent Greek according to the marks of accentuation. Old-fashioned scholars will be reluctant to adopt this innovation, for it will give them trouble. But the more enlightened they are, the more easily will they admit that it is unwise to adhere to error. Owing to the fact that the study of Latin has heretofore generally preceded that of Greek, scholars who in early life with much drilling have learned one system of accentuation, namely, the Latin, differing from that of their native tongue, have almost unconsciously applied that same system to the accentuation of Greek words. In the English public schools such prominence has been given to Latin prosody, and to the due quantity of the penult of Latin words, which


governs the accent in Latin, — so many floggings have been given and received for failures in what they call quantity, — and American schools have so striven to equal the exactness of the English schools in this respect, that this matter has often seemed to absorb all other considerations in acquiring Latin. What wonder, then, that the same method should have slid into the subsequent pronunciation of Greek, and that the pains of this acquisition should have deterred men from encountering a new difficulty when put to learning a new language? Hence we find whole generations proceeding to accent Greek just as they accented Latin, and professors of Greek teaching and insisting on this method as the only true one.

Now Quintilian gives us the rules for accenting Latin words, and the Greek grammarians, those for accenting Greek words. There is no evidence that the Latin accents were generically different from the Greek accents; but the laws for their use in the two languages were essentially unlike. Moreover, since the invention of the accent-marks, attributed to Aristophanes of Byzantium, there can be no question about the position of the accent in each Greek word. It is made evident to the sight at a glance, whereas the Latin accent, not being marked, is less obvious, and therefore more difficult to the learner. Yet so great is the force of habit, that the repugnance of the elder scholars of our country to a change in the particular of Greek accent has hitherto seemed almost insuperable. The greatest difficulty seems to arise from the necessary separation of the ideas of accent and quantity. The English language recognizes no distinction of quantity in syllables. The case is the same with the Romaic. When an English scholar talks of quantity in English, Latin, or Greek, he for the most part thinks only of accent. His ear has not been educated to notice the difference. Accordingly he makes no distinction between *vēnit* and *vēnit*, and has no guide from ear or eye to the true meaning of the word, no means of distinction except the scansion of a verse, and no clew for his understanding in prose except the context. He pronounces *Θῦμός* and *θύμος* precisely alike, violating both the Greek quantity and accent. Let a boy be educated to regard this

distinction between accent and quantity, and (*as we know*) he finds no more difficulty in the matter than in the niceties of Latin accentuation or in the true pronunciation of his own language.

The importance of attention to the accents both in written and spoken language may be tested by this consideration. Appended to the treatise of Goettling on Greek Accentuation (translation, London, 1831) is a list of words which vary their signification according to the position of the accent. In this list we find 339 pairs of words which ought to be distinguished by their accent in order to the understanding of the passages where they occur. This list does not contain all such words. If we should add, moreover, the pairs which are alike in the *place* of the accent, but unlike in the *kind*, such as οἴκοι and οἶκοι, the list of words needing distinction would be still further increased. Add also the enclitics and the words spelt like them. This shows how important this matter becomes. Would it not betray great negligence, if a foreigner, in learning English, with all the accents marked for him, should yet read alike such words as *differ* and *defer*?

We can easily learn also to discriminate between accent and quantity. We have no trouble in distinguishing long and short notes in music. One note called G<sup>#</sup> differs not from another G<sup>#</sup> except in the time employed in its delivery. And so with the vowel-sounds of Greek (and Latin). One A differs not from another except in the time allowed for its utterance. No one fails in music to separate the ideas of accent and length of note. The beat in a measure of music may come either on a long or a short note, and a long note may occur in an unaccented part of the measure. After all, the only difficulty will be found to consist in pronouncing a long syllable when not accented, and particularly when that long syllable is the penult. The English tongue avoids such combinations. Yet we have many compound words, such as *house-breaker*, *chain-bearer*, which give the needed analogy. Hence the true enunciation of ἀνθρώπος will be easily acquired.

What tyro in music would stick at a measure like this, |  |?

The rough breathing is neglected in the Romaic and some

other European tongues. Americans will have no trouble in distinguishing the breathings, — not so much even as some of our English cousins.

We have thus reviewed the subject of this book. Whoever wishes to pursue it hereafter will not have the most important part of the necessary apparatus without the treatise of Mr. Sophocles. We commend his book to the careful consideration of all who are studying Greek, and especially to professors and teachers of classical schools.

ART. IV.—1. *Kabbala Denudata, seu Doctrina Hebræorum Transcendentalis et Metaphysica atque Theologica*. [Tom. II. Pars III. Tract. II. *De Revolutionibus Animarum*. Ex Operibus R. JITZSCHAK.] 1677–84.

2. *A Manual of Buddhism, in its Modern Developments*. Translated from Singhalese MSS. By R. SPENCE HARDY. London: Partridge & Oakey. 1853. 8vo. pp. 533.

No other doctrine has exerted so extensive, controlling, and permanent an influence upon mankind as that of the metempsychosis, — the notion that when the soul leaves the body it is born anew in another body, its rank, character, circumstances, and experience in each successive existence depending on its qualities, deeds, and attainments in its preceding lives. Such a theory, well matured, bore unresisted sway through the great Eastern world, long before Moses slept in his little ark of bulrushes on the shore of the Egyptian river; Alexander the Great gazed with amazement on the self-immolation by fire to which it inspired the Gymnosophists; Cæsar found its tenets propagated among the Gauls beyond the Rubicon; and at this hour it reigns despotic, as the learned and travelled Professor of Sanscrit at Oxford tells us, “without any sign of decrepitude or decay, over the Burman, Chinese, Tartar, Tibetan, and Indian nations, including at least six hundred and fifty millions of mankind.”\* There is abundant evidence

\*Two Lectures on the Religious Opinions of the Hindus. By H. H. Wilson. p. 64.

to prove that this scheme of thought prevailed at a very early period among the Egyptians, all classes and sects of the Hindoos, the Persian disciples of the Magi, and the Druids; and, in a later age, among the Greeks and Romans as represented by Musæus, Pythagoras, Plato, Plotinus, Macrobius, Ovid, and many others. It was generally adopted by the Jews from the time of the Babylonian captivity. Traces of it have been discovered among the ancient Scythians, the African tribes, some of the Pacific Islanders, and various Indian nations both of North and of South America. It was inculcated in the early Christian centuries by the Gnostics and the Manichæans; also by Origen and several other influential Fathers. In the Middle Ages the sect of the Cathari, the Bogomiles, the famous scholastics Scotus Erigena and Bonaventura, as well as numerous less distinguished authors, advocated it. And in modern times it has been earnestly received by Lessing and Fourier, and is not without its open defenders to-day, as we can attest from our own knowledge, even in the prosaic and enlightened circles of European and American Society.

There have been two methods of explaining the cause and origin of transmigration. First, it has been regarded as a retribution, — the sequel to sin in a pre-existent state.

“ All that flesh doth cover,  
Souls of source sublime,  
Are but slaves sold over  
To the Master Time,  
To work out their ransom  
For the ancient crime.”

With the ancient Egyptians the doctrine was developed in inseparable connection with the conception of a revolt and battle among the gods in some dim and disastrous epoch of the past eternity, when the defeated deities were thrust out of heaven and shut up in fleshly prison-bodies. So man is a fallen spirit, heaven his native fatherland, this life a penance, sometimes necessarily repeated in order to be effectual.\* The pre-existence of the soul, whether thought by Pythagoras, sung by Empedocles, dreamed by Fludd, or contended for by Beecher, is the principal foundation of the belief in the me-

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\* Dr. Röth's *Ægyptische Glaubenslehre*.

tempsychois. But, secondly, the transmigration of souls has been considered as the means of their progressive ascent. The soul begins its conscious course at the bottom of the scale of being, and, gradually rising through birth after birth, climbs along a discriminated series of improvements in endless aspiration. Here the scientific adaptation and moral intent are thought to lead only upwards, insect travelling to man, man soaring to God; but by sin the natural order and working of means are inverted, and the series of births leads downward, until expiation and merit restore the primal adjustment and direction.

The idea of a metempsychosis, or soul-wandering, as the Germans call it, has been broached in various forms widely differing in the extent of their application. Among the Jews the writings of Philo, the Talmud, and other documents, are full of it. They seem, for the most part, to have confined the mortal residence of souls to human bodies. They say that God created all souls on the first day, the only day in which he made aught out of nothing; and they imply, in their doctrine of the revolution of souls, that these are born over and over, and will continue wandering thus until the Messiah comes and the resurrection occurs. The Rabbins distinguish two kinds of metempsychosis; namely, "Gilgul," which is a series of single transmigrations, each lasting till death; and "Ibbur," which is where one soul occupies several bodies, changing its residence at pleasure, or where several souls occupy one body.\* The latter kind is illustrated by examples of demoniacal possession in the New Testament. The demons were supposed to be the souls of deceased wicked men. Sometimes they are represented as solitary and flitting from one victim to another; sometimes they swarm together in the same person, as seven were at once cast out of Mary Magdalene.

More frequently, however, the range of the soul's travels in its repeated births has been so extended as to include all animal bodies, — beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, insects. In this extent the doctrine was held by the Pythagoreans and Platonists,

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\* Basnage's Hist. Jews, Lib. IV. cap. 30. Schröder's Judenthum, Zweites Buch, Dritte Kap. Eisenmenger's Entdecktes Judenthum, Theil II. Kap. I.

and in fact by a majority of its believers. Shakespeare's wit is not without just historical warrant, when he makes the clown say to Malvolio, "Thou shalt fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam." Many — the Manichæans for instance — taught that human souls transmigrated, not only through the lowest animal bodies, but even through all forms of vegetable life. Souls inhabit ears of corn, figs, shrubs. "Whoso plucks the fruit or the leaves from trees, or pulls up plants or herbs, is guilty of homicide," say they, "for in each case he expels a soul from its body."\* And some have even gone so far as to believe that the soul, by a course of ignorance, cruelty, and uncleanness pursued through many lives, will at length arrive at an inanimate body, and be doomed to exist for unutterable ages as a stone or a particle of dust. The adherents of this hypothesis regard the whole world as a deposition of materialized souls. At every step they tread on hosts of degraded souls, destined yet, though now by sin sunk thus low, to find their way back as redeemed and blessed spirits to the bosom of the Godhead.

Upon the whole, the metempsychosis may be understood, as to its inmost meaning and its final issue, to be either a Development, a Revolution, or a Retribution, — a divine system of development eternally leading creatures in a graduated ascension from the base towards the apex of the creation, — a perpetual cycle in the order of nature fixedly recurring by the necessities of a physical fate unalterable, unavoidable, eternal, — a scheme of punishment and reward exactly fitted to the exigencies of every case, presided over by a moral Nemesis, and issuing at last in the emancipation of every purified soul into infinite bliss.

In seeking to account for the extent and the tenacious grasp of this antique and stupendous belief, — in looking about for the various suggestions or confirmations of such a dogma, — we would call attention to several considerations, each claiming some degree of importance. First, among the earliest notions of a reflecting man is that of the separate existence of the soul after the dissolution of the body. He instinctively

\* Augustine, *De Morib. Manichæ.*, Lib. II. cap. 17; *De Hæres.*, cap. 46; *Contra Faustum*, Lib. XVI. cap. 28.

distinguishes the thinking substance he is from the material vestment. Conscious of an unchanged personal identity, beneath the changes and decays everywhere visible around him, he naturally imagines that

“As billows on the undulating main,  
That swelling fall and falling swell again,  
So on the tide of time inconstant roll  
The dying body and the deathless soul.”

To one thus meditating, and desiring, as he surely would, to perceive or devise some explanation of the soul's posthumous fortunes, the idea could hardly fail to occur, that the destiny of the soul might be to undergo a renewed birth, or a series of births in new bodies. Such a conception, appearing in a rude stage of culture, before the lines between science, religion, and poetry had been sharply drawn, recommending itself alike by its simplicity and by its adaptedness to gratify curiosity and speculation in the formation of a thousand quaint and engaging hypotheses, would seem plausible, would be highly attractive, would very easily secure acceptance as a true doctrine.

Secondly, the strange resemblances and sympathies between men and animals would often powerfully suggest to a contemplative observer the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Looking over those volumes of singular caricatures wherein certain artists have made all the most distinctive physiognomies of men and beasts mutually to approximate and mingle, one cannot avoid the fancy that the bodies of brutes are the masks of degraded men. Notice an ox reclining in the shade of a tree, patiently ruminating as if sadly conscious of many things and helplessly bound in some obscure penance,—a mute world of dreamy experiences,—a sombre mystery,—how easy to imagine him an enchanted and transformed man! See how certain animals are allied in their prominent traits to humanity,—the stricken deer, weeping big, piteous tears,—the fawning affection and noble fidelity of the dog,—the architectural skill of the beaver,—the wise aspect of the owl,—the sweet plaint of the nightingale,—the shrieks of some fierce beasts, and the howls of others startlingly like the cries of children and the moans of pain,—the sparkling orbs and tortuous stealthiness of the snake; and the hints at me-

tempsychosis are obvious. Standing face to face with a tiger, an anaconda, a wild-cat, a monkey, a gazelle, a parrot, a dove, we alternately shudder with horror, and yearn with sympathy, now expecting to see the latent devils throw off their disguise and start forth in their own demoniac figures, now waiting for the metamorphosing charm to be reversed, and for the enchanted children of humanity to stand erect, restored to their former shapes. Pervading all the grades and forms of distinct animal life, there seems to be a rudimentary unity. The fundamental elements and primordial germs of consciousness, intellect, will, passion, appear the same, and the different classes of being seem capable of passing into one another by improvement or deterioration. Spontaneously, then, might a primitive observer, unhampered by prejudices, think that the soul of man on leaving its present body would find or construct another according to its chief intrinsic qualities and forces, whether those were a canine magnanimity of courage, or a vulpine subtlety of treacherous cunning, or a peacock's flaunting vanity. The spirit, freed from its fallen cell,

"Fills with fresh energy another form,  
And towers an elephant, or glides a worm;  
Swims as an eagle in the eye of noon,  
Or wails, a screech-owl, to the deaf, cold moon,  
Or haunts the brakes where serpents hiss and glare,  
Or hums, a glittering insect, in the air."

The hypothesis is equally forced on our thoughts by regarding the human attributes of some brutes, and the brutal attributes of some men. Thus Gratiano, enraged at the obstinate malignity of Shylock, cries to the hyena-hearted Jew:—

"Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,  
To hold opinion, with Pythagoras,  
That souls of animals infuse themselves  
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit  
Governed a wolf; who, hanged for human slaughter,  
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,  
And, whilst thou lay'st in thine unhallowed dam,  
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires  
Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous."

Thirdly, there is a figurative metempsychosis which may sometimes—the history of mythology abounds in examples

of the same sort of thing — have been turned from an abstract metaphor into a concrete belief, or from a fanciful supposition hardened into a received fact. It is a common mode of speech to say of an enthusiastic disciple, that the spirit of his master possesses him. A receptive student enters into the soul of Plato, or is full of Goethe. We say that Apelles lived again in Titian. Augustine reappeared in Calvin, and Pelagius in Arminius, to fight over the old battle of election and freedom. Luther has risen in Ronge. Take these figures literally, construct what they imply into a dogma, and the product is the transmigration of souls. The result thus arrived at finds effective support in the striking physical resemblance, spiritual likeness, and similarity of mission frequently seen between persons in one age and those in a former age. Columbus was the modern Jason sailing after the Golden Fleece of a New World. Glancing along the portrait-gallery of some ancient family, one is sometimes startled to observe a face extinct for several generations suddenly confronting him again with all its features in some distant descendant. A peculiarity of conformation, a remarkable trait of character, suppressed for a century, all at once starts into vivid prominence in a remote branch of the lineage, and men say, pointing back to the ancestor, "He has revived once more." Seeing Elisha do the same things that his departed master had done before him, the people exclaimed, "The spirit of Elijah is upon him." Beholding in John the Baptist one going before him in the spirit of that expected prophet, Jesus said, "If ye are able to receive it, this is he." Some of the later Rabbins assert many entertaining things concerning the repeated births of the most distinguished personages in their national history. Abel was born again in Seth; Cain, in that Egyptian whom Moses slew; Abiram, in Ahithophel; and Adam, having already reappeared once in David, will live again in the Messiah. The performance by an eminent man of some great labor which had been done in an earlier age in like manner by a kindred spirit, evokes in the imagination an apparition of the return of the dead to repeat his old work.

Fourthly, there are certain familiar psychological experiences which serve to suggest and to support the theory of trans-

migration, and which are themselves in return explained by such a surmise. Thinking upon some unwonted subject, often a dim impression arises in the mind, fastens upon us, and we cannot help feeling, that somewhere, long ago, we have had these reflections before. Learning a fact, meeting a face for the first time, we are puzzled with an obscure assurance that it is not the first time. Travelling in foreign lands, we are ever and anon haunted by a sense of familiarity with the views, urging us to conclude, that surely we have more than once trodden those fields and gazed on those scenes; and from hoary mountain, trickling rill, and vesper bell, meanwhile, mystic tones of strange memorial music seem to sigh in remembered accents through the soul's plaintive echoing halls,

"'T was auld lang syne, my dear,  
'T was auld lang syne."

Plato's doctrine of reminiscence here finds its basis. We have lived before, perchance many times, and through the clouds of sense and imagination now and then float the veiled visions of things that were. Efforts of thought reveal the half-effaced inscriptions and pictures on the tablets of memory. Snatches of dialogues once held are recalled, faint recollections of old friendships return, and fragments of landscapes beheld and deeds performed long ago pass in weird procession before the mind's half-opened eye. We know a professional gentleman of unimpeachable veracity and distinguished talents and attainments, who is a firm believer in his own existence on the earth previously to his present life. He testifies that on innumerable occasions he has experienced remembrances of events, and recognitions of places, accompanied by a flash of irresistible conviction that he had known them in a former state. Nearly every one has felt instances of this, more or less numerous and vivid. The doctrine at which such things hint, that

"Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,"

but trailing vague traces and enigmas from a bygone history, "do we come," yields the secret of many a mood and dream, the spell of inexplicable hours, the key and clew to unlocked

labyrinths of mystery. The belief in the doctrine of the metempsychosis, among a fanciful people and in an unscientific age, need be no wonder to any cultivated man acquainted with the marvels of experience, and aware that every one may say,

“Full oft my feelings make me start,  
Like footprints on some desert shore,  
As if the chambers of my heart  
Had heard their shadowy step before.”

Fifthly, the theory of the transmigration of souls is marvelously adapted to explain the seeming chaos of moral inequality, injustice, and manifold evil presented in the world of human life. No other conceivable view so admirably accounts for the heterogeneousness of our present existence, refutes the charge of a groundless favoritism urged against Providence, and completely justifies the ways of God to man. Once admit the theory to be true, and all difficulties of this sort instantly vanish. If a man be born blind, deaf, a cripple, a slave, an idiot, — it is because in a previous life he abused his privileges and heaped on his soul a load of guilt which he is now expiating. If a sudden calamity overwhelms a good man with unmerited ruin and anguish, it is the penalty of some crime committed in a state of responsible being beyond the confines of his present memory. Does a surprising piece of good fortune accrue to any one, — splendid riches, a commanding position, a peerless friendship? It is the reward of virtuous deeds done in an earlier life. Every flower, blighted or diseased; every shrub, gnarled, awry, and blasted; every brute, ugly and maimed; every man, deformed, wretched, or despised, — is reaping in these hard conditions of being, as contrasted with the fate of the favored and perfect specimens of the kind, the fruit of sin in a foregone existence. When the Hindoo looks on a man beautiful, learned, noble, fortunate, and happy, he exclaims, “How wise and good must this man have been in his former lives!” In his philosophy, or religion, the proof of the necessary consequences of virtue and vice is deduced from the metempsychosis, every particular of the outward man being a result of some corresponding quality of his soul, and every event of his experience depending as

effect on his previous merit as cause.\* Thus the principal physical and moral phenomena of life are strikingly explained, and as we gaze around the world, its material conditions and spiritual elements combine in one vast scheme of unrivalled order, and the total experience of humanity forms one magnificent picture of perfect poetic justice. We may easily account for the rise and spread of a theory whose sole difficulty is a lack of positive proof, but whose applications are so consistent and fascinating alike to imagination and to conscience. Hierocles said, — and distinguished philosophers both before and since have said, — “Without the doctrine of metempsychosis, it is not possible to justify the ways of Providence.”

Finally, this doctrine, having been suggested by the various foregoing considerations, and having been developed into a practical system of conceptions and motives by certain leading thinkers, was adopted by the principal philosophers and priest-hoods of antiquity, and taught to the common people with authority. The popular beliefs of four thousand years ago depended for their prevalence, not so much on cogent arguments or intrinsic probability, as upon the sanctions thrown around them by renowned teachers, priests, and mystagogues. Now the doctrine of the transmigration of souls was inculcated by the ancient teachers, not as a mere hypothesis resting on loose surmises, but as an unquestionable fact supported by the experimental knowledge of many individuals, and by infallible revelation from God. The sacred books of the Hindoos abound in detailed histories of transmigrations. Kapila is said to have written out the Vedas from his remembrance of them in a former state of being. The Vishnu Purana gives some very entertaining examples of the retention of memory through several successive lives.† Pythagoras pretended to recollect his adventures in previous lives; and on one occasion, as we read in Ovid, going into the temple of Juno, he recognized the shield he had worn as Euphorbus at the siege of Troy. Diogenes Laertius also relates of him, that one day meeting a man who was cruelly beating a dog, the Samian

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\* Colebrooke's Essays, Vol. I. p. 286.

† Professor Wilson's Translation, p. 343.

sage instantly detected in the piteous howls of the poor beast the cries of a dear friend of his long since deceased, and earnestly and successfully interceded for his rescue. In the life of Apollonius of Tyana by Philostratus, numerous extraordinary instances are told of his recognitions of persons he had known in preceding lives. Such examples as these exactly met the weakest point in the metempsychosis theory, and must have had vast influence in fostering the common faith. Plotinus said, "Body is the true river of Lethe, for souls plunged in it forget all." Pierre Leroux, an enthusiastic living defender of the idea of repeated births, attempts to reply to the objection drawn from the absence of memory; but his reply is an appeal rather to authority and fancy than to reason, and leaves the doubts unsolved.\* Throughout the East this general doctrine is no mere superstition of the masses of ignorant people; it is the main principle of all Hindoo metaphysics, the foundation of all their philosophy, and inwrought with the intellectual texture of their inspired books. It is upheld by the venerable authority of ages, by an intense general conviction of it, and by multitudes of subtle conceits and apparent arguments. It was also impressed upon the initiates in the old mysteries, by being there dramatically shadowed forth through masks, and quaint symbolic ceremonies enacted at the time of initiation.†

This, then, is what we must say of the ancient and widely spread doctrine of transmigration. As a suggestion or theory naturally arising from empirical observation and confirmed by a variety of phenomena, it is plausible, attractive, and, in some stages of knowledge, not only easy to be believed, but hard to be resisted. As an ethical scheme clearing up on principles of poetic justice the most perplexed and awful problems in the world, it throws streams of light through the abysses of evil, gives dramatic solution to many a puzzle, and, abstractly considered, charms the understanding and the conscience. As a philosophical dogma answering to some strange, vague passages in human nature and experience, it echoes with dreamy sweetness through the deep mystic cham-

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\* De l'Humanité, Livre V. chap. xiii.

† Porphyry, De Abstinencia, Lib. IV. Sect. 16. Davies's Rites of the Druids.

bers of our being. As the undisputed creed which has inspired and spell-bound hundreds of millions of our race for perhaps over a hundred and fifty generations, it commands deference and deserves study. But, viewing it as a thesis in the light of to-day, challenging intelligent scrutiny and sober belief, we scarcely need to say that it is based on shadows and on arbitrary interpretations of superficial appearances, built of reveries and occult experiences, fortified by unreliable inferences, destitute of any direct proof or substantial evidence, unable to face the severity of science. A real investigation of its validity by the modern methods dissipates it as the sun scatters fog. The mutual correspondences between men and animals are explained by the fact that they are—all living beings are—the products of the same God and nature, and built according to one plan. Thus do they partake, in different degrees and on different planes, of many of the same elements and characteristics. The singular psychological experiences referred to are explicable—so far as we can expect with our present limited data and powers to solve the dense mysteries of the soul—by various considerations not involving the doctrine in question. Herder has shown this with no little acumen in three “Dialogues on the Metempsychosis,” beautifully translated by the Rev. Dr. Hedge in his “Prose-Writers of Germany.” And then, the fact that the supposition of a great system of adjusting transmigrations justifies the ways of Providence, is no proof that the supposition is a true one. The difficulty is, that there is no evidence of the objective truth of the assumption, however well the theory applies; and the justice and goodness of God may full as well be defended on the ground of a single life here and a discriminating retribution hereafter, as on the ground of an unlimited series of earthly births.

The doctrine evidently possesses two points of moral truth and power, and, if not tenable as strict science, is yet instructive as symbolic poetry. First, it embodies, in concrete shapes the most vivid and unmistakable, the fact that beastly and demonic qualities of character lead men down towards the brutes and fiends. Rage makes man a tiger; low cunning, a fox; coarseness and ferocity, a bear; selfish envy and malice, a

devil. On the contrary, the attainment of better degrees of intellectual and ethical qualities elevates man towards the angelic and the divine. There are three kinds of lives corresponding to the three kinds of metempsychosis, ascending, circular, descending; the aspiring life of progress in wisdom and goodness; the monotonous life of routine in mechanical habits and indifference; the deteriorating life of abandonment in ignorance and vice. Secondly, the theory of transmigrating souls typifies the truth, that, however it may fare with persons now, however ill their fortunes may seem to accord with their deserts here, yet justice reigns irresistibly in the universe, and sooner or later every soul shall be strictly compensated for every tittle of its merits in good or evil. There is no escaping the chain of acts and consequences.

This whole scheme of thought has always allured the Mystics to adopt it. In every age, from Indian Vyasa to Teutonic Boehme, we find them contending for it. Boehme held that all material existence was composed by King Satan out of the physical substance of his fallen followers.

The conception of the metempsychosis is strikingly fitted for the purposes of humor and satire; and literature abounds with such applications of it. When Rosalind finds the verses with which her enamored Orlando had hung the trees, she exclaimed, "I was never so berhymed since Pythagoras' time that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember." One of the earliest popular introductions of this Oriental figment to the English public was by Addison, whose Will Honeycomb tells an amusing story of his friend, Jack Freelove, how that, finding his mistress's pet monkey alone one day, he wrote an autobiography of his monkeyship's surprising adventures in the course of his many transmigrations. Leaving this precious document in the monkey's hands, his mistress found it on her return, and was vastly bewildered by its pathetic and laughable contents.\* There is also a poem on this subject by Dr. Donne, full of strength and wit. It traces a soul through ten or twelve births, giving the salient points of its history in each. First, the soul animates the apple our hapless mother Eve

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\* Spectator, No. 343.

ate, bringing "death into the world and all our woe." Then it appeared successively as a mandrake, a cock, a herring, a whale,

" Who spouted rivers up as if he meant  
To join our seas with seas above the firmament."

Next, as a mouse, it crept up an elephant's sinewy proboscis to the soul's bedchamber, the brain, and, gnawing the life-cords there, died, crushed in the ruins of the gigantic beast. Afterwards it became a wolf, a dog, an ape, and finally a woman, where the quaint tale closes. But perhaps the best thing of this sort is the following description from a remarkable writer of our own day.

"In the mean while all the shore rang with the tramp of bull-frogs, the sturdy spirits of ancient wine-bibbers and wassailers, still unrepentant, trying to sing a catch in their Stygian lake; who would fain keep up the hilarious rules of their old festal tables, though their voices have waxed hoarse and solemnly grave, mocking at mirth, and the wine has lost its flavor. The most aldermanic, with his chin upon a heart-leaf, which serves for a napkin to his drooling chaps, under this northern shore quaffs a deep draught of the once scorned water, and passes round the cup with the ejaculation *tr-r-r-oonk, tr-r-r-oonk!* and straightway comes over the water from some distant cove the same password repeated, where the next in seniority and girth has gulped down to his mark; and when this observance has made the circuit of the shores, then ejaculates the master of ceremonies, with satisfaction, *tr-r-r-oonk!* and each in his turn, down to the flabbiest-paunched, repeats the same, that there be no mistake; and then the bowl goes round again and again, until the sun disperses the morning mist, and only the patriarch is not under the pond, but vainly bellowing *troonk* from time to time, and pausing for a reply."

The doctrine of the metempsychosis, which was the priest's threat against sin, was the poet's interpretation of life. The former gave by it a terrible emphasis to the moral law; the latter imparted by it an unequalled tenderness of interest to the contemplation of the world. To the believer in it, in its fullest development, the mountains piled towering to the sky and the plains stretching into trackless distance were the conscious dust of souls; the ocean, heaving in tempest or sleeping in moonlight, was a sea of spirits, every drop once a man. Each animated form that caught his attention might be the

dwelling of some ancestor, or of some once cherished companion of his own. Hence the Hindoo's so sensitive kindness towards animals:—

“Crush not the feeble, inoffensive worm ;  
Thy sister's spirit wears that humble form.  
Why should thy cruel arrow smite yon bird ?  
In him thy brother's plaintive song is heard.  
Let not thine anger on thy dog descend ;  
That faithful animal was once thy friend.”

There is a strange grandeur, an affecting mystery, in the view of the creation from the stand-point of the metempsychosis. It is an awful dream-palace all aswarm with falling and climbing creatures clothed in ever-shifting disguises. The races and changes of being constitute a boundless masquerade of souls, whose bodies are vizards and whose fortunes poetic retribution. The motive furnished by the doctrine to self-denial and toil has a peerless sublimity. In our Western world the hope of acquiring large possessions, or of attaining an exalted office, often stimulates men to heroic efforts of labor and endurance. What, then, should we not expect from the application to the imaginative minds of the Eastern world of a motive which, transcending all set limits, offers unheard-of prizes, to be plucked in life after life, and at the end unveils, for the occupancy of the patient aspirant, the Throne of Immensity! No wonder that, under the propulsion of a motive so exhaustless, a motive not remote or abstract, but concrete, and organized in indissoluble connection with the visible chain of eternal causes and effects,—no wonder we see such tremendous exhibitions of superstition, voluntary sufferings, superhuman deeds. Here is the secret fountain of that irresistible force which enables the devotee to measure journeys of a thousand miles by prostrations of his body, to hold up his arm until it withers and remains immovably erect as a stick, or to swing himself by red-hot hooks through his flesh. The poorest wretch of a soul that has wandered down to the lowest grade of animate existence can turn his resolute and longing gaze up the resplendent ranks of being, and, conscious of the godhead's germ within, feel that, though now unspeakably sunken, he shall yet one day spurn every vile integument, and vault into seats of heavenly dominion. Crawling as an

almost invisible bug, in a heap of carrion, he can still think within himself, holding fast to the law of righteousness and love: "This is the infinite ladder of redemption over whose rounds of purity, penance, charity, and contemplation I may ascend, through births innumerable, till I reach a height of wisdom, power, and bliss that will cast into utter contempt the combined glory of countless millions of worlds, ay, till I sit enthroned above the topmost summit of the universe as omnipotent Buddha." \*

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ART. V.—*Introduction to the History of the Nineteenth Century.* By G. G. GERVINUS, Professor of History in the University of Heidelberg. From the German. With a Brief Notice of the Author, by the Translator. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1853. pp. 137.

GEORGE GOTTFRIED GERVINUS is fairly entitled to the Cis-atlantic distinction of being a self-made man, assuming that our idea of self-manufacture is philosophically "adequate." He did not indeed enter the metropolis with three kreutzers in his pocket, and leave behind him as many millions. The development of his faculties harmonizes better with the genius of his country. From a retail mercer's apprentice, he came to be a Göttingen Professor in his thirtieth year; from a desultory reader, he came to be a philosopher in history. He had filled his professorship, however, but two years, when King Ernest, the English Duke of Cumberland, abolished the Hanoverian constitution, and demanded of the Göttingen Professors an oath of allegiance to his usurped absolute authority. Gervinus, with six others, protested against a proceeding so

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\* Those who wish to have fuller authorities for the foregoing statements, or to pursue the subject further, will find the following references useful. Hardy's "Manual of Buddhism," Chap. V. Upham's "History of Buddhism," Chap. III. Beausobre's "Histoire du Manichéisme," Livre VI. Chap. 4. Helmont's "De Revolutione Animarum." Richter's "Das Christenthum und die ältesten Religionen des Orients," §§ 54–65.

clearly illegal, and in consequence three of the seven, including himself, were not only deprived of their professorships, but banished from Göttingen. In 1844-45 he was appointed Honorary Professor of History at Heidelberg, and his translator informs us that a prodigious sensation was excited by his lectures on the political state of Europe. In the revolution of 1848, though he had been a leader among the constitutionalists, he was influential in the offering of the imperial crown to the king of Prussia in pursuit of the chimerical scheme of the revived German Empire, — an error of which he afterwards repented.

The published writings of Gervinus comprise two volumes of "Miscellaneous Essays," "The History of Literature in Germany up to the Death of Goethe," a short apologetic treatise on the Reformed Catholic Church, a work on the writings of Shakespeare, and the pamphlet under review.

This latter had hardly appeared when its matter was condemned as high treason by most of the German governments, and on February 24, 1853, Gervinus was indicted and brought to trial for "having published a work directed against *constitutional* monarchy, with the intention of deposing the lawful head of the state and of changing and endangering the constitution; thereby rendering himself amenable to the charge of disturbing public tranquillity and order, and incurring the guilt of high treason." In his defence Gervinus contended that the charge was not against *him*, but against the "facts in history," and if it were urged that the treason lay in his individual narrative of these facts, that his "Introduction" was not a political pamphlet, but the result of the philosophical studies of many years; that these opinions could not be separated from his collation of historical facts; and that a condemnation would compel him to a renunciation of his vocation or his country, both of which, he suggests, he has not unworthily served. He proceeds to say: "My book is on so strictly a philosophical plan and treats of such comprehensive historical questions, that, properly, no judgment of any value could be pronounced upon it but by professed historians, of whom there are not two dozen in all Germany. Among them there has not to this hour been found one competent to give an

opinion in a few weeks on a book which is the fruit of half a life. On the other hand, there was soon a whole set of fanatical partisans and obstreperous bunglers in a neighboring press, who in eight days had condemned this work, in some instances by calling it an historical commonplace, and in others, a political pamphlet, with destructive tendencies." But Gervinus's defence, reasonable as it seems, availed him little. They who were wiser in their generation than he, whose intuitive omniscience so happily substitutes what they think *ought to be* for what to finite perception *is*, accomplished his proscription. He suffered the common penalty of the German law, four months' imprisonment, and his work was ordered to be publicly destroyed.

The style of the Introduction, to our individual taste, is excessively dull, and this peculiarity may be, for aught we know, the best of testimony that the translation is faithfully executed. And, *à propos*, may we ask why dulness should be considered more pardonable in history than in other literature? It is not indispensable to historical accuracy or to sound philosophy, facts are not necessarily platitudes, and the most brilliant style may convey the most important truths. If Gibbon and Macaulay are unfair and unreliable, it is not because they are imaginative or gorgeous, but because one was a sceptic and the other is a politician; *style* has nothing to do with their prejudices. We candidly confess that we much prefer a writer who occasionally performs on stilts to one who is perpetually floundering in the mud.

The translator obtrudes none of his own opinions, although evidently a sympathizer of that comprehensive species which takes to its capacious bosom democracies and "peoples" of every race and tongue, whether it finds them at one another's throats, or harmoniously conspiring for a general overturn. In but a single instance do we detect his hobby. Alluding to the diminished influence of individuals, whether in the position of rulers or in private life, Gervinus says that "no really pre-eminent mind has stepped forward to attract the particular attention of contemporaries since Napoleon, — no really great character has appeared to take up the cause of the people or to become the champion of the struggles of the age." The

translator in his note at the end of the volume asserts that Gervinus has not done justice to the Hungarian movement of 1848-49; and he furthermore produces a document from "General Georg Kinetz," which certifies that Kossuth is the champion of the age. Without disparaging any of the very numerous revolutionary leaders, who, we understand, are not fond of admitting individual claims to pre-eminence, we may venture to say that neither Gervinus nor his translator is right; for by common consent among those in the habit of contemplating facts, however diverse may be their opinions of his policy at different times, the one man of the revolutions of 1848 is the present Emperor of the French.

The object of the elaborate historical work to which the pamphlet before us is the introduction, is concisely stated to be an attempt to discover the import and intrinsic meaning of events from the fall of the empire of Napoleon to the middle of the present century. The law of historical development is traced from the legends of the Grecian peninsula and its colonies to the present day, and an analogy to the primeval traditions of man is found in the history of the European states of modern times. The patriarchal king, the equestrian order, the people, find their counterparts in the Teutonic kings, the feudal nobility, and the democracy. When, moreover, a state has completed its term of civilization, the power retrogrades from the people or democracy, through aristocracy, once more to absolutism. The topics discussed in the first four sections are the leading events in the history of the Romanic and Teutonic nations, from the origin of the feudal system to the German War of Liberation, or, as Gervinus with doubtful propriety calls it, the "war of *freedom*." The salient points, of course, in the sketch of the Teutonic nations, are the Spanish monarchy, the Papal tyranny, the Reformation, and the American republic. France, under Henry IV. and Louis XIV., and the revolution of 1789, with its quarter of a century of consequent events, furnish the chief features for the philosophy of the Romanic nations. The fifth and last section, comprising a review of modern history, and occupying some twenty of the concluding pages of the work, is all that suggests anything of peculiar interest to American readers.

Gervinus more wittily than correctly says that the genius of Napoleon "had wrestled with the age, and that the age had conquered." The *sovereigns* of the age had indeed conquered, but the age itself rolled backward, and finds itself after a generation has passed away just where Napoleon would have left it, had the ideas which he brought from Elba (not those visions of glory which carried him to all the European capitals) been permitted a development. This was not to be. To conquer *him*, free constitutions were promised to all the German states, to Spain, Poland, Prussia, and even to France, — the country conquered for the Bourbons. Since then, another revolution, that of 1830, has failed, and after a rule of eighteen years, most of which were spent in attempting to consolidate and perpetuate his dynasty, a broken-down old man landed upon the shores of England, the last of a race which had governed France for a thousand years. The Republic, — anarchy, — the Empire, followed in rapid succession. In every country but France the revolution has failed. Prussia, Italy, Hungary, are all the worse for it. In none of the countries where revolution was attempted was the Republic an ultimate object. The revolution was a failure, not in the fact that the Republic was not established, but because constitutionalism was almost totally wrecked in the end. One grand result, however, has been obtained, that a people will hereafter not be molested by other governments for assuming the right to establish its own form of government. France has done this, and, instead of being compelled to fight for her life as before, finds herself even in a position to dictate a policy to other nations at least as powerful as herself.

We cannot refrain from alluding to a somewhat fanciful theory of our author, based upon a system of geometrical progression, as to the periods which are most likely to bring about freedom. For instance, the insurrection at Cadiz was five years after the Congress of Vienna; ten years afterward came the *Bourgeois* revolution of 1830; eighteen years after that, the popular revolution of 1848; therefore, according to this theoretical ratio, we are not to look for any more disturbances till about the year 1880 or 1890. Nervous old gentlemen, anxious capitalists, sanguine millennialists, may rest in peace

for at least another generation. Politicians and office-hunters will have to fall back upon the common principles of honesty and capacity, for their electioneering capital. Muskets and saddles at a "ridiculously low figure" will be a drug. But we are much more hopeful than this representative of German democracy, and cannot but feel confident that constitutions will again be quite generally established in Europe in a quarter part of the time assigned by him. The physical geography of freedom is traced by Gervinus with the same precision with which medical gentlemen map out the track of cholera, and the hand of Providence is piously recognized in every change. But while it is contended that a regular order of events is prescribed to the general course of history, there is no attempt to qualify one of the most incontestable and striking facts in historical philosophy, that, in the particular aspect of those events, "much is left to the arbitration of man, and ample space is allowed for the display of his various powers." "Whether the republic or the monarchy, the constitutional or the democratic form of government, will succeed . . . . must be decided by the degrees of capability in the contending classes, by their political power, and the wisdom or folly of their resistance." Gervinus thinks, too, that the grand development of this remarkable era will principally depend on two nations,—the French and Germans. It is important to note, as a European democrat's view of American prosperity, that the author is of opinion that a limit to our immigration, and consequently to our commerce, will be hastened by our refusing to permit our territory to be occupied by other nations, and that the result will be a renewal of the ancient commerce and civilization of Asia. These passages form an exception to the general vigor of the book, in being both puerile and obscure.

Having thus stated the leading idea of a German patriot and democrat, and one of a school of politicians which in that country is, very oddly, analogous to "sectionalism" in ours, the remainder of this article will be occupied with some reflections suggested by, though not identical with, the historical views of some of the most eminent students of modern history. It is quite obvious that no European writer, however pure his intention, can take the same view of European history as an

American republican. The history of the modern European states, from the American point of view, must yet occupy many of the most sagacious and industrious minds of our own country before it shall be fully or generally comprehended. This view is quite a different one from that of socialism, as we shall see. Socialism is an imperfect, unbalanced, though possibly a well-meaning attempt to appreciate absolute popular rights, or rather an assertion that all popular inclinations are absolute rights, — a doctrine disproved by philosophy, policy, and experience. America may be a final umpire in some future convulsion; it becomes us, therefore, now that the smoke of the battle is cleared away, to see if we can discover what has been fought for on either side, and with what apparent success, actual or probable.

Since the American and French revolutions of the last century, historical investigation has proceeded, with few exceptions, from a new stand-point. Republics are getting to be better appreciated. The classical student for centuries has adopted without inquiry the traditional notions of the baseness and weakness of the Athenian republic, its caprice, its ingratitude, and its ostracisms. Heeren has more philosophically presented an opposite theory. Modern history on the Continent has been biased by court favor, much more than even by the influence of the Papacy. In England it has generally taken its tone from the Anglican Church. Ecclesiastical history is inherently controversial, and so far unreliable; its vices are hypocrisy and misrepresentation, and so thoroughly is it impregnated by them, that men like Gibbon, Hume, and Voltaire have in disgust assumed a position painfully hostile to the great and incontestable truths of Christianity. The danger to the student now is, not from bigotry or scepticism, but rather from *political* intolerance and fanaticism, — a danger becoming greater with the growing extent of modern history. It is of more importance, therefore, that this period should be rightly understood, than that the events of other periods as commonly received should even be remembered. There are more guiding truths to be elicited since the date of the Puritan exodus under King James, than in the six hundred years which preceded it. Then for the first

time the Reformation emerges from the discredit thrown on it by its English champions, — the cruel and wicked Henry, the timeserving and vacillating Cranmer. It began then, too, to be perceived, that the Reformation, so closely allied to monarchies, reprehensibly erring indeed in its subservience to the passions of temporal princes, still contained the germ of republicanism. The complete failure of the attempt to establish it by fire and sword in Ireland contrasts fearfully with its peaceful propagation, under auspices harmonizing with its essential nature, in America.

The century closing with the present year has been especially rife with instruction. The expulsion of the Jesuits from France, that of the French from America, the subjection of our entire continent to Anglo-Saxon colonization, the two great revolutions, the partition of Poland, the decay of the Ottoman Empire, the rise and fall of Napoleon, the unparalleled growth of the United States, the Irish emigration, the growth of Russia, the Slavonic antagonism to Western civilization, the changes and struggles of 1848, and the present war in Europe, have each a lesson. But what nation improves by such lessons?

The importance of history has been underrated by many eminent men. Sir Robert Walpole said, "Read me anything but history; for that cannot be true." According to Dr. Johnson, it was necessarily false or dull. Napoleon, we believe, asked, "What is history, but fiction agreed upon?" It has its difficulties as a study in its errors as narrative. Treating mainly of antagonisms, international or partisan, the student is but too apt to fall into contemporaneous sophistry and perversion, and the writer cannot be, or does not care to be, impartial. With all the advantages of contemporaneous history, events cannot be completely or properly judged by the generation which witnesses them. If the history of the king is no longer that of the state, the history of *parties* is but the substitution of a new error for an old. The physiologist who is known to have a theory before he collates his observations, receives very little credit for them from his fellows. Now the minute analysis which has produced such gigantic results in the physical and natural sciences should be applied to historical research.

Something analogous to the microscope, the scalpel, or the test-acid must take the place of rhetoric, fancy, or prejudice. It should be considered as dishonorable to start from a preconceived theory in the philosophy of history, as in that of science. The link, if wanting, must not be supplied from the writer's brain.

The task of collecting perfectly reliable materials as data for an opinion upon events in Europe is almost hopeless. There is so much partisan dispute as to the institutions, so much international discrepancy as to the external relations, of a state, that perhaps the easiest and most satisfactory plan, after all, would be to follow the fashion of this country for a few years back, and to jump from one side to another according to what is called the "tone" of the diurnal literature of Great Britain. We take a single illustration of this difficulty in Alison's picture of the great contest between France and England at the commencement of this century. "In words of exalted eloquence, the British orator Grattan says, 'There has been a time when the Continent lay flat before our rival, when the Spaniard, the Austrian, the Prussian, had retired; when the iron quality of Russia had dissolved; when the domination of France had come to the water's edge; and when, behold, from a misty speck in the west the avenging genius of these our countries issues forth, grasping ten thousand thunderbolts, breaks the spell of France, stops in his own person the flying fortunes of the world, sweeps the sea, rights the globe, and retires in a flame of glory.'" As to the "eloquence," we yield without a murmur. We know of nothing in the entire range of the literature peculiar to the "American eagle" which we would venture to put against it, even before a committee of native Fourth of July orators. Another view, however, is, that from 1793 to 1815 England proved herself the enemy of the human race. To support this view, suppose that a French writer should assert, that when the aim of the revolution was accomplished, and the French nation panted for repose after its fearful struggle against its tyrants (not so much its king), English agents and English gold stirred up the Vendean insurrection, which ended in the desolation of the fairest part of France; that afterward, when the Continent desired rest from

a wicked and futile contest with a nation armed to the teeth and fighting for its life, the instigations and bribes of England sustained coalition after coalition, till the ease with which they were overthrown changed a struggle for life into a contest for the palm; that when France had acquiesced in the government of the First Consul, fifty or more vile wretches were landed in an English ship of war upon the coast of France, whose infamous plans of assassination were concocted in London, under the eye and with the connivance of its court; that when the bloody wars of which she was the soul had so devastated the Continent that it could no longer manufacture the implements of death, England became the armory of the world, and swept into her treasury the profits of the infernal traffic; that, upon one pretext or another, she destroyed the commerce of Europe, seized the distant colonies of France, Holland, and Spain, and turned the current of their almost illimitable wealth into her own harbors; and that, to prevent the possibility of a restitution of her ill-gotten gains, she abetted every scheme which had for its object the destruction of liberty. Now, so far as we are aware, no French writer has made precisely such charges as these, but the reader will find all the unquestioned facts upon which they are based in this very history of Alison, and *all but one* upon the very page which blazes with the "exalted eloquence" aforesaid! Here, therefore, is no partisan error, no intentional discrepancy, but a gross inconsistency in a single writer, and he one of the most eminent and honorable of his class. Contemporaneous history derives its value from the fact, that it paints the events of an era as they appeared to the actors themselves. But to be *true*, it must comprise the whole truth. If anything is suppressed, the history is false. Alison admits everything against his government, simply because his admissions prove nothing against his theory, which is that England was the chosen instrument in a predestined order of things to suppress what he calls democracy, at all hazards.

What is modern history? The arbitrary line which places its commencement at the date of the fall of the Western Empire leaves ancient history in a limited position, while it is every day overwhelming modern history with new events. To

make any relative proportion, between the two, either the line must be advanced, or what is now called modern history must be subdivided. Voltaire, who, with all his errors as a philosopher and a religionist, was a profound politician and a most astute observer, divides the history of the world into four eras. (1.) That of Philip and Alexander, which produced the orators, statesmen, and artists of Greece. (2.) That of Julius and Augustus Cæsar, which gave the historians, actors, and poets to Rome. (3.) That which followed the capture of Constantinople by Mahomet II., and which under the Medici attracted to Italy what the Turks had driven from Greece. (4.) That which will yet be recognized in the history of the world, but not of the Anglo-Saxons, as the age of Louis XIV. Availing itself of the discoveries of the others, this age made more progress than all the others together. Art indeed advanced no further than under the Grecian, Roman, or Florentine eras; but the *mind* of man was liberated. Till that era, the nation which is now at the head of art and civilization deserved more than any other the name which the polished Italian gave to his ultramontane neighbors. France was pre-eminent in barbarism. Jews, Genoese, Venetians, Portuguese, Flemish, Dutch, English, in succession carried on the commerce of a nation which was ignorant of its very principles. The father of Louis XIV. did not own a single vessel. The literature of the country was nothing. What Louis the Great did for France, therefore, is to be judged by what he found her, and by our own ideas of refinement we shall find that it is unparalleled in the whole range of history. The long and splendid reign of Louis has come down to us in two points of view;—one, that which is presented by the English historians of the wars of the Spanish succession; the other, that of Methodism carried into politics. The value of the first suggests itself; as to the latter, neither the philosopher nor the historian has any concern with it. The private profligacy of courts has much less to do with the affairs of nations than the lovers of the marvellous imagine. The novelist may weave it into thrilling fiction; but the historian gathers few gems from the *Chronique Scandaleuse*. Among legitimate sovereigns, Catherine the Great and Louis XIV. have no peers. Even Louis XV. stands in a false light

to those who have not penetrated his diplomacy. Personally brave, attentive to business in all his financial embarrassments, sad in the midst of orgies, not seduced by power, full of contrasts, he should be looked upon rather as himself the victim of a frightful system, than as the precipitator of the Revolution.

The theorist has almost always fallen into the dominant error of attempting to solve the difficult problem of human government. Guizot's theory appears to better advantage in connection with certain propositions of Gervinus, than by itself. Government, under whatever form or name, may be resolved into very few abstract principles,—an established social restriction whose elements are law and obedience to law. Law represents the eternal principles of justice which are born with man, but do not die with him nor with centuries. They declare that his divine creation is not alone in the image, but with the essence of God, and are as lasting and unvariable as the laws of the physical universe. Obedience to law is the bond of society. Law is enunciated through human legislation, which includes the idea of an executive. Force is not, however, originally law, but that principle which repels individual deviation from law. With these data of law and obedience, and consequently force, man is left to his own discretion, and to the myriad diversities of climate, geographical position, and the age, to evolve from them a government. If the result of the process be true to eternal justice, he may call that government by any name he chooses. The evolution has always followed a certain natural succession. The patriarch is succeeded by the king, and after the king comes every shade of absolutism, constitutionalism, oligarchy, and democracy. The *origin* of states has the most direct and the strongest influence upon the evolution of government. The American republic was an inevitable result of our Anglo-Saxon descent, the training of our home governments, and the fearless independence of our fathers. A monarchy would have been an absurdity, a solemn sham. We honestly believe, on the contrary, that a republic can never *long* exist in a country with the traditions, antecedents, habits, and characteristics of the French. Radical faults will always exist both in

the administration and the people. It has twice failed, and a king in the mean time was dethroned without the idea of a republic having been for a moment seriously entertained. Nor is it likely that England—the only state in the Old World competent to carry on a republic—will again attempt the experiment so rudely interrupted by Cromwell. In its system of checks and balances, the monarchy is a safe and an agreeable fiction, with not so much available power as resides in the American President. The striking fact, therefore, that the royal family is almost purely German, has no effect upon an administration. It injures no one, while it is of incalculable benefit to the minor German courts, whose Protestantism is carefully nourished, and is handed down as an heirloom with the same pious regard as the family diamonds and the roulette-tables. The next king of England will have scarcely a drop of English blood in his veins; yet so lightly does the monarchy sit upon the nation, that there will probably be no diminution in that loyalty which now amounts to sincere affection towards one of the most unexceptionable of women. There is no more probability that England will change its form of government to one more liberal in name, than that America will change its theoretical democracy to a practical executive despotism.

No human government can be *perfect*; for this would imply that, besides the attributes of his Creator, man also possesses infinite wisdom in using them. The republic is supposed—in a misapprehension of the fact that man is to develop his government, not upon any abstract model, but upon eternal principles modified by his human relations—to imply at least *the ultimate* perfectibility of the human race. This is an absurdity, because the perfectibility of man excludes the idea of human government altogether, dispensing wholly with an executive force, which includes restraint and coercion. Republicanism has nothing to do with utopian communism. Small bodies of men may indeed so purge themselves of error and passion as to live together without legislation; but those bodies have been largely leavened with a refined education which of itself shows the artificial character of the system. The “natural man” is not a socialist. We see good

reason why our own republic may be perpetual, not *because* it is a republic, but because it comprises as adjuncts so many distinct means of preservation,—our whole system of education, open in its highest sphere to all,—our beautiful and instructive plan of municipal government,—our State sovereignties, harmonizing withal so essentially with their federal relations,—a culture by which the humblest citizen gradually becomes competent to understand, and perhaps to carry on, the government of a great nation. Deprive the republic of these supports, even of a single one of them, and we believe that a despotism would soon be erected on its ruins. Education takes on a higher responsibility here, therefore, than in Europe. It must tend to make good citizens. To instil error, fanaticism, and disloyalty into young minds is, in making bad citizens of them, to furnish so many arguments against the republic. So ardent a lover of liberty as Niebuhr had no confidence in the efficacy of institutions to confer or secure liberty where public virtue is declining. It is the *bad* citizen who paves the way to despotism. The fear of a few thousand Red Republicans, with their crude and pernicious impulses, enabled Louis Napoleon to overturn the government which tolerated them, and to establish the Empire. If our government ever becomes a military despotism, it will be because, of two evils, anarchy and executive tyranny, the majority of men prefer the latter. Political slang and word-banding neither make nor unmake a patriot. There should be no yielding for even a moment to charlatanry or fanaticism. That is a very shallow conviction which is abandoned because the ignorant do not comprehend, or the malicious pervert, its true meaning. Bad citizens will make the best government bad, and will in the end destroy it. This is one of the most important lessons of modern history, and if writers had attended to this point, rather than to the arrangement of their materials so as to support preconceived views, if not indeed to make the worse appear the better cause, history would be in higher repute.

Democracy even in America becomes modified with time. It can hardly be so pure as when the population was less, and the cities not so large and fewer. Centralization to some extent becomes a necessary evil. For protection there must be

a police, and even a military organization, which is the very essence of despotism, as despotism is its prime requisite. In a well-regulated community, the army, which ought to appear only in connection with the external affairs of a state, has no place. But it will sometimes happen that this strong arm of a commonwealth requires to be felt, or at least to be *seen*. It is not inconsistent with the purest ideal democracy, that a law should be enforced by means of a military, who are to preserve peace during the enforcement of law by proper officers. In such a society it is the *people* who make the laws, not a central tyranny. 'The people themselves *are* the government, only the charlatan and the demagogue attempt to separate them. The *people* have a right to demand that its will shall be respected, that its laws shall be enforced. To argue against this proposition is to deny the whole theory of republican institutions. In this view it is not necessary even that the military force should be what is called a "citizen soldiery"; the argument is just as valid with regard to national troops or a standing army. Law is as binding under one form of government as another, though penalties may differ in stringency. The nature of the law, or the character of the "institutions" which require laws sectionally obnoxious, has no place in a general argument like this. To recognize what *is*, to improve it or "reform it altogether," if we will, but while it exists to recognize its existence as an absolute fact not to be argued out of sight because it is opposed to this or that theory, would seem most in accordance with the practical tendencies of our age and country. Abstract theories belong to the scholasticism of the Dark Ages, and although we do not fall into the error of considering our own times as socially or intellectually, because mechanically, in advance of other centuries, we do think that they have no place in any enlightened age. Wisdom was not born with our generation, nor will it probably die with us.

Having considered some of the lessons of modern history in relation to the institutions which constitute the internal life of a state, and applied those lessons, rigidly perhaps, but we trust in all sincerity and earnestness, more especially to our own country, before we venture to speak of international

relations, let us rest upon one or two points connected with the internal life of other nations, to notice a few peculiarities without any attempt to explain them.

We shall find, first, as the most striking anomaly, that the weak states of Europe generally have constitutions, while the great states practically have none. We except England, which on an emergency of external circumstances, chameleon-like, assumes at pleasure the characteristic of absolutism, aristocracy, or democracy, according to the kind and degree of coercion necessary. How far, therefore, is constitutionalism a cause and how far a consequence in the external weakness or strength of a state? Constitutionalism may have, moreover, very singular affinities. For centuries England has regarded Austria as her natural ally, the one country being a type of constitutional governments, the other the embodiment of absolutism. This affinity obtained not only an alliance with Austria while a distant power was convenient as a military safeguard against France, which was a rival at hand, but during and since the French Revolution. And yet in all that time the institutions of one nation have never passed over into the other, even when their armies were fighting side by side.

It has been found that no reliable calculations can be made as to the ability of a country to carry on a war, founded upon its financial condition. Here, again, an apparently overwhelming debt injures the weak state, but stimulates the strong. England, with her debt of eight or nine hundred millions sterling, will scarcely feel the additional hundred millions, which is the least amount with which she can terminate the present war, with her immense navy. War is hardly more costly than peace, to nations with large standing armies. The hope of Mr. Pitt in his wars with France was the physical exhaustion of that country. Napoleon a few years later fell into the same error as to England. Compare the prosperity of both nations at the end with their condition at the beginning of the war twenty years before. The Austrian exchequer has for half a century been hopelessly bankrupt; yet that government never stood firmer or was more prosperous than at the Congress of Vienna. Still bankrupt in 1848, she found her-

self at war with a powerful neighbor in alliance with her Italian subjects, with a rebellion in every province and an insurrection in her own capital, and at this moment, we are assured by the personal observation of those who are no friends to Austria or her monarchy, that the present prosperity and strength of the empire have never been equalled. Since Frederic the Great, Prussia has not known what financial system meant.

This brings us to a consideration of the European balance of power. For more than a hundred years no political treatise has been written which has not recognized this principle, — a system created by Richelieu and so strongly illustrated in the wars against Louis XIV. Yet the germ of truth and justice in it has been very imperfectly developed. This system does not include *natural* balances only, or equality in territory, population, and wealth, but proportionate or compensative equivalents; such, for instance, as that advantage which her commerce and marine give to England, matching the population and armies of France. Lord Brougham maintained, in his unshrinking analysis of this principle, that a nation not only has a right to interfere with the external policy of a rival, but with the development of its internal resources, if thereby a first-rate power is likely to be created out of a primitively second-rate one. As English political economy never refers to anything but the advantage of England, America would afford her a fine opportunity to test this right of interference.

We have endeavored in the above reflections to present what we think is not only the true aspect of modern history, but the true spirit with which that history ought to be studied. The materials of modern history are accumulating so rapidly, that the most eminent professors of the study have by common consent declared it impossible for one man to get a competent knowledge of the facts of any considerable portion of it. Dr. Arnold, in his Inaugural Lecture as Regius Professor at Oxford, modestly says: "It is certainly no affected humility, but the very simple truth, to acknowledge, that of many large and fruitful districts in the vast territory of modern history I possess only the most superficial knowledge,

of some I am all but totally ignorant. I could but ill pretend to guide others where I should be at a loss myself; and though many might possess a knowledge far surpassing mine, yet the mere ordinary length of human life renders it impossible for any one to have that profound acquaintance with every part of modern history in detail, which might enable him to impart a full understanding of it to others. But yet it may be possible, and this indeed is my hope, to encourage others to study it, to point out how much is to be done, and to suggest some rules for doing it." And in another place he says: "I must often dwell on the value of a knowledge which I do not possess; and must thus lay open my own ignorance by the very course which I believe to be most beneficial to my hearers."

Judgment in the historian is better than a facility in aggregating facts. The study should be approached conscientiously, with no preconceived theory, no utopian scheme of final and absolute happiness through institutions alone. If there is anything in the philosophy of history more than a continual approximation, through human agencies, imperfect and changeable as they are, to a recognition of the proposition, that it is for man to solve the problem of human government with the data only of his own reflection of the Divine justice and truth, we have failed to perceive it. To assume that there is a central abstract idea of government, around which human affairs are revolving in continually approaching cycles, will be very apt to make us neglect the practical experience of those events. If the grand truths of humanity seem slow of development, let us still have faith in an overruling principle of good, independent of our imperfect efforts.

- ART. VI. — 1. *Kansas and Nebraska : the History, Geographical and Physical Characteristics, and Political Position of those Territories ; an Account of the Emigrant Aid Companies, and Directions to Emigrants.* By EDWARD E. HALE. With an original Map from the latest Authorities. Boston : Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 256.
2. *Organization, Objects, and Plan of Operations of the Emigrant Aid Company : also a Description of Kansas, for the Information of Emigrants.* Third Edition, with Additions. Boston. 1854. pp. 24.
3. *Nebraska and Kansas. Report of the Committee of the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Company, with the Act of Incorporation, and other Documents.* Boston. 1854. pp. 32.
4. *Articles of Agreement and Association of the Emigrant Aid Company.* Boston. 1854. pp. 8.

THE philosophical historian who, at some distant day, shall review the period from the present point back over the last three centuries, will perhaps conclude that its most striking feature and efficient agency is Emigration, — the colonization of new territories, and the traduction of large bodies of men, even of nations and races, over oceans or continents. In the primal ages the human family spread by gradual diffusion. At a later stage, and so long as society retained a savage or a nomadic character, before civilization had performed its first office, in fastening individuals in families to particular localities, there was a continual shifting of abode. Hunting tribes were necessarily migratory ; drifting hither and thither, as prevalence of game, or pasturage, or security from danger prompted, or the vicissitudes of war compelled. In a more advanced state of society, occasional instances occurred of the transit of large and organized communities over great distances, and successively from point to point. Traces are now found, in monuments, inscriptions, customs, and traditions, of the migration of the lost tribes of Israel across the entire face of the Asiatic continent, and perhaps from island to island of the Pacific, to the northwest point of America. It is, we apprehend, the general opinion of those who have examined the

subject most thoroughly and have had the best means of forming a judgment, that both the American continents were supplied with their aboriginal inhabitants by a gradual descent and progression from Behring's Straits to Cape Horn. Remarkable instances of the swarming of races are recorded in the earliest periods known to history. Phœnicia and Greece sent forth their colonies. Every age has witnessed and groaned under military incursions and conquests, vast armies overrunning and overwhelming provinces and kingdoms. In such cases, the invading hosts have frequently been absorbed and swallowed up by the subject races, leaving the local religions, usages, and even languages to a great extent, flourishing as before. In some instances the conquerors have for a time maintained the relation of masters, the original inhabitants being held in serfdom, or reduced to absolute personal slavery, as mere transferable chattels. In others a more favorable result has occurred, the two races have soon become blended, and all traces of distinctive origin obliterated and lost.

A European population was drawn over the Atlantic, very gradually and insensibly, in the earlier periods of the colonization of North and South America. Perhaps the most remarkable case of the transportation of races to be found in the whole course of history, is that of the African. Benevolence in the first instance — alas for the short-sightedness of man! — is understood to have commenced the process. Avarice, rapacity, and cruelty soon took it up, and for three centuries it has been transferring that wronged and outraged portion of the human family, by force and violence, from one hemisphere to the other. It is still going on, in spite of all the efforts of modern philanthropy, aided by all the power of the civilized governments of the world, to stop it. What the result will be, and in what way the designs of an overruling Providence, in suffering this long-continued iniquity, will be fulfilled, remain to be disclosed. For some purpose, the interior of the vast continent of Africa continues to be mysteriously reserved from the encroachments of any other race. May it not be held in waiting for its own people, like another Israel, to return from bondage, and carry back to it the light of religion and

the blessings of liberty? Future generations, in distant centuries, will see, at last, the Divine benignity and wisdom displayed and vindicated.

The great fact in modern history — by the operation of which the world's reorganization, we trust it may be said, its regeneration, its social and political regeneration, is to be wrought out — is the peopling of this hemisphere. Without speculating further upon the inscrutable methods by which an unerring Providence will finally make the wrath and wickedness of man to praise Him, in the redemption, from and through bondage, of the African race, — a subject too painful and too much involved in clouds for us to penetrate, — confining our view to the European and American continents, we already begin to see the beneficent and the grand results to be produced by the transportation of the family of civilized man from one to the other.

When society had become impaled, as it were, in the Old World, its abuses hardened into petrifications, and all its limbs, muscles, and nerves fastened to the ground by the dead weight of feudal institutions pressing upon its bosom, and there was no hope, no possibility, that it could throw off the burden and rise again to its feet, — when progress was for ever forbidden, and superstition, ignorance, and prejudice had thoroughly done their work, — when tyranny and priestcraft reigned securely and inexorably, enthroned on the willing passions, and cherished traditions of a people wholly besotted and wholly enslaved by blind allegiance and implicit faith, — at that moment the remedy was provided. The curtain was lifted from the Western Ocean, and another theatre — open, vast, and fresh — was supplied upon which to work anew the great problem of humanity. The American continents were discovered. An emigration at once began, which has continued, in ten thousand forms, and with a steadily increasing volume, to this day. It pours its hundreds of thousands annually upon our shores. The treasures of antiquity, classic lore, the refinements of social life, and whatever was good and worthy of preservation, have come over to take a new start, and illustrate a new experiment of humanity here, on an unoccupied and unrestricted field. Christianity, with its two great agencies

for the regeneration of the race,—the consecrated home, and the doctrine of the fraternal equality of all mankind,—has disengaged itself from the dead body of European Christendom, and commenced its career, in its truly divine freedom, and of course in all its divine power, in the New World. Society, upon entering on an untrodden and a clear arena, has recovered at once its progressive energies, and, every burden and clog left behind, those energies have worked irrepressibly, and gone on expanding by their own legitimate law of growth. By this transfer, on so vast a scale and in a perpetual process, of European and Christian civilization to the New World, a result has been reached which already reacts upon the Old World. The electric element of reform and progress is flashing back to awaken, reanimate, and stimulate the nations. The ancient forms of government and society still remain propped up by their usual artificial supports, but the quickening spirit is permeating the interior of society, and the establishment of popular rights and universal education, and the final prevalence of peace, liberty, and truth throughout the earth, are as sure to the eye of reason as to the heart of faith.

While such, in the broadest view, embracing both hemispheres and covering the last three centuries, are the effects that have been, and remain to be, produced, by Transatlantic emigration drawing civilization over to America, and reflecting back a new life to the older continents, it is pleasing, curious, and instructive to trace the origin and course of the more limited processes of the same agency. Indeed, it seems to be the instrument always employed by the Great Ruler in promoting the progress of particular races or families of men. The Hebrew was transplanted to Egypt and then brought back to Palestine to fulfil his mission. Upon being removed to the shores of Greece, a Phœnician colony started on a career of greatness and splendor, that made them the wonder of all ages. Northern barbarians, poured over the South of Europe, at once felt and imparted the spring of that imperfect civilization, which had reached its culminating point when the opening of a new field, on the American continent, enabled the race to enter, as we have shown, upon its last great march of progress and reform.

We witness the operations of this process of emigration in our own day, in various instances and directions, and it becomes us, instead of complaining of the incidental evils which more or less accompany it, to await, in the exercise of a faith which not only religion, but all history, inspires, the development of its remedial, salutary, and beneficent effects. The ignorant and destitute multitudes who annually crowd in thousands and hundreds of thousands to our shores, may, to a certain extent, disturb, encumber, and embarrass society, — their presence may awaken prejudices and complaints which, under the influence of short-sighted, bigoted, and malicious agitators, may be wrought into passions, and give rise to tumults and outrages, that disgrace the land. But the newcomers are all the while insensibly absorbed into the great body of the people, contribute elements that will improve the development of the national character, and, in the general mixture of races and blending of customs, habits, associations, and sentiments, will produce in the end a stronger and better aspect and impress of humanity than the world has ever yet witnessed. The Californian and Australian emigrations afford pregnant topics to the philanthropist, the statesman, the philosopher, and the financier. But perhaps none is more interesting, none, it may be, will prove more momentous, than that urged in the publications now before us.

Spreading out the map of North America, we notice that a large portion of its interior space — the tract between the Indian Territories north of Texas, the River Missouri, the British possessions, and the Rocky Mountains — is as yet unoccupied. The first suggestion that occurs to us is, that this region is the very centre and heart of the continent. On the east and west it is bounded by strong geographical demarcations. To the south and north it stretches across the whole range of the most salubrious latitudes. Travellers and explorers inform us that it is, over the whole of its surface, free from stagnant waters, marshy wastes, and all malarious elements. Fresh, bright, and sparkling streams intersect its vast area, flowing, within its limits, into wide and noble rivers. The face of the country rises gradually as it approaches the barrier of the Rocky Mountains. A large part of it is rolling prairie,

by nature smooth and ready for the plough. The soil is precisely adapted to the cultivation of grains, fruits, and grasses, and to the maintenance of an industrious, intelligent, and enterprising agricultural population of the best and highest type, — such a population as would reach the most powerful and auspicious development in the centre of a great continent. It is impossible to extend the thoughts far into the future, without recognizing the importance which will ultimately attach to that great plateau, from the banks of the Missouri to the declivities of the Rocky Mountains. The two shores of the continent will communicate over its surface; the commerce of the world will traverse it. Through the passes of the mountains, it will be connected with California, the Pacific, and Asia, while railroads, steamboats, and canals from the Atlantic, and the eastern world beyond, will penetrate to its heart. In all probability that region will be found, when the whole continent is reduced to settlement, to embrace the densest population on its entire area. If, as we trust and believe, the union of these American States is to prove perpetual, their capitol may at last adorn some lofty and lovely terraced bank of the Upper Kansas or Nebraska. It will probably never be removed from its present site, until it is established there.

It is obvious that no issue can possibly arise, more important in its bearings upon the future of America or of mankind, than that which determines the character of the people who are to occupy the region just described and the institutions of government and society to be established there. It cannot but decide the destinies of the continent, and the last great experiment of humanity. From that central heart will flow influences, for good or ill, that will reach each ocean shore and extend from the equator to the pole. If society is built up there upon the eternal basis of right and liberty, — if freedom and education illuminate and bless all classes and all employments, — if every being within its limits, bearing the lineaments of a man, partakes of the common sovereignty and shares in the common lot, — then we may be sure that from it a light will irradiate that will kindle with its beams the elements of social progress and regeneration in all the surrounding regions, and

throughout the world. If, on the contrary, society should be established there upon a false basis, — upon a denial of the great first principles of liberty, justice, and right, — upon a denial of the equal brotherhood of man and the common fatherhood of God, — if labor and intelligence, if industry and honor, are to be respectively severed from each other, and for ever kept apart, the work of life to be done and its burden borne by one class or race, and its pleasures and privileges enjoyed and its power wielded by another class or race, — if humanity is to be subjected, at once and for ever, to the twofold curse of oppressing and being oppressed, and all its nobler elements and energies crushed and annihilated, — if such is to be the fate of the great central regions of our continent, the paralysis will inevitably spread to the extremities, and society reach no better issues, humanity find no nobler fate, in the New World than in the Old. Thus momentous is the question whether freedom or slavery shall be established in Kansas and Nebraska. That question is now in the process of solution. The circumstances that have led to its agitation, and the influences that will determine its settlement, are worthy of being fully considered, and put upon record in their true light. To bring the movement into view, in all the motives and sentiments that originated it, and will control it to the end, we must go back to a remote point, and take a wide survey of our history as a nation.

Each year as it passes reveals, what a dispassionate and careful scrutiny of the subject in its essential nature and necessary bearings would from the first have taught, that the institution of African slavery is the great anomaly, the deeply radicated and to human ken all but ineradicable malady and mischief of our American political system. It was forced upon the colonies against their earnest and constant remonstrances. At the termination of the Revolution, fortunately for the Northern and some of the Middle States, it existed among them to so limited an extent that it was within their power without much difficulty to throw it off. But in the Southern States, while it was acknowledged to be a fearful evil, it was felt to be beyond the reach of legislative remedy. Its removal from a portion of the States, while it was acqui-

esced in as an established institution by the others, constituted not only a line of division between them, but an element of antagonism, which has, ever since, perplexed the wisdom of statesmen, disturbed the faith of patriots, and placed a mischievous, and often destructive, enginery in the hands of politicians and parties. A strange fatality seems to attend all the calculations and operations of those who attempt, from any quarter, to grapple with this institution in order to restrain and reduce it on the one hand, or to promote the enlargement of its area, on the other. It flourishes under the blows of assailants; it pines and dies if attempts are made to increase its prevalence and power. The fathers of the Constitution imagined that they had secured its inevitable and speedy extinction, when they provided for the abolition of the foreign slave-trade, thereby cutting off, as they supposed for ever, its supply. Little did they dream that they were imparting to it the enduring vitality of a prohibitory tariff of protection, giving to the domestic producer the monopoly of the home-market, and creating that passion for an enlargement of the area of slave labor, which has thus far controlled the administration of the Union. That was the error of a past generation. We apprehend that the present generation labors under an equal error on this delusive and inscrutable subject. It seems to be quite generally believed that the institution is transitory in its nature, destined to starve itself out before long, and to disappear beneath the superior energy of free labor. We fear that this is not so. There can be no doubt, indeed, that, if wise and considerate counsels prevailed among mankind, free labor would everywhere and in all cases be preferred to slave labor; but wise and considerate counsels do not prevail among mankind. Neither communities nor individuals can be relied upon to choose what is most profitable for themselves. Passion, prejudice, indolence, ease, and love of pleasure control the actions of men, more than reason, or even expediency. Georgia was originally consecrated to free labor. There is no more interesting or affecting chapter of American history than the narrative of the long-continued struggle of the wise and good men who founded that colony and administered its early affairs to resist the influence that finally consigned it to slave

labor. The hardy yeomen who tilled their few acres on the southern side of the Savannah by the toil of their own hands and the sweat of their own brows, protracted from morning to night, day after day, without intermission, when they crossed the river and beheld the condition and mode of life of the Carolina planter, reclining at ease and in luxurious idleness and elegance, in his hospitable and costly mansion, surrounded by obsequious menials, and his princely estate pouring a constant stream of wealth into his coffers without the least exertion or a moment's labor of his own, could not but envy and sigh for his apparently so much happier lot. The temptation was indeed irresistible, and at last the nobler policy of Oglethorpe and his philanthropic and pious associates yielded to the weakness of humanity, and Georgia became a slave State, — a great State, it is true, — but not, as she would have been had she adhered to her first glorious dedication, the greatest in the Union.

Slavery is most seductive in its appeals to the lower, short-sighted, and selfish motives of the land-holder. To get rid of the toil and weariness of agriculture, and to enjoy its results in ease and affluence, is what many men cannot refuse or resist. When, in addition to this, we take into view the fact, that the legislation of the country from the very beginning has surrounded this species of property by a prohibitory tariff, keeping out a foreign supply, and securing to the domestic producer a monopoly of the entire market, and that a market constantly extending, who can be surprised that men cling to the institution? If, as the census tables seem to show, the slave producers of Virginia receive some \$7,000,000 annually from the exportation of the article to other States, who can be so foolish as to suppose that they will voluntarily relinquish such a lucrative business? So far from its being true that slavery will die out of itself, if extraordinary circumstances had not roused the country, — if affairs had been suffered to take their own unnoticed course, — the institution would in all probability have insensibly obtained irretrievable ascendancy, and have overshadowed the whole continent. But there is reason now to believe that the attempt to open wide the door for its universal spread has, by virtue of the perverse

law which has already been noticed, not only put limits that it may not pass, but started it on a retreat from which it will never recover its former position.

To recur to the period of the formation of the Constitution, the great sentiment of liberty and equal human rights, wrought into a popular passion by the Revolutionary struggle and its glorious close, together with a conviction, which seems at that time to have been forced, by the calamitous course of the war in the Southern Department, upon the minds of the statesmen in that quarter, that slavery was a source of fatal national weakness, led to a universal disapproval and even abhorrence of the institution. The North was determined to put a stop to its further extension, and the most enlightened men of the South acquiesced in the anticipation of its final extinction. At the same time there was, on the part of the States where slave property still remained in considerable quantity, a natural sensitiveness and repugnance to interference with it, from the other States, or from the general government. They would not then, any more than now, part with the control of it. Out of these combined, although to some extent conflicting sentiments, arose the extreme difficulty of disposing of the subject in framing the Constitution of the United States. At length it was agreed that slaves, in virtue of their mixed character of persons and property, should have a fractional representation in the government, and that they should not be harbored, when escaping from their owners, by any legislative regulations in the free States, but be liable, while in the limits of said States, to reclamation. On the other hand, it was arranged that the further importation of the article might be repressed forthwith by a duty, and after a specified period, less than twenty years, forbidden altogether. In this way it was imagined that the extinction of the institution was provided for. Its further territorial extension over the surface of the continent was effectually barred, as all then understood, by its exclusion from the common territories of the Union, in the passage of the ordinance and compact of 1787, and by the perpetual maintenance and enforcement of all pre-existing engagements, in an express provision of the new Constitution. On this basis the government of the United States was adjusted, so far

as the slavery question was concerned. The arrangement was, on the whole, satisfactory, and would have been acquiesced in, (notwithstanding the fact that the non-importation provision worked so differently, in effect, from what had been expected by its framers,) had it been faithfully adhered to. But it has been violated in the administration of the government. The barriers, which all supposed had been securely fixed, have been torn away, and the slave institution threatens to spread over the whole continent, even, as has been tauntingly and boastfully said, until it reaches the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument.

The acquisition, by purchase, of Louisiana, was undoubtedly justified by its importance to the welfare and prosperity of the country. A study of the difficulties continually rising in that region from the fact of its being under a foreign and variable jurisdiction, will lead a candid mind, we think, to admit that the acquisition was demanded by the necessities of the case. But there was no provision, and no authority for the acquisition or annexation of new territory, in the Constitution; and it was a great oversight not to have adjusted the slavery question, at the time, in accordance with the precedent in the ordinance of 1787. The annexation without such an adjustment has proved the opening of Pandora's box to the peace and harmony of our country. In due time Missouri, lying for the most part north of the line agreed upon, at the time of the formation of the Constitution, as the boundary of slavery, applied for admission into the Union. Slavery already existed there, by the original territorial law. The treaty of cession was considered as guaranteeing that as well as all other forms of the right of property. The celebrated contest on the occasion was at length terminated by going back to the fountain-head, and re-enacting the arrangement made at the formation of the Constitution. The eighth article of the act admitting Missouri was in substance, and, so far as geographically applicable, in words, a copy of the sixth article of the ordinance of 1787. By solemn agreement all north of thirty-six degrees thirty minutes north latitude, west of the Missouri line, was dedicated and pledged to freedom, just as all north of the Ohio River had been by the ordinance of 1787. The country again

subsided into acquiescence, and the slave question ceased to agitate the public mind. Occasional collisions of interest, real or imagined, occurred between the opposite sections of the Union, but nothing seriously to disturb the general harmony. The annexation of Texas and the conquest of New Mexico and California revived again the original vexed question. It was once more adjusted by the compromises of 1850. The arrangement was not satisfactory, in many points, to the North. But making a last great sacrifice to the spirit of peace, the people of the free States again acquiesced. The country, once more, resumed a tranquil state of feeling, although it required the utmost effort of patriotism and forbearance, on the part of the North, to become reconciled. A degree of sensitiveness still remained in the public mind, which, if no new provocation had been given, in the course of a few years, absorbed in other questions, might perhaps have been wholly removed.

There were, indeed, other great questions, and interests of vast national importance, urgently demanding attention; and the people and the government were just beginning to turn their thoughts to them, when—at that most unseasonable moment—by a strange and fatal perversity, from some quarter not yet fully discovered, the war was recklessly and ruthlessly revived. The thrice-renewed fight, to the surprise of the whole country, was begun again. No one can yet tell who struck the first blow, or from whose malign brain the project was born. No cloud, even as big as a man's hand, was to be seen on any quarter of the horizon. The thunder burst over our heads from a clear sky. The transition was instantaneous from universal harmony and good-will to a most furious sectional struggle, which no man can stay, and in whose progress all parties, and all politicians, seem destined to be swallowed up. All that appears on the face of the transaction is that certain leading political personages and interests proposed to the South to break down the barriers raised by a solemn agreement, to which both sections of the country had been principal parties. The Southern representatives, with a few honorable exceptions, yielded to the temptation, and, in defiance of remonstrances rising loud and stern from the entire area of the free States, took the responsibility of opening again

the slavery agitation in a form most aggravating and most irretrievable. A more untimely and uncalled-for movement never was made. It is impossible to conceive what party or what interest it was designed to benefit. The mischiefs it has created strew the ground in all directions and in all quarters. Its authors and apologists roused the deepest passions of American freemen, when, in vindication of their course, they expressed the derisive belief that the clamor raised by the North would be but a nine days' wonder,—that the free States were used to be encroached upon,—that they would soon submit to the outrage, and that all expressions of resentment and indignation would be stifled under the reproachful names of Free-Soil declamation and Abolition fanaticism. Indeed it was scarcely concealed, nay, it was openly avowed, that there was to be no end to slavery encroachments, and that all attempts by the free States to resist their doom would prove utterly in vain.

Then, again, the abstract doctrines involved in the movement were as alarming and as odious as the tone and spirit in which it was pressed were irritating and provoking. The sentiment was everywhere proclaimed by the advocates of the measure,—and the measure itself was applauded on that very ground,—that the first population of a territory belonging to the United States of America have a right to determine the political and social institutions of that territory precisely as they may please. Does not every man see that this frightful doctrine prostrates utterly and for ever all the safeguards of constitutional liberty? Where are the securities of minorities or of individuals, if the people of a Territory, or even of a State, can do precisely what they take a fancy to do? Have Territories more popular sovereignty than States? States cannot do whatever they take a fancy to do. Our whole system of republican liberty rests upon the right assumed to forbid certain things ever being done or attempted by State governments, or the general government, or the people, in any form in which they can act, in any generation of our posterity. It is, indeed, an outrage upon the popular sovereignty of the American people, who have forbidden that a crown be ever worn, or a badge of nobility mounted, or an *ex post facto* law passed, to deny

them the power of consecrating the continent they own to freedom. They have the same right to determine that there shall never be a slave on the face of their common domain, which they have exercised in determining that there shall never be a king within their limits. The common sense, the natural pride, the best feelings and hopes of an enlightened, patriotic, and humane people, are shocked by the monstrous dogmatism that denies to them the power to forbid for ever the establishment of slavery, or polygamy, or castes, or sutteeism, or cannibalism, or any other wrong or enormity, within the limits of their common territories. The doctrine that the inhabitants of a particular locality shall be allowed to introduce and cherish any institution whatever, however much it may blight, or cripple, or dishonor our glorious republic, is as extravagant a folly as was ever broached.

The manner in which the bill removing the restriction of slavery, and allowing it to extend indefinitely over the American continent, was carried through, was itself adapted to fan the flame of general excitement into the greatest violence. The parliamentary securities of our liberties and rights were prostrated to allow it to pass. It may not perhaps be generally understood how important a place what is called "parliamentary law" occupies in the maintenance of a republican and representative system of government. The fifth section of the first article of the Constitution is devoted exclusively to the subject. But, in addition to the points thus settled and secured, there are others, which experience has shown to be essential to the rights of the people. Although not fixed by constitutional guaranty, some of these provisions have been ever justly regarded as too sacred to be violated. All bills go through a double process, under the rules,—first in Committee of the Whole, and then in the House,—before they can become laws. It has been found necessary to the transaction of the public business, to lodge in the representative body the power of closing debate, and of bringing the will of the assembly into expression and effect, by the application of the previous question. This power, however, can be exercised only in the House. In the Committee of the Whole debate is free, and as every measure is required to go through that

committee before it can be acted upon by the House, the right of the people to be heard through their representatives on every measure, before it can become a law, is secured.

Since the foundation of the government the following has been a rule of the House of Representatives:—

(127.) “Upon bills committed to a committee of the whole House, the bill shall be first read throughout by the Clerk, and then again read and debated by clauses, leaving the preamble to be last considered; the body of the bill shall not be defaced or interlined; but all amendments, noting the page and line, shall be duly entered by the Clerk on a separate paper, as the same shall be agreed to by the Committee, and so reported to the House. After report, the bill shall again be subject to be debated and amended by clauses, before a question to engross it be taken.”

By this rule, which has ever heretofore been held sacred, a scrutiny and discussion of each clause and word of a bill are provided for twice before it can bind the people as law,—and in the first instance, while in committee, without being subject to the previous question. Under the shelter and protection of this provision many of the most sacred and momentous rights and interests of the people have been deposited, as by the following rules of the House:—

(131.) “No motion or proposition for a *tax or charge* upon the *people* shall be discussed the day on which it is made or offered; and *every such* proposition shall receive *its full discussion in a committee of the whole House.*”

(132.) “No sum or quantum of tax or duty, voted by a committee of the whole House, shall *be increased* in the House, until the motion or proposition for such increase shall be *first discussed and voted in a committee of the whole House*; and so in respect to the time of its continuance.”

(133.) “All proceedings touching appropriations of money shall be first discussed in a committee of the whole House.”

The above three rules have been faithfully observed *for sixty years*, since November 13, 1794, in our House of Representatives.

One inconvenience was found to arise from the unlimited freedom and extent of debate allowed in Committee of the Whole. Members, by proposing frivolous and interminable

amendments on all the clauses and phases of a bill, would sometimes protract discussion, and stave off unreasonably and factiously the decision of the measures. If those measures were destined to become laws, it was seen that in no way could the inconvenience be guarded against, consistently with the rights of the people and the discrimination and the discretion of the legislature. But in cases where it became evident that the measure *would not pass*, in other words, where there was a certain majority, at all events, against a bill, the waste of time in discussing it in detail might, it was seen, with safety and propriety be avoided by a summary process. Whatever becomes a law binds the people, more or less, and ought to be well and thoroughly considered in all its parts, by their representative agents. But it is of no sort of consequence, so far as the rights and privileges of the people are concerned, what may be the provisions, in detail, of a bill that fails to become a law; the people are left, in all their liberties and rights, just where they were before it was proposed. With this view, on the 13th of March, 1822, the following rule was established. The circumstances that led to its adoption prove that it was designed exclusively to operate upon bills *against which there was an absolute majority*, and whose rejection was a foregone conclusion.

(119.) "A motion to strike out the enacting words of a bill shall have precedence of a motion to amend; and, if carried, *shall be considered equivalent to its rejection.*"

There is room for some doubt, perhaps, whether this rule was designed to apply at all to the Committee of the Whole. The last clause, "shall be considered equivalent to its rejection," seems, indeed, to look as if the rule could only be applicable to the House, where alone a bill can be rejected, in the proper sense of the word. But we are willing to concede that the circumstances which led to the establishment of the rule indicate that it was designed to apply to Committees of the Whole, in such cases as just described, that is, where there is a majority fixed against the bill, in which cases its application is open to no objection, but may be highly convenient and salutary. It is the custom in the House of Representatives to

put a limit to the length of speeches. The rule to this effect was finally adopted on the 7th of July, 1841, although attempts to establish it had been made, at different times, for twenty years before. The rule is as follows :—

(34.) “No member shall occupy more than one hour in debate on any question in the House, or in committee; but a member reporting the measure under consideration from a committee may open and close the debate: provided, that, where debate is closed by order of the House, any member shall be allowed, in committee, five minutes to explain any amendment he may offer, after which any member who shall first obtain the floor shall be allowed to speak five minutes in opposition to it, and there shall be no further debate on the amendment; but the same privilege on debate shall be allowed in favor of and against any amendment that may be offered to the amendment; and neither the amendment nor an amendment to the amendment shall be withdrawn by the mover thereof, unless by the unanimous consent of the committee.”

The practice under these rules is for a vote to be taken in the House, fixing the time, to a minute, when the general debate, that is, of one-hour speeches, shall cease in the committee. When that moment arrives, the chairman of the committee announces that the general debate has closed; and then what is called the *five-minute debate* commences, under the provisions of the 127th and 34th rules, as above quoted. The freest range and latitude of debate are allowed in the one-hour speeches. The person having the floor is confined to no subject, but may occupy his time in discussing any topic whatever of a public nature. During the five-minute stage, on the contrary, the utmost strictness of debate is enforced. The members are compelled to speak directly and closely to the amendment proposed. This is, in reality, *the debate* on the bill. It is the decisive crisis of the question.

Where diverse opinions and projects exist touching the measure, and the bill has many particulars, and the vote is understood to be close, the five-minute debate is regarded as the best stage to defeat it. In the multiplicity of ingenious and skilful amendments that practical and artful tacticians may propose, the bill will be in great danger of losing clauses vital to its success, of undergoing changes that will render it distasteful to its supporters, or of receiving additions that will

sink it to the bottom. For this reason the friends of the Kansas and Nebraska bill particularly dreaded that stage, and many of its most zealous opponents were impatient to reach it. This motive, no doubt, actuated some who voted to suspend the rules in order to get at the bill, and to fix the time closing the general debate. The sequel showed how grossly they were overreached and deceived.

The time was fixed for closing the general debate. It was reached, and the operation of the 127th and 34th rules commenced. The zeal and vigor and evident preparation for a long and desperate assault, with which the opponents of the bill brought forward their well-arranged proposals of amendment, alarmed its supporters. Indeed, it can hardly be doubted that, if the debate had been suffered to proceed through all the voluminous and complicated sections of the bill, it would have been effectually crippled, riddled, and finally sunk. Such a dangerous exposure was suffered but for a single day. The House adjourned when the first section had been scarcely more than entered upon. That night there were anxious consultations among the friends of the bill, while its opponents cheered one another on with confident assurances. The story at the time was, that the mode of escape was revealed in a dream to one of the most ingenious and distinguished tacticians of the majority. At any rate, it was at once resorted to, and with entire success, the next morning. Immediately upon going into committee, the motion was made, and sustained by the chair, under the 119th rule, to "strike out the enacting clause of the bill." It was at once unscrupulously and ruthlessly put and carried. The committee rose forthwith. The chairman reported that the committee had had the Kansas and Nebraska bill under consideration, had come to a conclusion thereon, and directed him to report to the House that the bill ought not to pass! Thereupon the House *rejected* the report of the committee, and, having thus got the bill into their possession, clapped the previous question upon it, and passed it!

In this way a measure vitally affecting the honor of the nation, the destinies of the continent, and the fortunes of humanity, over its entire surface, breaking down all the barriers,

arrangements, compacts, and compromises by which the fathers of every generation had sought to preserve the peace of the Union, and opening the floodgates of sectional bitterness and strife, was sprung upon the country. A rule which its history, its express terms, and all its context show was exclusively designed to be used by a majority *hostile to a measure*, was perverted to the purpose of a majority *friendly to its passage*. A barefaced parliamentary falsehood was uttered. It stands written on the records. The House acting in committee proclaimed that a bill ought not to pass, while it was thereby passing it. It was necessary, in order to pass it, to declare in solemn form that it ought not to pass. And, in the very face of the people and the world, the majority shrank not from the desperate artifice. Parliamentary history exhibits no parallel. In that procedure all the securities of the people provided by the machinery of a Committee of the Whole and the rules of the House, were utterly overthrown. A reckless and bold majority can now, under cover of that precedent, fasten upon the country any provisions of law without giving the representatives of the people in the legislature a chance to examine or expose them. In point of fact, many had refrained from critically examining the details of the Kansas and Nebraska bill, relying upon an ample opportunity to do so during the five-minute debate, under the 127th and 34th rule, and it is not at all improbable that the bill had never been read by some members, when the gag was applied, and they were suddenly forced to the vote on its passage.

When the subject is thoroughly understood, it will be seen that the use made of the 119th rule on that occasion was the deadliest blow ever struck at the rights of the people through their legislative agents and constitutional representatives; and that our securities can never be restored, and made impregnable, until the rule is so amended as to provide that, if the House refuse to accept the report of the Committee of the Whole made under it, the subject shall at once go back into the possession of the committee, and be dealt with according to the 127th and 34th rules.

The passage of the Kansas and Nebraska bill in this manner filled the measure of Northern indignation. An excite-

ment was spread throughout the whole body of the Free States, such as was never experienced before. Those who had created it flattered themselves that it would gradually subside as on former occasions, that party machinery and patronage would be able to overmaster and subdue it, and that the divisions that have always been the bane of the Free States would render it harmless. But their calculations have been disappointed. A feeling has gone deep into the hearts of the Northern people that a great wrong has been done, — a wrong too unprovoked, too uncalled for, too deliberate, to be forgotten. This feeling, pervading the entire people of the Free States, is a bond of union, and for the first time brings their whole strength to bear upon the government. The North is, at last, a unit, as the South always has been, on the slavery question. This is a state of things by no means to be lamented by the true friends of the country in either section of the Union. It will restore its peace. As soon as the politicians find it out, we shall be saved all further trouble from them on this score. It makes the slavery question too sharp, and too many-edged, for presidential aspirants to handle. It will be dropped, all around, as an electioneering element. The subject will be driven from the sphere of national legislation, and the great, common, suffering interests of the country will again receive the attention of Congress and the government.

In the mean time the friends of freedom, in the exercise of a right which none can for a moment dispute, are coming to the rescue in their strength. The vast importance of saving the great central region of the continent to freedom has been discussed in the former part of this article. It had long ago been pledged to freedom, by the most solemn compacts. The Kansas and Nebraska bill broke those pledges, and opened its vast plains to slavery. The act proclaims, that the question whether it shall be bond or free shall be determined for ever by those who first settle upon it. The friends of freedom accept the issue, and are gathering to the scene to secure its dedication to the great principles of human rights, and to the blessings which liberty scatters around her track. In this way the people, exercising the sovereignty they have been invoked to assert, will repeal the Kansas and Nebraska act, and re-

store the territory to its rightful freedom, without awaiting the slow and bitter process of party struggles and election conflicts, saving Congress the trouble and mortification of undoing its work, and leaving the government to pursue its legitimate functions, with the benefit of the lesson it will not soon forget, never more to meddle with the slavery question.

But the adjoining State of Missouri, particularly the contiguous counties, having slave labor, Kansas, at least, must naturally become slaveholding, unless special efforts are made to counteract or overbalance that influence. Such efforts are now making, and with the prospect of success.

The emigration of freemen and assertors of the rights and blessings of free labor to the territories whose destiny hangs upon the hour, is organized, and in operation, on a large scale. The movement is one of the most striking and interesting incidents and signs of the times. Societies or companies for this purpose have been formed in New England, New York, the Middle and the Western States, on the broadest grounds, and with all that method, unity of action, energy, and economy, which might be expected when an enlightened and devoted body of men undertake a great enterprise, with great aims, and a firm determination to be prepared to encounter, and to overcome, all obstacles. The art of transportation to remote points of large companies of persons, cheaply, expeditiously, and safely, has reached great perfection, in this day of express passenger agencies of all sorts. The enterprise commenced on an extensive plan by the Harndens has come to play no unimportant part in the movements of the world.

We are inclined to think that the emigration organizations having in view the peopling of Kansas and Nebraska with freemen have been arranged as wisely and efficiently, with as complete an adaptation to all the circumstances that can affect the enterprise, as any ever contrived. Legislative charters have been obtained. Men of large means have been enlisted, capable and energetic agents have been employed, and the procedure is going forward under the most favorable auspices. Several successive detachments have already reached the ground. Others are on their way, and others still are making preparations to follow. The times are favorable. The check

that has been put upon emigration to California and Australia allows opportunity for those who have caught the passion for a change of scene, and partake of the desire to remove to new and enlarged fields of labor and enterprise, to turn their thoughts to the noble agricultural prospects opened in these temperate, salubrious, and fertile regions, where the forests have been cleared by the hand of Nature, and broad savannas are waiting, in all their virgin richness, for the sower and the reaper to gather immediate and abundant crops. Already the thrift, energy, and life-inspiring activity which the free labor of free men carries around it like an atmosphere, are beginning to awaken and adorn the scene wherever emigrants have "located their claims." The effect is reaching the contiguous counties of Missouri, where the value of property even now feels the rising tide. The impulse given to trade and business of all sorts, from the warehouses and steam-tonnage of St. Louis, on both sides of the Missouri, and all its tributaries, to their utmost sources, will very soon subdue the animosity that has been threatened, and the whole Great West will rejoice in the blessings which the redemption of Kansas and Nebraska to freedom, and their early settlement secured by the effort, will reflect back upon the prosperity, wealth, and power of that predestined seat of our republican empire.

The publications whose titles we have prefixed to this article shed full light upon this last form of that great law of emigration, which, as we stated at the outset, is, under different shapes, with various motives and ends, and in diversified directions, one of the most prominent features of modern times. The several pamphlets belong to a class of writings brought out for the occasion, and from them the history of the movement, in its inception and all its details, can be learned. We cannot resist the temptation to add interest to our pages by quoting several passages descriptive of the country, from "Notes of a Trip up the Kansas River," &c., by George S. Park, contained in the first of the pamphlets whose titles we have given.

"On both sides of the river, above the Wakatusa, there are excellent bottom lands; and, a short way beyond these, a fine site for a town presents itself on the north side, — while still farther up on the south bank

the high prairie comes right down to the water's edge, presenting another appropriate place where the busy hum of commerce may by and by speak the presence of a city. Here we saw numerous cabins of settlers; and away, as far as the eye could reach, in a southwesterly direction, the prairies were high and rolling like the waves of old ocean. Southward, beautiful groves dot the prairie, and the dark line of timber that stretches along the Wakarusa valley, — with the great prairie-mound, so to speak, fixed there as the landmark of perpetual beauty, — the meandering river, with its dark skirting forests of timber on the north, — all are scenes in Nature's magnificent panorama, here brought within range of vision. Proceeding north, high, rich bottoms extend for many miles, and we saw vast thickets of grape-vines, pea-vines, raspberries, and papaws. The timber was principally oak, walnut, ash, hickory, mulberry, hackberry, linden, cotton-wood, and coffee-bean."

"We passed, on the north side, a fine bluff, with clumps of trees on the top, rich rolling prairie in the back ground, and heavy timber above and below. A little farther up, on the left bank, a high prairie bottom comes in, which swells gracefully away southward, with copses of timber, presenting to the enraptured pioneer sites for the choicest farms."

"On the left were conical bluffs and high prairie-mounds, with figured lines, and steps rising one above another in the distance, contributing to the scenery a very romantic appearance. Immediately above there is another beautiful prairie bottom, sloping back northward farther than we could see; and on the left still another, containing more than two thousand acres, in a bend not more than three fourths of a mile across the neck. The world does not present a more excellent situation for a stock farm; indeed, the whole line of the main river and branches, from here upward, may be said to be adapted for a continuous series of such farms."

"We strolled up the Republican," (a fork of the Kansas River,) "gathered some black raspberries, and crossed a spring-branch, then mounted a high bluff, whence we could see the beautiful Republican valley a long way up. It is nearly three miles wide, high, dry, and level, with a loose, black, rich soil. The river flows in a serpentine course through the prairie bottoms, at some bends making nearly a circuit of six or eight miles, and coming back to within a mile of itself again, — the banks generally having a light fringe of timber, with occasional groves near the water's edge, in the ravines and on the bluffs."

"Some forty miles up the Smoky-Hill, an extensive bed of gypsum has been found, specimens of which have been tested, and proved to be of superior quality. Salt is also alleged to be very abundant on the Saline fork. Specimens of coal, both bituminous and anthracite, and of tin,

lead, and iron ore, have been brought in. The rock in the vicinity of the Smoky-Hill is principally limestone; and the river bottoms are a sandy loam. The upland prairies are broken, but of black, rich soil, particularly where limestone predominates; the valleys are also very rich, and the soil mellow. Passing over the high uplands, often there is nothing to be seen but prairie spreading out beyond, till it is lost in dim distance; when, all at once, as if by magic, you come upon a

‘Woody valley, warm and low,’

with fine springs and clear running water. This is, indeed, a well-watered region, and must be salubrious.”

“In the great Kansas valley, below the Potawatomie, and in the eastern region along the Missouri, there are some of the finest hemp-lands in the world. Wheat, corn, oats, and vegetables grow as well there as in any of the Western States. The winters are generally dry and pleasant, and the roads fine; but little snow falls, and this lays on the ground only for a short time. Common cattle, colts, mules, and sheep can be wintered on blue-grass, provided the pastures are allowed to grow up in the fall, and the stock have a little corn or hay occasionally. The summers are quite warm and long. The high prairies, however, are generally fanned by cool, refreshing breezes; and as we ascend the branches of the Kansas from Fort Riley, there is a rapid rise to a cooler region.”

It cannot be doubted that such a country as is described in the foregoing extracts, in the centre of North America, with a temperate and healthful climate, if its institutions are established upon a just and true basis, will ultimately exhibit one of the highest developments of our race.

Mr. Hale’s work on Kansas and Nebraska is prepared with great judgment and skill, and, in a clear and pleasing style, presents a remarkably full and satisfactory account of the country, and of the enterprise of which it is the theatre at the present moment. It is a volume which every emigrant ought to possess, and which cannot but be read with interest and advantage by all who desire to be well informed in reference to our country and its destinies. It is natural that Mr. Hale should have had his attention specially called to this subject. The Kansas and Nebraska emigration movement is the fulfilment and realization of one of his early and cherished visions. He tried to save Texas to freedom by the same instrumentality, and urged an organized emigration to that region, in a pamphlet entitled, “A Tract for the Day: How to con-

quer Texas, before Texas conquers us," — published in 1845. It may be, after all, that the voluntary emigration which has gradually found its way to Texas will be true to itself, and that "popular sovereignty," at no distant day, will restore its soil to free labor.

The reader who has followed us through the foregoing pages, and sympathizes in the view we have taken of the subject, cannot but be interested in learning something of the person to whose energy, enthusiasm, and prowess this emigration movement is mainly owing, and by whom it is in a great measure superintended and conducted. A writer in the London Times gives a sketch of the career and character of Eli Thayer, the substance of which is, with some items collected from another source, as follows.

Mr. Thayer is a young man, not more than thirty-five years of age. Fifteen years ago he was at work on his father's farm, in a town in the State of Massachusetts near the borders of Rhode Island. Eager for a better education than the district school provided, he obtained leave of his father to go to college. We present the particulars of his travels and experiences in search of an education, as not beneath the dignity of our journal, inasmuch as they may serve as an illustration and specimen of the expedients and adventures by which many of that class of men expressively denominated "Live Yankees" have found their way, from the humblest beginnings, to learning, usefulness, and greatness.

"Tying his few clothes in a cotton handkerchief, he placed the bundle on a canal-boat, and walked to the terminus of the canal, where he reclaimed the bundle, and continued his walk to a neighboring village, where was situated a school of 'preparation for the University.' This school was the Worcester Academy, instituted as a manual labor school, and always ready to receive pupils who had to work with their hands while they studied. He availed himself of such work as the day, and of such study as the night, gave him. After a little more than a year he passed a satisfactory examination in Greek and Latin, for admission to Brown University, in Providence, R. I., it being agreed that he might make up his deficiency in mathematics, after entering upon the college course; which condition he not only fulfilled, but graduated the first mathematician of his class. He varied his college studies with such practical labors as came within reach, such as working during leis-

ure half-days, and brief vacations, at some mechanical trade, such as nailing laths and other jobs. He occupied a few spare days, after his admission and before the collegiate studies began, hiring himself out, and, with coat off and stripped-up sleeves, digging post-holes, working with the humblest laborers. In this way he earned enough to buy a bed, table, and chairs for his room, and the few books required at the outset. In the winter he taught district schools. In this manner he paid his way through college, and had a balance of hard and ingenious earnings in his pocket, as he passed from the college walls into active life. He forthwith established a seminary for the education of girls in Worcester, an institution whose conspicuous edifice arrests the eye of the traveller. Very soon he was recognized by all as one who was sure to carry through whatever he undertook, and large machine-shops and other works, in that enterprising and busy city, are the monuments and the reward of his energy. His extraordinary success is the result of a certain force of character based upon persevering industry, a firm faith, and an enlightened and resolute will, which 'does not begin till it is sure, and then does not stop at all.'"

Mr. Thayer's extraordinary activity in business pursuits has not been suffered to bury his academic attainments in forgetfulness. On the same day he has been heard addressing his emigration companies in plain practical directions for their conduct and guidance, and discoursing, in Latin, to societies of scholars. He has been often honored by public trusts at the hands of his fellow-citizens of Worcester, and, in all respects, has proved himself worthy of their confidence. This is the man who conducted the "pioneer colony" from Massachusetts to Kansas. He devotes his fortune, his strength, and his heart to the cause. While his character is the natural fruit of the institutions and the spirit of the East, his energy, enthusiasm, and courage are destined to fulfil their mission, in securing the establishment of freedom, and all the blessings it bears with it, in the West.

- ART. VII.—1. *The English Universities*. From the German of V. A. HUBER, Professor of Western Literature at Marburg. An abridged Translation, edited by FRANCIS W. NEWMAN, Professor of the Greek and Latin Classics at Manchester New College, and formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. London: William Pickering. 1843.
2. *Oxford University Commission. Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to inquire into the State, Discipline, Studies, and Revenues of the University and Colleges of Oxford, together with an Appendix*. London. 1852.
3. *Cambridge University Commission. Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to inquire into the State, Discipline, Studies, and Revenues of the University and Colleges of Cambridge, together with the Evidence and an Appendix*. London. 1852.

THE Englishman is always loyal to the past,—a true worshipper of antiquity, so far as it pertains to himself and his nation. His curiosity seldom transcends the limits of his own country, and there is little necessity that it should, for its history furnishes materials sufficiently abundant to occupy the attention of the most enthusiastic archæologist during the longest life. Every rood of its soil is rich in precious memories of by-gone years. Every ancient tree, every moss-clad rock, every mouldering ruin, if nature would give it voice, might rehearse tales of heroic suffering and noble daring, sufficient

“To stir a fever in the blood of age.”

An old British oak is beheld with interest, not merely because it is an ornamental and picturesque object of taste, affording shade and shelter to men and animals, and giving grace and beauty to a nobleman's grounds, but because it is associated with the early history of the nation. It is a child of the grove where the Druids worshipped. Those primeval forest-trees, in clustered beauty, stretched out their giant arms to form a magnificent natural temple, beneath which whole hecatombs of human victims were burned at a single holocaust. The same trees, wrought by human hands, and decorated by art, consti-

tute those clustered columns that sustain the lofty, flame-pointed arches of the Christian's sanctuary, which resound, not with the groans and wailings of dying victims, but with the melody of human voices and the solemn tones of the organ, going up in unison in praise of the living God. What a vast moral distance lies between these periods! Here the abominable and polluted orgies of heathenism are strongly contrasted with the pure and holy worship of the Christian Church; the Runic divineress with the Christian divine; the blood-stained robes of the Druid with the stainless vesture of the Christian presbyter. England's history embraces all that is great and glorious in modern civilization. The occasional discovery of Roman utensils, works of art, and ornaments, causes the mind of the scholar to revert at once to that period when the sagacious statesman sought to subdue the hardy Britons by Roman luxury and effeminacy, rather than by Roman arms. The result showed the wisdom of his policy. "Paullatimque discessum ad delinimenta vitiorum, porticus, et balnea, et conviviorum elegantiam, idque apud imperitos humanitas vocabatur, cum pars servitutis esset." \*

The brightest page, however, of purely British history belongs to the annals of Scotland. Her hardy Highlanders opposed an effectual check to Roman conquest, and prevented the fulfilment of the vainglorious boast, that the utmost limit of Caledonia should be reached by a continued series of victories. The Grampian Hills will be memorable down

"To the last syllable of recorded time."

Here Galgacus harangued his Caledonian braves. The words imputed to him by Tacitus still breathe and burn upon the page of history; and, by their matchless power and beauty, must continue to attract the attention of the scholar so long as eloquence has an admirer, or genius a worshipper. Who that has read, for the hundredth time, this eloquent speech, has not felt his blood pulsate with a livelier flow, and his cheek burn with indignation, at the historian's vivid description of Roman aggression? "Raptores orbis, postquam cuncta vastantibus defuere terræ, et mare scrutantur: si locuples hostis est, avari;

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\* Tacitus, *Agricola*, Ch. XXI.

si pauper, ambitiosi: quos non Oriens, non Occidens, satia-verit. Soli omnium opes atque inopiam pari adfectu concupiscunt. Auferre, trucidare, rapere, falsis nominibus imperium; atque, ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem adpellant.”\*

But the Englishman's warmest commendation, his most glowing eulogy, is reserved for the constitution of his country. Both Whig and Tory, conservative and radical, Churchman and Dissenter, agree in this, that it is the best form of government ever invented by man; containing the excellences of all others. It is no paltry parchment scroll which a citizen can read and understand in a few hours, but the accumulated wisdom of ages, embracing in its complicated structure the whole history of the nation, political, legal, and religious; for, like eternity, it has no chronology. It is true that reform has assailed its huge anatomy, and lopped off some portions which seemed essential to its existence; and revolution has broken its continuity with the past, wrenching asunder the line of hereditary regal succession. Yet the true conservative affirms that its essential beauty and integrity have never been marred,—that it is still the choicest legacy time has bequeathed to the world; the political Pharos of the nations; the bulwark at once of the king's prerogative and the people's liberty; the only hope of the groaning millions of Europe. Let him boast. He has more truth, perhaps, than we imagine. This intense nationality, this lofty patriotic pride, is happily illustrated by Bulwer, in his “England and the English”; and no man could do it better. He says:—

“The Englishman exults in the thought that so great a country belongs to himself. The root of all our notions, as of all our laws, is to be found in the sentiment of property. It is *my* wife whom you shall not insult; it is *my* house that you shall not enter; it is *my* country that you shall not traduce; and, by a species of ultra-mundane appropriation, it is *my* God whom you shall not blaspheme! In his own mind, the Englishman is the pivot of all things,—the centre of the solar system. Like Virtue herself, he

‘Stands as the sun,  
And all that rolls around him  
Drinks light and life and glory from his aspect.’”

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\* Tacitus, *Agricola*, Ch. XXX.

The Universities are part and parcel of this glorious constitution. They have long been regarded by the illiterate as storehouses of exhaustless wisdom, containing, perhaps, dark cloisters, where the infernal arts of magic are still practised. They are called by scholars "the two eyes" of the nation, not because they are the organs of vision to the people, but because they furnish to students "the light of all their seeing." They are very old, very proud, and, undoubtedly, full of wisdom. They have so long been independent of the Parliament, that they may well be called the fourth estate of the nation, an *imperium in imperio*. They have long legislated for themselves, and denied the right of royal visitation. For many years there have been rising up from the lower strata of society, where all reforms originate, loud complaints, that the Universities were behind the times,—that they were still teaching the obsolete sciences of the Dark Ages, and entirely overlooking those progressive sciences on which the material interests of the nation essentially depend. Educated men, more recently, have heard this sound of many voices, and have reiterated the charges. They finally reached the ear of royalty, and a "Board of Commissioners" was appointed to investigate the internal condition of the Universities. In 1844 Professor Lyell wrote as follows:—

"A royal commission, like those which have more than once visited of late the Universities of Scotland, might prove a sufficient counterpoise to the power and *vis inertiae* of forty learned corporations. They might suggest such remedies as the licensing of new Halls, the removal of tests on matriculation, the awarding of honorary distinctions for proficiency in the subjects of the professional lectures, and many others, which would doubtless be welcomed by the more enlightened members of the Convocation.

"Fortunately, no violent innovations are called for, no new endowments or grants of money. The commissioners would have to recommend the renovation of what has fallen into disuse,—the improvement of the old rather than the introduction of new and experimental systems. They would have to give force to existing academical statutes, now inoperative, rather than to enact new laws."

To this reasonable proposition, Professor Whewell, Head-Master of Trinity College, undoubtedly the first English scholar of the age, replied with some asperity. He says:—

“Such an interference from without with the legislation of the Universities would, I am fully persuaded, be productive of immense harm. It might destroy all the advantages of the existing system; but that anything so thrust into the structure of these ancient institutions would assimilate with their organization, or work to any good purpose, I see no reason to hope. Such a measure could hardly be attempted without producing a sentiment of wrong in the majority of the existing members of the University, which would deprive the new scheme of all co-operation on their part.”

In such a spirit the Commissioners were received. However, the *hauteur* of the college functionaries gradually gave way, and the desired information, in most instances, was freely communicated. The Commissioners were two years in session. Their Reports are before the public. They are full, minute, and specific. The very temple of the Muses has been uncovered, and now thousands of curious eyes are peering into the interior to gaze upon the hoarded rubbish which a thousand years had there accumulated. The rules and regulations ordained by the founders of the respective Colleges have been systematically violated, and practically annulled, and the oaths imposed by them upon the teachers have been taken with unlimited mental reservations, and received with the utmost latitude of interpretation. If the pious founders of these institutions could become cognizant of these facts, and once more be allowed to revisit the earth, they might with great propriety address the English Parliament in the memorable words of John Pym, uttered in the House of Commons, in the reign of Charles I. :—

“Since our royal lord hath in mercy visited us, let us not doubt but in his justice he will redeem his people. *Qui timide rogat, docet negare.* Where religion is innovated, our liberties violated, our fundamental laws abrogated, our modern laws already obsoleted, the property of our estates alienated,—nothing left us we can call our own but our misery and our patience,—if ever any nation might justifiably, we certainly may now most properly and most seasonably cry out, and cry aloud, *Vel sacra regnet justitia vel ruat cælum.*”

The colleges in their infancy were, undoubtedly, institutions of charity, designed expressly for the poor. William of Wykeham ordains that, next to his kinsmen, poor, indigent

clerks are to be admitted on his foundation, because Christ, among the works of mercy, hath commanded men to receive the poor into their houses, and mercifully to comfort the indigent. In Queen's College and New College, the Fellows are forbidden to keep dogs, on the ground, that to give to dogs the bread of the children of men is not fitting for the poor, especially for those who live on alms. Those to be elected are defined in the several colleges as "*pauperes*," "*magis pauperes*," "*pauperes ex eleemosyna viventes*," "*pauperes et indigentes*," "*sustentatione indigentes*," "*ex pauperioribus*." The sum assigned for their support was very small, not exceeding fifty shillings annually. John Balliol allowed the students on his foundation only one penny for daily food on weekdays and twopence on Sundays. Could the good man once more look upon the child of his early affections, and witness the sumptuous fare and gay attire of his beneficiaries, he might well exclaim,

"*Hei mihi, qualis erat! quantum mutatus ab illo.*"

In the place of poor students, subsisting on coarse fare, and clad in mean attire, living in strict subjection to their teachers, and always within the cloisters of the college, he would find sleek Fellows, living at an annual expense of five hundred pounds, instead of fifty shillings, pursuing their own avocations and pleasures, a majority of them non-residents, employing themselves as parochial ministers, as schoolmasters or tutors, as students of law or medicine, as literary or scientific men, or having no employment at all. Instead of the meagre fare prescribed, he would find the college table spread with rich viands, not partaken of in silence, while some poor clerk read the Latin Bible, as the founder required, but enjoyed with the hilarity of a public festival. Instead of the coarse apparel and subdued deportment of young clerks, he would everywhere notice the flaunting robes, the jaunty, perhaps tipsy, air of young libertines. Instead of chants or prayers said or sung for the repose of the souls of the dead, he would find the daily prayers for the living attended only by constraint, and often disgracefully interrupted by the side-dialogues of undevout worshippers. These changes have been wrought in

part by time, in part by necessity, but most of them have been introduced to suit the convenience or pleasure of the Fellows.

Colleges are no longer eleemosynary. Though founded expressly for "the children of the poor," they have become the exclusive abodes of the children of the rich. Beneficed clergymen, men of official station, barristers in good practice, masters of large schools, and many of the sons of rich men, now receive emoluments from their foundations. These institutions rather resemble public hotels, thronged by gay and pleasure-loving visitors, than the quiet retreats of secluded students. The Muses have been supplanted by Venus and Bacchus. The prevailing vices of students are drunkenness, gambling, licentiousness, and extravagant expenditure. It is apparent from the Reports of the Commissioners, that students are permitted to contract debts *ad libitum*. Prepayment is the exception, and unlimited credit the rule. Money furnished by parents is squandered by students in sensual indulgence, and large debts are incurred for the necessities of life.

Young nobles and rich gentleman-commoners, of course, fix the standard of expenditures. The poor commoners hurry after them in the career of prodigality, *haud pari passu*. Birth and wealth receive peculiar honors in the Universities. Young noblemen wear a distinctive academical dress, take precedence of their academical superiors, and are permitted to receive degrees at an earlier period than other students. Great deference is paid to their rank by the officers of the Universities. Gentleman-commoners constitute another privileged class. Their wealth gives them this pre-eminence. Nothing could be more fatal to the interests of learning than such a factitious distinction. Wealth is always a hindrance to study. It is so in the case of gentleman-commoners. "This class may be regarded, taken collectively," says Professor Daubeny, "as the worst-educated portion of the undergraduates, and at the same time as the least inclined for study." This distinction, however, is sustained by public sentiment both in Church and State. Says Archbishop Whately:—

"I am not for abolishing the distinction between commoners and gentleman-commoners. If restrictions as to expense are laid down,

such as are suitable to men who can only afford from one hundred to two hundred pounds per annum, or even considerably less, it can hardly be expected that these will be conformed to by men of ten or twenty times that income. Why should a man not be allowed a valet, or a horse, who has been always used to such luxuries, and to whom they are not more extravagant luxuries than shoes and stockings are to his fellow-students?"

Equally good authority, probably, might be adduced in favor of horse-racing, fox-hunting, boat-racing, gambling, and of what Horace denominates the "*mala lustra*" of the suburbs; for all these are the favorite amusements of the gentry of England. In 1769, Junius charged the Duke of Grafton with taking his mistress to places of public resort and placing her at the head of his table. A friend of the Duke apologized for this gross indecorum by saying, "There is scarcely a gentleman in England but has been, at some time or other, seen at a public place with his female friend." Here a crime is supposed to be atoned for by its general prevalence, and a common participation in the guilt makes it honorable! Bristed, speaking of the morals of the English Universities, says:—

"The reading men are obliged to be tolerably temperate, but among the 'rowing' men, there is a great deal of absolute drunkenness at dinner and supper parties. The American graduate who has been accustomed to find even among irreligious men a tolerable standard of morality, and an ingenuous shame in relation to certain subjects, is utterly confounded at the amount of open profligacy going on all around him at an English university; a profligacy not confined to the 'rowing' set, but including many of the reading men, and not altogether sparing those in authority. There is a careless and undisguised way of talking about gross vice, which shows that public sentiment does not strongly condemn it; it is habitually talked of, and considered as a thing from which a man may abstain, through extraordinary frigidity of temperament, or high religious scruple, or merely as a bit of training with reference to physical consequences alone, but which is on the whole natural, and excusable, and perhaps to most men necessary."

Many of the men whose undergraduate course has been the most marked by drunkenness and debauchery appear after the "Poll" examination at divinity lectures, and step out of Barnwell into the Church, without the pretence of any other

change than in the attire of their outward man, the being "japanned," as the assuming the black dress and white cravat is called in university slang.

Young gentlemen, in a course of education, do but ape the vices of their seniors. The aristocracy of the Old World honestly believe in the hereditary right of licentiousness. They consider the lower classes as created for their convenience. Ladies of their own rank are regarded with the most scrupulous deference; women in humble stations are regarded as the instruments of their pleasure, and are treated precisely as Southern masters treat their female slaves. This is the common testimony of all who allude to the subject. Bulwer, in his "England and the English," observes: "Men rise by the prostitution of their dearest ties, and indifference to marriage becomes a means of the corruption of the state." Students bring with them to the Universities the vicious habits formed at home. So has it ever been. The colleges in the Middle Ages reflected the coarse and ferocious manners of their patrons. Violence and bloodshed were the common result.

"For nearly two centuries, our 'foster mother' of Oxford lived in a din of uninterrupted, furious warfare; nation against nation, school against school, faculty against faculty. Halls, and finally colleges, came forward as combatants; and the University, as a whole, against the town; or against the Bishop of Lincoln; or against the Archbishop of Canterbury. Nor was Cambridge much less pugnacious. Scarcely pope or king could interfere (in matters however needful) without unpleasant results. Every weapon was used. The tongue and pen were first employed: discussions before all kinds of judges, ordinary and extraordinary, far and near; — negotiation and intrigue, with all the powerful of the day: and when these failed, men did not shrink from the decision of violence."

Pinching poverty and hard fare were found to be the only sure preventives of such stormy outbreaks. "Scholars, like hawks," says Fuller, "fly best when sharp and not full gorged: and the monk's verse has much truth in it:

'Distentus venter  
Non vult studere libenter.'

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, we have the following lively picture of the frugal habits of college students:—

“The greater part of the scholars get out of bed between four and five o'clock in the morning; from five to six they attend the reading of public prayers, and an exhortation from the Divine Word in their own chapels; they then either apply to separate study, or attend lectures in common until ten, when they betake themselves to dinner, at which four scholars are content with a small portion of beef bought for one penny, and a sop of pottage made of gravy of the meat, salt, and oaten flour. From the time of this moderate meal to five in the evening, they either learn or teach, and then go to their supper, which is scarcely more plentiful than the dinner. Afterwards problems are discussed or other studies pursued until nine or ten o'clock, and then about half an hour is spent in walking or running about (for they have no hearth or stove) in order to warm their feet before going to bed.”

Old Andrew Fuller, in his history of Cambridge University, also commends the frugal habits of the scholars in contrast with the luxury and sensuality of the monks. “What might be the reason,” he indignantly inquires, “that monks and friars in this age had such stately houses, rich endowments, plentiful maintenance, whilst students of the University had poor chambers, hard fare, short means, and that on their own parents' charges, and yet there was more honesty, industry, painfulness, and piety within the study of one scholar than within the cells of a hundred monks?” But the sobriety of these poor students was rather the effect of poverty than morality. Each one might say, as did Micio, in the play,

“Hæc si neque ego, neque tu, fecimus,  
Non sivit egestas facere nos,”

The history of the young aristocracy would tell a different tale. These high bloods were in constant broils with all classes around them. It generally requires all the time of young men of wealth to invent means of spending it. They have, therefore, little time for study.

In our own country, large fortunes are rarely acquired; and, owing to the equal distribution of property among all the children of a deceased parent, large estates seldom continue long in the same families. Excessive wealth is always an impediment to study. Where it does fall to the lot of a young scholar, it oftener injures than benefits the possessor. The best students are generally those whose limited means compel

them to practise economy, and whose success in life depends mainly on their own exertions. This class of students constitutes the majority in the Colleges of New England ; and their industry, sobriety, and correct deportment give to our literary institutions a higher moral tone than is found anywhere in the Universities of the Old World. Some tourists have been greatly captivated with student life in foreign lands, and are disposed to disparage our own Colleges in comparison. The following remarks from Brace's *Home Life in Germany* are of this description : —

“ Whatever our Colleges may have done, they have certainly, in one respect, proved a failure ; they have never succeeded in producing any genuine intellectual enthusiasm whatever, among the mass of the students. I never yet met a set of college-men in America who took any deep interest in their pursuits. The idea with most is, that college life is a kind of wearisome sea-voyage, — the great object lying beyond, — and that their first duty to the studies is to get rid of them. With some of the best minds, half of the most laborious efforts of the four years are spent in gulling tutors, and rushing through recitations on small capital. If the lesson is broken up, or the lecture put off, it is considered a victory. The teacher is the student's natural enemy in our Colleges. Those who do study work so mechanically for honors, or under some equally unworthy motive, that it is hard to imagine any high intellectual interest in the pursuit. The thing is the more remarkable, as, in all the intellectual pursuits of active life, we find in America the most absorbed enthusiasm and activity. But the moment we enter a college, even among men no younger than those without, it is all changed. The student's business is a bore, — a task, — a punishment ; and the sooner it is over the better. There are exceptions to these remarks ; but I am sure that in their general truth I shall have the agreement of the mass of college graduates throughout the country, whether they care to express it or not. The appearance of things in a German university is utterly different, and one sees at once that the common idea of their pursuits is quite another from that of our students at home. There is the deepest attention in the lectures. There is as much enthusiasm among them for an abstract theme, or a scientific subject they are investigating, as there is among the politicians or the business men without in their pursuits. This studying is their business, their profession, and they know it, and the mass of them would no more think of shirking lectures, than a botanist would of getting rid of his flowers, or a lawyer of his briefs. The feeling toward the teachers, too, is very different.

With less outward deference than with us, there is a far deeper love and reverence, — a feeling that there are great men among them, who are helping them on to higher stages of knowledge, and that any assistance from them is a kindness, and that their intercourse and instruction is a privilege to be received with gratitude. . . . . The great and prominent reason of this difference is, from beginning to end, a voluntary system. No student is obliged to attend lectures. No account is taken of presence or absence. No strict supervision is maintained over him with respect to his studies. The whole matter is left to his own sense of respectability, or his interest in the subjects taught. He is treated at once as a man, — as a reasonable and responsible man. And the effect is, with a few exceptions, what we might expect, — he acts like one. The idea is not in any way brought before his mind, that the studies are a task, — a burden placed on him by another. He can stay away or attend, as he chooses. The whole impression left is, that study is a privilege, an intellectual pleasure.”

This is evidently a partial view both of our own and foreign Universities. Travellers commonly see but one side of an institution. They praise or condemn *en masse*. Bristed, in his flippant and conceited *exposé* of English university education, has everywhere taken occasion to treat his Alma Mater and his fellow-countrymen with profound contempt. Fortunately we can live without his good opinion. With regard to Americans, he is in precisely the predicament of poor Lee, the insane poet, who stoutly affirmed that all the world was mad, they as stoutly affirming that he was mad, and outvoting him. Some men seem to think it the best way of showing their independent and liberal spirit, to spurn the mother that bore them. While at home, they feel as if “caged in a kind of Noah’s ark with a very few men and a great many beasts.” When abroad, they roam over the Elysian fields, and meet none but heroes. From Mr. Brace’s indiscriminate eulogy of German students, it is very evident that he had approached

“ the shield  
Of human nature from the golden side,  
And would have fought even to the death to attest  
The quality of the metal which he saw.”

His statements will not bear the test of strict examination. He has evidently made no allowance for the difference of circumstances between the two classes of students. He does not

look at the object aimed at by the two systems of education. There is a wide difference between hearing and speaking ; between listening and reciting ; between receiving mental food from others, and providing it ourselves.

There are two prominent methods of imparting knowledge, differing widely from each other in character and results. In the one, the lecturer expounds to his audience the doctrines and principles of a science which have been demonstrated or assumed in speculation by himself or others. The hearers attend and listen, and, if they approve, treasure up his instructions. They are presumed to have capacity to receive the teacher's thoughts. Their minds have been developed by other discipline. In the lecture-room they are passive recipients. In the other method the learner is active. He not only receives, but produces thought. He is called upon to exhibit the results of his own labor. The former process is denominated *speculative* ; the latter, *practical*. The German student has already received his practical training at the gymnasium, before he enters the university. He is then prepared, by previous study, to appreciate and enjoy learned lectures. Neither the age, habits, nor attainments of American students would warrant the free system of the European universities, and it may be doubted whether such a system of instruction, under any circumstances, is desirable. Experience favors a union of the two methods. Some branches can be thoroughly taught only by recitations, others are best presented by lectures ; but when the speculative system has exclusively prevailed, it has usually led to a perfect chaos of opinions. The master spirit in the halls of learning has his brief day of triumph, and is succeeded by a new idol. Practical teaching lies at the foundation of all civilization, ancient and modern. In Greece, when the sophist took the chair of the *didaskalos*, learning declined, and system after system of wild speculation chased one another down to the abyss of oblivion, like shadows down the mountain's side. Cato, with a show of reason, feared the introduction of Greek speculations into Rome. He saw that philosophy was prostituted to the lovers of novelty, and that truth was sacrificed to effect. It is the great defect of the lecturing system, that it aims to move the passions as well

as to convince the understanding. The dress is of more importance than the man. The French historians and philosophers are lecturers. They are brilliant orators. They have recourse to point, antithesis, metaphor, and sometimes to exaggeration, to secure attention and applause. The Germans, too, deliver from their thrones, like sceptred tyrants in the realm of mind, system after system of philosophy to attentive audiences, who listen, admire, and commend, but do not perpetuate. Systems are toppled down, almost every lustrum, like the card-houses of children. Kant, in the language of German scholars, was destined to universal empire. He was dethroned by Fichte, a disciple who preferred to lead rather than to follow. Schelling played the part of Absalom with his predecessor, and stole from him the hearts of the people. Hegel thrust him through with a dart; and, in turn, fell before the logical battle-axe of the younger Fichte.

Where theories are constantly changing, like pictures in a showman's box, how can the inexperienced reasoner discern or reverence the truth? Says Professor Whewell, "He will probably think of his masters much as the poet speaks of the objects of his transient affection whom he chronicles :

‘The gentle Henrietta then,  
And a third Mary next did reign,  
And Joan and Jane and Andria,  
And then a pretty Thomasine,  
And then another Katharine,  
And then a long et cetera.’”

“The authority of the teacher,” says Cicero, “is often a disadvantage to those who are willing to learn; as they refuse to use their own judgment, and rely implicitly on him they make choice of for a preceptor.”\* The Germans themselves are beginning to detect the eccentric orbits of these metaphysical comets, and to take their observations from the fixed stars. The historian Schlosser remarks, that “his judgments rest upon his views of human destination, and these, as well as those upon the nature and affections of man, he has formed and maintained for half a century, without allowing himself to be misled by all the systems of philosophy which have been de-

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\* *De Natura Deorum*, § 1.

veloped and propagated, since the time of Kant, all which he has carefully studied and examined." Huber, while he claims that "it is reserved for the masters of German philosophy really to hit the highest mark that can be proposed to the unassisted human mind," and treats with the utmost scorn the criticisms of the uninformed English scholars upon the "plodding Germans," nevertheless adds, with characteristic candor: "These summits are attainable to but very few; and there is room to fear that the stimulus which brought ripeness to the masters is gendering rottenness in the scholars, and is threatening to break up all positive, and thereby all living and life-giving knowledge. It seems to be aiming to resolve all religious, moral, political, and scientific cultivation into an utter negation of everything beyond self; and this the more effectually, the more confidently it pretends to replace or supersede them by greater unity." After eulogizing the success of the Germans in every domain of knowledge, he remarks: "At the same time, if our pompous sign-boards be pulled down, and the real facts behind be examined, sound human understanding will be found to have attained higher development, more force and versatility, in England than with us."

These sudden changes are not confined to metaphysics alone. Every department of human learning has its theorists and reformers. History is reconstructed and renovated. If Herodotus and Livy were to reappear on earth, they would not recognize themselves in their new German dress. Homer would find himself so multiplied, that the whole German pantheon could not give him room. For half a century, the Homeric question has occupied the attention of philologists and historians throughout the civilized world. Floods of ink have been shed over what Hartley Coleridge denominates "the Wolfish and Heinous theory," and now the public mind, after swinging like a pendulum, through half a circle, is returning to its former position. In theology Young Germany is so wrapped in fogs and clouds by erudite speculators, that it is very doubtful whether she sees the heaven and stars again for many days. In philology the entire field has long since been harvested, and gleaners have been following in the steps of the first reapers, and gathering up straws, for many years; and

where discovery fails, they resort to inventions. Every ancient author, like Tarpeia, has been buried in ornaments. The original text of the best classics bears about the same ratio to its commentary as the Koh-i-noor to Chimborazo. Huber, in one of his candid moods, exclaims:—

“I must declare my conviction and give my testimony, that all true and living results decrease in proportion as the means and the pretensions increase in number, artifice, and complication. In spite of all the lecture-lists of schools and universities with us,—in spite of all our ‘maturity’ regulations and examinations,—history, modern languages and their literature, the history of literature, and even natural history and geography, are studied less zealously, and less successfully, than in the corresponding academic spheres in England, where all is left to voluntary love of knowledge and self-incitement.”

Among their rich treasures the Germans have stored an immense amount of useless lore. One of their own critics, speaking of Voltaire’s Temple of Taste, says: “The wit of the poet shows us that those who write commentaries upon the ancients, the crowd of compilers and editors, the tasteless indicators and conjecturers, the searchers after things not worth searching for, are nothing wiser or more prudent in our days than they were in the seventeenth century.” The Germans are confessedly the most learned nation on the globe. Their scholars are more highly educated, but perhaps not better educated, than our own. Germany has done more for the education of the common mind than any people, and yet, says Professor Robinson, a very competent judge, “the Germans are not a reading, *thinking* people like the Americans. The population of our country, as a whole, is more enlightened than that of any nation under heaven.” Mr. Laing, in his Observations on Europe, says: “The Germans are the most superintended, the most interfered with, the most destitute of civil freedom and political rights, in a word, the most enslaved people of Western Europe, and the most educated.” Comparing American with European statesmen, and referring to our self-made men, and not particularly to scholars, he says: “In their foreign diplomacy, American ministers fresh from the counting-house, the printing-office, or the farm, conduct important negotiations, at least, as successfully as the regularly trained

ambassadors of the old European countries. American statesmen and generals have proved themselves equal to those bred in courts, and on *parades*, in *bureaux*, and at grand reviews." He elsewhere says : " A people of amateurs, artists, authors, performers in literature, music, painting, theatrical representations, and the fine arts, have not attained so true an education in the autocratic and semi-feudal states of the Continent, as the people of common sense and ordinary intellect have attained in the free social state of England and America."

Mr. Brace remarks, in the tone which pervades his book : " I never yet met a set of college-men, in America, who took any deep interest in their pursuits." Mr. Brace, it must be admitted, has been very unfortunately associated. The experience of other graduates differs, *toto cælo*, from his. The great majority of American students are earnest, industrious, and faithful in the discharge of their appropriate duties. They are as enthusiastic as German students would be under like circumstances. They may not, indeed, show, in their long-continued and severe application to study, and in the critical and searching examination of their acquisitions in the recitation-room, the same zeal and animation which they would exhibit in attending a course of popular lectures. It is one thing to partake of a rich entertainment provided at another's expense, and quite a different thing to be one's own purveyor, providing for the feast at the expense of great personal toil. Every hour of the time of an American student is occupied. He cannot be idle or absent himself from his prescribed duties without losing his standing. Every occasional absence from chapel and recitations is noted by monitors, and, in some colleges, twenty such marks will secure his dismissal. By such discipline, habits of exactness, punctuality, and perseverance are formed, which accompany the student through life.

In the English Universities, the undergraduates are required to attend sometimes two lectures every day, in some instances only one. These duties are performed between the hours of nine and two. But most of the instruction is given by private tutors. This method of instruction is considered very objectionable, both by the Commissioners and by most of the Heads of Colleges, still it is tolerated of necessity. It is a parasiti-

cal system, which has grown up gradually and eaten the very heart and life out of the old system of instruction. When a young man enters the university, he selects as his tutor a young graduate, very nearly of his own age, to whom he pays fourteen pounds per term for private lessons. The sum thus expended annually at Cambridge is computed to amount to £ 50,000. The following remarks of Professor Lowe accurately describe the course pursued :—

“ The system of private tuition has many defects. The persons into whose hands it principally falls are young men of unformed character, knowing little of the world, or probably of anything except the course of study by which they have gained distinction. They have, nevertheless, very great influence over their pupils, and are, from their youth, their sincerity, and their earnestness, the most dangerous missionaries of whatever opinions they take up. They are the persons who are really forming the minds of the undergraduates, before they have formed their own. The University knows nothing of them, except their names in the Class List ; in their Colleges they have no *status*, and it is quite optional with them whether they enter into the society there or no. Everything is intrusted to them, and no caution whatever is taken for the execution of the trust. As regards the private tutors themselves, I cannot but think it bad for them that the moment they have taken their degree they should be considered as at once elevated to the highest intellectual eminence, and spend their whole time in teaching that which they have but just and barely learnt. The tendency to narrow the mind and generate habits of self-conceit is obvious. It also stands seriously in the way of their acquiring much useful knowledge ; though I think this in some degree compensated by the ardent desire to learn, which the habit of teaching is almost sure to produce. Young men are often at this time pressed by college debts, or otherwise in narrow circumstances, and the temptation is irresistible to labor to any extent so as to avoid these embarrassments. I have myself taken ten successive pupils in ten successive hours, term after term,—a task neither fitting for the tutor nor just to the pupil.”

This process of imparting knowledge is technically called “cramming.” It resembles the method which Italian cooks adopt, to prepare certain birds for the table of the epicure. There is a species of bird in Italy, considered a great delicacy when highly fattened, which takes its food only at the rising of the sun. They are caught and confined in dark rooms, into

which a bright light is poured once in two hours. The bird, seeing the light and thinking it the coming of a new day, eats greedily of its favorite food, and is thus, in a short time, fitted for the palate of the *gourmand*. So the student is "*crammed*" for the coming examination. College honors, prizes, and fellowships determine the choice of studies, and the degree and amount of attention devoted to them. But a small portion of the undergraduates become competitors for the honors. These are hard students, and are, in fact, almost the only reading students in the university. Those who aim at nothing higher than an ordinary degree give little attention either to the required or to voluntary studies. The authors in which they are examined are few. The Oxford Commissioners remark :—

"We have said that the number of candidates rejected in examination for an ordinary degree is considerable, but, notwithstanding this, the amount of attainments commonly exhibited in these examinations is small. An ordinary candidate has prepared usually four plays of Euripides, four or five books of Herodotus, with the history, six books of Livy, also with the history, half of Horace, four books of Euclid, or, in lieu of Euclid, Aldrich's Compendium of Logic to the end of the reduction of syllogisms. He is also expected to translate a passage from English into Latin, and to construe any passage of the four Gospels; to repeat and illustrate from Scripture the Thirty-nine Articles, and to answer questions on the historical facts of the Old and New Testament. The examiners are satisfied with a very slight exhibition of knowledge as regards many of these subjects. If decent Latin writing should be insisted on, the number of failures would be more than quadrupled. The Latin and Greek authors are commonly got up by the aid of translations. The knowledge of logic is very meagre."

Few American students would shrink from such an examination.

Again, Mr. Brace says of our American Colleges: "If the lesson is broken up, or the lecture put off, it is considered a victory." It is undoubtedly true that any class of persons, who are severely tasked every day, will desire occasional relief. Laborers always greet a holiday with joy. So do students; but let any tutor allow his class to take a vacation when they please, or suspend his exercises for a single week, and every one of his pupils will be ready to petition the faculty for con-

stant and competent instruction. No patrons are more exacting upon public servants than students, and none are less inclined to be content with short commons, either for the mind or the body.

Again, Mr. Brace affirms, without qualification: "The teacher is the student's natural enemy, in our Colleges." There is a shade of truth in this assertion. The same may be said of the master who exacts the service due from his apprentice, or of the parent who requires obedience and labor from his son. The righteous enforcement of law always causes a certain portion of its subjects to reluctate. Strict devotion to duty is not characteristic of all men. Whatever may be the case in Europe, it is found by experience, in this country, that little can be accomplished without the authority of law. The free system will not answer. The duties must be prescribed and enforced by competent authority. Where the task is rigidly exacted, the teacher in some sense becomes the antagonist of the pupil. "He that wrestles with us," says Burke, "strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amiable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.

'Pater ipse colendi  
Haud facilem esse viam voluit.'

This kind of opposition exists between teacher and pupil in all lands; and it will not be denied, that, with a small fraction of American students, to wit, the idle and immoral, it amounts to enmity. But more of this hereafter. Severe and protracted toil either of mind or body is, at first, always irksome; and, with the undisciplined, is apt to produce discontent.

"Whilst mental effort," says Sir William Hamilton, "is the one condition of all mental improvement, yet this effort is at first, and for a time, painful, as it abstracts from other and positively pleasurable activities. It is painful, because its energy is imperfect, difficult, and forced. But as the effort is gradually perfected, gradually facilitated, it becomes gradually pleasing; and when finally perfected, that is, when the power is fully developed, and the effort, changed into spontaneity, becomes an exertion absolutely easy, it remains purely, intensely, and alone insa-

tially pleasurable. For pleasure is nothing but the concomitant and reflex of the unforced and unimpeded energy of a natural faculty or acquired habit, the degree and permanence of pleasure being also in proportion to the intensity and purity of the mental energy. The great postulate in education is, therefore, to induce the pupil to enter and persevere in such a course of effort, good in its results and delectable, but primarily and in itself irksome."

All young men who mean to be educated must, at some time in their lives, overcome this natural aversion to study, must submit to the drudgery of patient thought, and thus acquire a habit of fixing the attention. When this result is once obtained, the pleasure of intellectual acquisition will amply reward the previous toil. "The roots of learning," said Aristotle, "are bitter, its fruit sweet." The teacher therefore must, from time to time, present to his toiling class some of the clusters of Eschol to induce them "to go forward" and possess the promised land,—a land which will emphatically "flow with milk and honey."

The union of the two methods of teaching, by lectures and recitations, has been found to be eminently useful in forming sound thinkers and able reasoners, both in England and America.

"The critical system (i. e. the German) seems to me to be properly addressed, not to students who are undergoing education, but to philosophers who have been completely educated. Nor can I believe, that to put young men in such a position, at a period of their lives when they ought to be quietly forming their minds for future action, can have any other result than to fill them with a shallow conceit of their own importance; to accustom them to deliver superficial and hasty judgments; and to lead them to take up new systems with no due appreciation of the knowledge, thought, and gravity of mind which are requisite for such a purpose."\*

The adoption of the voluntary system, in America, would lead to anarchy. The students are not sufficiently advanced to choose their own studies; for to know the value of any kind of intellectual discipline, a man must have felt its influence and stimulus on his own mind. Neither are parents or guardians

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\* Professor Whewell.

competent to choose for their sons or wards; for in a majority of cases they are not men of liberal culture. If our young students were entirely exempt from tutorial supervision, and only invited to listen to eloquent lectures, instead of being required to prepare recitations, they would probably love their teachers more, and study less. They would be on very good terms with the learned living, but on very ill terms with the learned dead, —

“Those sceptred sovereigns who still rule  
Our spirits from their urns.”

“The German student,” says Mr. Brace, “is treated, at once, as a man, — as a reasonable and responsible man. And the effect is, with few exceptions, what we might expect, — he acts like one.” Let us hear other witnesses. Mr. Henry E. Dwight, who visited Germany some years ago, says : —

“The German students feel, as soon as they have entered on their career, as if all those restraints were removed by which they were curbed while in the *Gymnasia*, and they enter on their wild and stormy course of life, resolving to submit to no laws except such as the *Landsmanschaften* or clans of the University impose upon them, and those which are enforced by the strong arm of the laws.”

Mr. Dwight represents the German students as *outré* in their dress and offensive in their manners, smoking, drinking, and fighting daily. Their secret societies are often hostile and dangerous to the government. They are leaders in riots, mobs, and more recently in revolutions. They send challenges for the slightest offences, and often two or three hundred duels are fought in a single term at one University. Students who fight are horribly hacked and mutilated by their long swords. Both eyes are sometimes put out; and often the nose is cut off, which must necessarily injure the personal appearance of those manly worshippers of Mars. The thirst for acquiring distinction by fighting, and by getting into rows with the police, with the Philistines, and with one another, attracts many young men to these Universities, for no other object than to pass their time as pleasantly as possible, with the intention of leaving behind them the brilliant reputation of a genuine *Bursch*.

Mr. Laing, an intelligent and educated traveller, whose opinions are entitled to great credit, on account of his candor and impartiality, introduces his chapter on German students as follows :—

“We hear and read so much about the students at the German Universities, the Burschenschaft, as a distinct and formidable political body,—so much about their dress, habits, and student life,—about their drinking, swaggering, duelling, extravagance in low debauchery, and exultation in their extravagance,—so much too about their clubs, secret associations, and opinions dangerous to the state, which the German sovereigns endeavor in vain to discover and suppress, that the traveller in Germany makes it one of the last subjects of his inquiries,—What is this body, this Burschenschaft? If not the interests of science, the much higher objects, the peace, order, and well-being of society, require the abolition of the present system of German Universities, by which the youth, the public functionaries, the whole legislation and administrative machinery of the state, and education of the people, and the public opinion itself, are trained and moulded into theoretical and exaggerated views of the real affairs of life, by a *clique* of visionary professors, who have in reality the formation of the mind of every human being susceptible of education, from the child’s at day-school to the statesman’s in the cabinet of the sovereign, entirely in their hands.”

Mr. Laing prefers, decidedly, the English method of training, and condemns, in no measured terms, the lecturing system, both in Germany and Scotland. These authors leave us no room to doubt that the manners and morals of the Dark Ages have been perpetuated among students, in Europe. In the early history of Cambridge, a class of bullies was found corresponding to the “Burschen” of Mr. Dwight, whose element was the storm, whom Fuller very properly calls “rake-hells.” Huber, comparing the morals of the English and German Universities, says :—

“At the German Universities, folly showed itself in the more evident form of a gay fool’s dress,—it was boyish, silly, sentimental, noisy, or adventurous, and swaggered about in rapier and spurs. It degenerated more easily into the coarsest vulgarity ; it got drunk on brandy and beer. . . . The secret or open societies, bound together either by clanships, natural ties, or other leagues, seriously pursuing some crazy political schemes ; above all, ‘the point of honor,’ the duelling, the code of laws to which this very point of honor served as a guaranty,—were characteristic of German University life and its follies.”

After charging the English Tories with "disgusting hypocrisy and cant," in attempting to conceal or varnish over the gambling, drunkenness, and licentiousness of their University students, Huber concludes that the English are more decent, but not less wicked, than the German scholars.

"Rank immorality prevails without, while a scholastic or semi-monastic decorum prevails within the walls of the Colleges. The English student, as soon as he has passed the college threshold, or the bounds of the University, seeks and finds every opportunity for diversion and debauchery, which the state and age of the nation offer to young or old mad-caps. They commit the oldest sins in the newest kind of ways."

American Colleges have never been characterized by such open profligacy and scandalous crimes. Still they have their vices, both inherited and acquired. In every college, there is a small minority of students who hate study and love mischief; who sacrifice to the Muses in public, and worship Bacchus in private. Such young men, possessing violent passions and vicious appetites, frequently overawe the majority who are well-disposed, and, for a time, give tone to the public morals of a college. Such youth often conceal their misdeeds by threatening to be revenged on any who may accuse them. Criminals are usually reckless and dangerous, and many a villain has escaped "unwhipt of justice," because no citizen could be found bold enough to invoke the aid of the law. An informer is always odious. The government spies of Greece and Rome, the *Συκοφάνται* and *delatores*, who dogged the steps of citizens only to ensnare them, have, to some extent, transmitted their own infamy to the legal and righteous prosecutors of admitted criminals. Informers anciently had a personal interest in the accusations which they brought, receiving a portion of the fine awarded. In Rome they were called *quadruptatores*, because they received a fourth part of the fine paid by the person against whom they informed. In college, no distinction is made between an informer and a witness. So strong is the reluctance of students to expose the crimes of an associate, that young men, whose characters are otherwise unimpeached and unimpeachable, will resort to shifts, evasions, equivocations, and even falsehoods, to screen the guilty. This "principle of honor" (as it is called), in civil suits, has sometimes led to perjury.

The grounds of this false standard of morals are twofold. First, there is a prevailing notion in the community at large, that young men, in the process of education, are a privileged class; that they may with impunity enact follies at school which would subject them to a legal prosecution at home; that they must "sow their wild oats" in college, though they should afterwards reap a bitter harvest of sorrow in active life. Secondly, every association, for whatever purpose formed, creates for itself a local public sentiment. The united opinion of their fraternity, their clique or set, can alone justify or condemn their conduct. Sustained by numbers, they are strong. Shielded by their associates, culprits escape merited punishment. This is eminently true of scholastic life. The best students think that they have done all their duty, if they violate no law themselves. They do not feel, as every good citizen ought to feel, that they have an interest in the prevention of crime, or the detection of it when perpetrated. This is the business of the faculty. They are responsible for the correct deportment of every student, though his vices are concealed by the darkness of midnight, and the deeper darkness of falsehood on the part of those who ought to testify. No college faculty in the country expects voluntary information from students. The character of a gossip, an eavesdropper, and a tattler is everywhere and at all times detestable; but when a person is called before a competent tribunal, one that has a legal and moral right to question him, if he refuses to give evidence, or misrepresents facts to conceal the transgressor, he commits a grievous wrong. He violates law both human and divine. He defiles his conscience with a lie, and stains his soul with deep and damning guilt. According to our criminal law, if a citizen conceals a capital crime, though not summoned to testify before a court, he is guilty of "misprision of felony," one of the highest offences known to our courts. The same guilt, in kind, if not in degree, is incurred by the student who wilfully prevaricates or falsifies, when questioned by his teachers. He has no right to conceal the truth, in order to screen a criminal. He is just as much bound to speak "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," when solemnly appealed to by the authorities of his college, as though he were testifying,

in open court, under oath. The moral law follows every man from the cradle to the grave. It is never suspended or modified. God does not cease to exist, though men attempt to hide from him. "There is no darkness nor shadow of death where the workers of iniquity may hide themselves."

The student's station in life, so far from diminishing his responsibility, actually *enhances* it. He is a favored child. He has been selected from his equals in rank on account of some fancied or real superiority in intellect or morals. He has, perhaps, been elevated to his present position by the toil and sacrifice of his parents, or the charities of kind friends. Being thus favored, he is bound to be more circumspect than others who have enjoyed fewer advantages. He will be judged by the light he enjoys. A falsehood in him is more heinous than in an unlettered rustic; and God will so judge him, whatever rules of conduct his associates may establish to the contrary. Heaven's doors will be for ever closed to "whatsoever loveth or maketh a lie"; and "he that knew his Master's will, and did it not, shall be beaten with many stripes." It is a monstrous perversion of "honor" to make it the shield of vice. It is true we hear of "honor among thieves," and Milton says,

"Devil with devil damned  
Firm concord hold";

but a college is not ordinarily a den of thieves or a pandemonium.

Class honor is always partial and exclusive. It has respect only to class dignity and reputation, never regarding the welfare or reputation of the college. Classes, however, are always right. Parties are always right in their own esteem. The votes of the majority show it. Classes in secret conclave, like kings, can do no wrong. If their measures are opposed, they resort to their natural rights, and make a declaration of independence. Class rebellions usually grow out of the punishment of some member of the class. He may be notoriously guilty; still, as the faculty acted in view only of circumstantial evidence, their verdict is pronounced unjust. Kindred spirits declaim loudly against the sentence, denouncing the faculty as a set of bigoted inquisitors refusing to confront

the accused with his accusers, and condemning the innocent without proof. A petition for pardon is prepared. Well-disposed students sign it precisely as citizens often petition for the pardon of a convict, from fear of the vengeance of the culprit, if he is ever released. A letter of condolence, too, must be written to the parents of the morally diseased student. So the plot thickens, till reason resumes her sway and the rebels return to duty.

It is not probable that a college rebellion ever occurred which could be justified *in foro conscientiae* of the actors, or before a judicial tribunal. The laws of our Colleges are administered with great prudence and lenity. Severity of punishment is never resorted to except in cases of great and undoubted criminality. Follies are always distinguished from crimes, and are treated accordingly. Young men who cannot keep the peace and submit to the wholesome regulations of a New England college, must be fit candidates for an insane asylum or the penitentiary. Cicero gives us the right notion of "honor," when he affirms, "*Honestum*, or honorable, ingenious, commendable principle, is that which challenges our esteem and best affections upon the merit of its own intrinsic worth and excellence, exclusively of any profit or compensation." Again he adds: "Whatever upon the score of its own excellency and rectitude becomes the subject of praise, lays no claim to the word *honestum* [honorable] by virtue of any certificate from a multitude, but because, although no mortal had known anything of it, or spoken anything concerning it, in its own nature it would be lovely and laudable." If the public sentiment in Christian lands were elevated to this standard, our Colleges would soon be purged of rowdies, liars, and rebels. We should hear no more of

"The stout, tall captain, whose superior size  
The minor heroes view with envious eyes;  
Who is their pattern, and on whom they fix  
Their whole attention while they ape his tricks.  
His pride, that scorns t' obey or to submit,  
With them is courage; his effrontery, wit.  
His wild excursions, window-breaking feats,  
Robbery of gardens, quarrels in the streets,  
His hair-breadth 'scapes, and all his daring schemes,  
Transport them and are made their favorite themes."

This picture of college life, though belonging to a former century, has not become obsolete. It is still true to nature. The worst feature in academic life in America is its rowdiness. In every college and academy may be found a few young men, "fellows of the baser sort," whose habitual deportment would afford presumptive evidence of the truth of Lord Monboddo's theory of the origin of our race. They have most of the characteristics of the *simia* tribe, except the caudal appendage. Like monkeys, they delight in mischievous tricks, in the wanton destruction of property, and in the disturbance of the public peace. They never exhibit any elevated aims or pursue any object worthy the attention of a rational being. Like the buffoon of the satirist, they turn night into day:

"Noctes vigilabat ad ipsum  
Mane ; diem totum stertebat."

They invent mischief over their cups, and execute it in the delirium of intoxication. They make night hideous with their howlings, but, like kindred prowlers, "when the sun ariseth, they gather themselves together and lay them down in their dens." Such rioters, by their ceaseless activity, seem to multiply themselves, as a few actors, by skulking behind the scenes and often reappearing upon the stage, manage to represent an army. By their disguises (for they are generally disguised) they increase their native deformity both of mind and body. Assuming the livery of their master, like him they "go about seeking what they may devour," whether it be a turkey, a chicken, or an ear of corn. Such students are always ingenious in planning, and efficient in executing, new kinds of mischief. Says Professor Newman: "By far the worst uproar which took place at Oxford during my personal acquaintance with it was occasioned by the (then) Dean of Christ Church forbidding his undergraduates to hunt in *red coats*. A night or two afterwards, they daubed over with red paint all the doors of the dean and canons; and when inquiry into this was instituted, they the next night wrenched the doors off their hinges, and made a fire of them in the quadrangle." Now admitting the requisition to be unnecessary, what a state of feeling in young men "under tutors and governors" does this

wanton outrage exhibit! But such acts of lawless violence too often disgrace communities of young men who form their own rules of honor, and dishonor themselves in the observance of them.

Besides those sporadic cases of disorder above alluded to, our American Colleges are afflicted with certain moral epidemics, which periodically or annually pervert the sentiments of whole classes. Such is the systematic abuse of Freshmen by Sophomores. Since the system of "fagging" has gone into desuetude, the stranger is subjected to petty annoyances by his enlightened superiors. This custom springs in part from vanity and in part from jealousy. Those who occupy an elevated position are apt to spurn those who are climbing to the same height. So a *novus homo* in ancient Rome was always regarded with dislike and suspicion by the hereditary aristocracy.

"There 's no philosopher but sees  
That rage and fear are one disease ;  
Though that may burn and this may freeze,  
They 're both alike the ague."

It might seem that the Sophomore, who has been himself a stranger and been "evil entreated" by the college "Philistines," would remember his hard bondage, and show pity to those who are in like circumstances; especially while the vestiges of his primitive verdure still linger about him, and his inward thought still is, "Green becomes my complexion best."

If such follies as we have cited could be abolished, our Colleges would stand incontestably higher than the European Universities, both in morals and in devotion to study. The gross vices of the Old World have not yet taken root among us. However, it is a common impression that students, everywhere, have a low standard of morality. A college is regarded as a species of intellectual hospital, where all are under treatment for mental maladies, both connate and acquired; and every new-comer who enters its walls is thought to be exposed to a deadly moral contagion. Careful parents are apt to look with suspicion upon all schools, and to inquire anxiously as to the deportment and character of those pupils with whom their children must associate. For this reason, in

many of our large towns and cities, "the best families" withhold their patronage from free schools, because they fear that their children will be contaminated by the vulgar dialect and vicious conduct of many who attend them. This opinion, both with reference to common schools and universities, is highly erroneous, and ought to be corrected. Schools have their vices, and so have the communities in which they exist; and the schools generally reflect, with great accuracy, the manners, habits, and opinions of their patrons. The stream can never rise above its fountain. If the domestic circle be polluted with profane and indecent conversation, the children of such a home will carry the moral plague with them to the school. In a majority of cases the pupil brings his vices to the place of study. The seeds are sown at home; the influence of kindred spirits develops them. So it was in the days of Quintilian. This virtuous Roman, of the old *régime*, complains bitterly of the social habits of his age. "Utinam liberorum mores non ipsi perderemus. Infantiam statim deliciis solvimus. Mollis illa educatio, quam indulgentiam vocamus, nervos omnes et mentis et corporis frangit." After enumerating the prevailing faults of domestic education, he adds: "Fit ex his consuetudo, deinde natura. Discunt hæc miseri ante quam sciant vitia esse; inde soluti et fluentes non accipiunt e scholis mala ista, sed in scholas afferunt." This accords with the experience of teachers in all ages. Parents train their children to habits of idleness, intemperance, and prodigality, and then charge upon the institution where these traits are exhibited the ruin of their sons. Parents seldom judge accurately of the attainments or morals of their children. The vicious youth has the cunning to conceal his illicit indulgence. He is ingenious in excuses and successful in deceiving the partial eye of his father.

Most teachers fear the advent of a *perfect boy*. Many a lad has entered an academy or college of whom his fond father said, "If my son has a fault, I do not know it," who yet before the close of his first day's probation, by a species of elective affinity, has been on intimate terms with the most profligate students in the seminary. Rogues know one another by intuition. So do idle and mischievous young men. Bring to-

gether a thousand youths, all strangers to each other, in one institution, and not a day will elapse before you will find those very persons herding together whom you as their guardian especially wish to keep remote from one another. The timid, the modest, and the serious will shrink from the public gaze, and will be slow to form acquaintance with others. The excitable, the vicious, and the prodigal will rush into one another's embrace, renew their former objectionable practices, and commence a career of folly such as accords with the secret promptings of their nature. A well-trained, well-balanced mind does not suddenly desert the path of rectitude.

"Nemo repente fuit turpissimus,"

says Juvenal. Every moralist since his day admits the assertion. Where there is a congenial soil, the seeds of vice will spring up and bear their bitter harvest, which is

"Like Dead Sea fruits,  
That tempt the eye, but turn to ashes on the lips."

The young man who becomes corrupted in a college would be very likely to meet the same fate in any other station of life. If there is a predisposition to physical or moral maladies in the constitution, the contagion will find its victim. Though he be secluded in a desert, the pestilence will fly on the wings of the wind to meet him.

Hereditary tendencies, it is true, are developed by involuntary sympathy. Society stimulates the passions and appetites of the young, so that the latent propensities are more speedily disclosed at school than at home. But when the train has already been laid to the magazine of mischief by parental indulgence, the explosion will soon follow. When gentlemen allow their children to sip wine at their own tables, and to join in the game of whist in their own parlors, they must not complain if their sons waste their hours of study in games of chance, or are sometimes brought from a secret merry-making overcome by strong drink. Card-playing and convivial entertainments are strictly forbidden by the laws of our American Colleges, and with good reason; for such diversions are a very Pandora's box, where no hope lingers at the bottom. Still we doubt if there is a college officer of two

years' standing, that has not received from some inveterate offender, who has wasted his time and estate upon such amusements, this plea : " My father permits me to enjoy these recreations. He allows me to drink wine, and to join in games of chance at his own fireside." When habits of idleness and intemperance have been formed at home, it is preposterous to expect them to be reformed in society. Young gentlemen who have concealed their vices even from the watchful eye of maternal solicitude are offered at college as " model students," faultless in deportment, and successful in study. A few weeks or terms put an end to their probation, and the honest youths are as much surprised as their parents at their own need of rustication. Then a storm of indignation bursts upon their teachers, who are expected to sweeten an addled egg with Attic salt. Poor " harmless drudges " ! They ought to have spoken to the young prodigal earlier in his course. They ought to have exercised greater watchfulness over the unsteady steps of the innocent adventurer ; so young and inexperienced ! They should have written to his parents, who could at once have corrected his faults. He was never known to disobey their commands or go counter to their wishes.

The Oxford Commissioners remark, " If a tutor ventures to communicate to a parent any suspicion of his son's society, expenses, or habits, he is pretty sure to be told that the parent has questioned his son, and feels perfectly confident in his explanation." A father can seldom see the justice of his son's punishment. He believes the boy, and blames the " prejudiced " judges. It is a rare occurrence for parents to approve of the execution of wholesome laws upon their children. Their sons are *peculiar* ; they are *misunderstood* ; they are *unjustly charged* ; they are *martyrs to expediency*. Thus they confirm their vicious habits, and render their reformation almost hopeless. The pulsations of college life beat in unison with those of the domestic circle. The student easily satisfies his father with excuses, but he cannot so easily pervert the ear of justice. Says Terence :

" Pro peccato magno paululum supplicii satis est patri."

This maxim has an unwonted significancy where the old and

young practise the same vices and follies. Let the students of a college and their fathers celebrate, on the same day, some national jubilee, and it will probably be found that the juniors have perpetrated more puns, and exhibited more boisterous hilarity, while the seniors have made deeper potations and raised louder hurrahs. Though young men are very apt to indulge to excess in their social gatherings, still they are but imitators, and often carry their cups more discreetly than their sires.

The evils incident to college life are many of them the growth of ages. Some of them are local, arising from the relation of the students to the citizens of the town or city where the college is situated. Others spring from the very structure of the buildings they occupy. Our college edifices were, unfortunately, built after a bad model. Our fathers regarded the English University as the perfect type of what a college ought to be. The English Universities were offshoots from the monasteries and conventual schools of the Middle Ages. They were essentially monastic in all their features. Students, like monks, were secluded in cloisters. This surely was not the most favorable condition for cultivating manners and morals. A cenobite is usually careless of his dress and person, indifferent to cleanliness and decency. A monk, a recluse, a solitary, has no motive to cultivate the "small, sweet courtesies of life." They are never called for in his solitary cell. So the student, shut out from the world, with none of the gentle influences of home around him, forms habits of self-indulgence and indolence. His room is neglected. The dust settles in undisturbed repose on his furniture, the spider spins her web unmolested, his carpet is saturated with mud, and the walls of his room with tobacco-smoke. This is by no means true of all; but it is generally true that students are bad tenants. They are indifferent to the preservation of public property, and are exceedingly apt to mar its beauty without compunction. Buildings for students' dormitories are the very worst species of property a corporation can own. Though a reasonable rent is charged, it is chiefly expended in repairs and insurance. The buildings are also exceeding difficult of supervision. No proctor or tutor can conveniently inspect their long halls in the dark; if one were to attempt it, it might be

at the expense of personal violence or insult. Their doors, like those of Pluto's realm, are open night and day.

"At midnight, when mankind is wrapt in sleep,"

young conspirators resort to the room of some wily confederate, where their disguises are concealed, and prepare themselves to commit depredations upon public or private property, to smash windows, to rob gardens or barns, or, what is still more fashionable, to execute a midnight serenade with fish-horns. Thus the public buildings become the place of rendezvous for idle and disorderly students. Here mischief is plotted and vicious combinations matured.

Viewed in this light, public buildings are public nuisances; and if they were all demolished to-day, college morals and liberal learning would be gainers. How much better would it be for our infant institutions at the West, if, instead of burdening themselves with heavy debts in the erection of buildings for students, thus rendering their corporations bankrupt, they would rear a single edifice for public rooms, and open it for instruction, leaving the pupils to find lodgings and board in private houses! Thus every respectable householder would become a guardian of the peace of the college, and essentially aid the faculty in the administration of its laws. His house, of course, is closed at a seasonable hour at night. Young rioters could not assemble there at midnight without his knowledge. By such a distribution of the students throughout the village, a community of interests would be created between the citizens and the college, and feuds and quarrels prevented. Where the monastic system exists, students and townsmen are generally hostile to each other. To this day in Oxford the old cry of "Gown and town" is often heard in the streets, and disgraceful brawls are the common result. American cities, where colleges are located, are not strangers to such conflicts. The University of Paris has never provided lodgings for students. They have always been their own purveyors, and the peace and good order of the city has been promoted by the practice. The Queen's Commissioners have raised the question whether the number of undergraduates in the English Universities might not be greatly increased by

allowing them to live in private lodgings; and many of the heads of the colleges cordially approve of the plan. Others give ample testimony to the correct deportment of those who are now permitted to choose private rooms instead of college cloisters. So far as New England is concerned, the policy of erecting dormitories for students has long been approved by public opinion. We must, therefore, patiently bear the ills we cannot remedy, and show ourselves very grateful that we are not cursed with the inveterate vices of the Old World.

Our Colleges are still young and vigorous. They are happily adapted to the wants of a great and growing people. They do not indeed possess the apparatus, libraries, and accumulated lore of past ages essential to the highest attainments in science and the most profound scholarship; still, they form able reasoners, acute logicians, and sound thinkers. What they profess to do they do well. Their officers are laboring faithfully and assiduously to promote liberal learning, to inculcate sound morality, and to prepare their pupils thoroughly for the right discharge of all the duties of citizens. No literary institutions on the globe are doing so much as they for the education of the common mind,—for the diffusion of intelligence among the people. They owe their existence to the liberality of the active, business men of the community. By them they are chiefly patronized.

Our country is so rapidly increasing, that educated men easily find employment. There is a great and increasing demand for talent and skill. The true policy, therefore, of the nation is intellectual culture. In the words of New England's most eloquent living orator, they should engage, at once, "in the skill-business." But it must be remembered that schools and colleges cannot teach trades and handicrafts. In the present *furor* of the people for practical pursuits, there is danger of requiring too much of our literary institutions. They are already overtasked. The studies are too numerous for the time that can reasonably be devoted to them. The progressive sciences which belong properly to the scientific school have encroached largely upon those permanent studies which have been regarded by wise men, for a thousand years, as the best possible discipline for young minds; and yet the question

is debated gravely and earnestly by teachers' associations, "whether our Colleges are sufficiently *progressive* to meet the wants of the age." The more appropriate question for them to discuss is, whether our academies furnish an adequate preparation for the higher pursuits of the college. The imperfect and superficial preparation of students at the high schools and academies now cripples our Colleges and greatly abridges their usefulness. Nearly the whole of the Freshman year must be spent in drilling students upon those elementary portions of the languages and mathematics, which ought to have been thoroughly mastered at the preparatory school. Let the standard be elevated here; then our Colleges will become progressive in the highest sense of that term. As men make haste to be rich, so they make haste to be learned. They are impatient to be in the field of enterprise. They cannot stay to be thoroughly educated. They expect too much from a collegiate course. They imagine that the perceptive and physical powers will be as thoroughly trained as the intellectual; that the eye and ear will be taught to observe and hear; that the hand will acquire dexterity; that the full-fledged machinist or geologist will be matured in college halls. But science can be applied successfully to the arts only on the ground where they are practised. The navigator in his ship, the chemist in his laboratory, the machinist in his shop, the geologist, mineralogist, and engineer in the field, become adepts in their respective vocations, and nowhere else. It is the proper business of a college to discipline the minds of students, to make them vigorous and strong, to give them mental capital for scientific exploration, discovery, and invention, and for the duties of professional life, to teach the young man how to think rather than what to think, to make his mind a living spring, always flowing with thought, rather than a reservoir for other men's thoughts. To this service our Colleges are devoted, and they are doing their work successfully and faithfully.

We close these somewhat desultory remarks by a quotation from Charles Dickens. "Whatever the defects of American Universities may be, they disseminate no prejudices, rear no bigots, dig up the buried ashes of no old superstitions, never interpose between the people and their improvements,

exclude no man because of his religious opinions; above all, in their whole course of study and instruction, recognize a world, and a broad one too, lying beyond the college walls."

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ART. VIII.—*Captain Canot, or Twenty Years of an African Slaver; being an Account of his Career and Adventures on the Coast, in the Interior, on Shipboard, and in the West Indies.* Written out and edited from the Captain's Journals, Memoranda, and Conversations. By BRANTZ MAYER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 448.

WHY have the Africans alone, of all nations and races, been doomed to continuous and enduring slavery? Members of other savage tribes have been enslaved, but the Africans alone have continued slaves. Others have shaken off the yoke, or perished under it; they alone have borne it as a permanent institution. Slavery has been their badge, their heritage, which they have handed down from generation to generation. To others it has been an accident; to them it has been a trait of character, a feature of their history. The Spaniards made slaves of the aborigines of South America and the West Indies; but no Indian slaves in those countries continue to this day. Our Puritan forefathers, not knowing what they did, shipped to Barbadoes, as slaves, a few of the captives whom they made in their Indian wars; but death, if not voluntary emancipation, soon freed them. Other barbarous races, however persecuted, banished, or cut down by the sword or the diseases of whites, have yet wholly escaped this ignominious doom,—have never been made beasts of burden to their conquerors. No one has thought of enslaving the Sandwich Islanders, the Tahitians, the Australians, or the Esquimaux. But the Africans have been slaves from time immemorial. The ancient Egyptians, as appears from their hieroglyphics and paintings, made goods and chattels of them; and the modern Egyptians and the Turks have done the same. Judging from history alone, we might as soon expect the leopard to change his skin,

as the Ethiopian to wipe out the foul spot of servitude. The very year that the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, a Dutch trading-vessel brought twenty negroes to Jamestown, and thereby fastened the institution of slavery upon our Southern States, — not, as we hope, for ever.

Efforts have not been wanting to relieve Africa from this fearful hereditary doom. The trade has been put under the ban of the civilized world. It is death for an Englishman or an American to engage in it; and France, Spain, and Portugal menace those concerned in it with heavy penalties. The navies of the most powerful maritime nations watch the coast of Africa, and it has been colonized at commanding points for the express purpose of extirpating the slave-trade. The resources of diplomacy have been exhausted, and blood and treasure have been spent like water for the same end. England alone, before 1840, had spent more than fifteen millions of pounds sterling in the attempt to suppress the traffic, besides sacrificing thousands of lives in the ceaseless blockade of a pestilential coast. She has established, at an expense of half a million of dollars a year, a colony at Sierra Leone, as a place of refuge for the Africans rescued from the slave-ships; and during the first half-century after its foundation, 60,000 recaptured negroes were landed there, and told to enjoy their freedom under the protection of the British flag.

But what has been the result of all these efforts? The slave-trade has flourished, and still flourishes. It was calculated, in 1840, apparently on sufficient data, that not less than 150,000 slaves were annually imported from Africa into Brazil and the Spanish West Indies. In one year, 1848, it appears that 75,000 were carried to Brazil alone. The free colony at Sierra Leone languishes; the Africans, so prolific elsewhere, cannot even keep up their numbers in a settlement where they are protected from the three great scourges of their race, slavery, war, and despotism. Though 60,000 have been carried thither, the total population in 1840 was but 40,000. Sir T. F. Buxton, for so many years the leader of the antislavery movement in England, was obliged, fifteen years ago, to make this sad confession:—

“Millions of money and multitudes of lives have been sacrificed, and

in return for all, we have only the afflicting conviction that the slave-trade is as far as ever from being suppressed; nay, I am afraid that the fact is not to be disputed, that, while we have thus been endeavoring to extinguish the traffic, it has actually doubled in amount." — *The Slave-Trade and its Remedy*, p. 171.

We can, indeed, directly answer the question why the traffic has not been put down by all these efforts. A slave can be purchased on the African coast for ten dollars, and can be sold in Cuba or Brazil for five hundred dollars. A schooner of ninety tons can carry 220 negroes in her hold; and though one fourth of them should die on the passage,—though even one vessel out of three should be captured by British cruisers,—the profit on those who are safely landed at their place of destination is great enough to cover all losses, and to supply an irresistible temptation to fit out other slavers. The first schooner-load of slaves which Captain Canot sent to Matanzas from Africa yielded, after all direct and incidental expenses were paid, a net profit of more than \$41,000. So great a temptation as is thus afforded will induce unprincipled men to incur any risk. He who sails as the master of a slaver may coolly calculate, that there is about one chance in twenty that he will be hanged, and at least one in three that he will lose both ship and cargo. Now there are persons enough in the world, who, with a prospect of making \$40,000 by a single successful voyage, occupying not more than four months, will cheerfully accept this hazard.

It is a little remarkable, that, in all the discussions of this agitating subject, so far as we are aware, no plan of gradual emancipation has ever been proposed. The general impression is, that no such plan is practicable, and that only two issues can reasonably be contemplated;—the one, that of a convulsion which shall bring slavery to a violent end; the other, that of the peaceful continuance of the present rate of increase, which will cause the slaves in this country to number, before the end of the present century, more than ten millions. Any discussion of this point may appear an idle waste of ingenuity, as, in the heated state of the public mind upon the subject, even if a practicable scheme could be proposed, it could not be adopted; amid so many difficulties, it might be

defeated by the opposition even of a small minority. Still, it is one thing for the evil to appear irremediable from the very nature of the case, or from circumstances over which man has no control, and another and quite a different thing, that the obstinacy of men should alone prevent the application of a remedy. Profitless as the speculation may appear, therefore, we will endeavor to show that the gradual and peaceful extinction of slavery in the United States is possible.

Any plan for the accomplishment of this end, as it would require the hearty co-operation of the Slave States, must comprise two things;—full compensation to the owners, and the removal of the emancipated blacks. At the present rate of increase, the annual addition to the number of slaves in the United States is about 96,000. As the cost of exporting one person to Liberia does not exceed one hundred dollars, an annual expenditure of less than ten millions would provide for the emigration of a number equal to the whole annual increase. If they were sent to the British West Indies, where their services are equally needed, and where all the means of comfortable maintenance are equally open to them, the cost would not exceed one half of this amount. Hence, if means could be provided for emancipating all the slaves who come of age after a certain period, the whole number thus emancipated might be sent out of the country at an expense which would not exceed ten millions annually at the outset; and as, under such an arrangement, the number of child-bearing slaves would be constantly and rapidly diminishing, this expenditure would grow smaller every year, and cease entirely by the end of the present century, or soon after.

It is a little more difficult to estimate the present value of an obligation to emancipate every slave who should first come of age after 1870. On an average, however, one hundred dollars paid now would probably induce every owner of a child to bind himself to emancipate that child sixteen years hence. This sum, accumulating at compound interest, would amount to two hundred and fifty dollars when the period of emancipation arrived; and meanwhile it would operate as an insurance against the chances either of death or escape. Taking males and females, the sick and the well, together, it is

probably as much as slaves five years old are worth, the value of their services between the ages of five and twenty-one being added to the purchase-money. The average payment of another ten millions a year, therefore, would secure the emancipation of every slave who may come of age after 1870; and after that period, for the reason already indicated, this annual expenditure also would constantly diminish, and be reduced to nothing soon after the close of the present century.

If these calculations are correct, the cost of getting rid of the institution of slavery, and of the blacks also, would be twenty millions a year for the first sixteen years, and an average of ten millions a year for thirty years afterwards. This would be the maximum expenditure; in fact, the amount would probably be much diminished, in the first place, by the willingness of very many slaveholders to emancipate their slaves without charge, on assurance that they would be sent out of the country; and in the second place, after the deportation had gone on to a considerable extent, by the joint consent of the blacks and their owners, that the former should remain as hired laborers. But without relying on such deductions, though the total expense would be considerable, it would be but a trifling tax upon the immense resources of the nation. Even during the earlier period, the annual payment would be but one seventh of the sum which Great Britain pays every year for the interest on her national debt. After our insignificant national debt is paid off, the annual excess of the present income over the expenditures of the United States would probably be almost or quite sufficient to defray the whole cost of the operation. It would certainly be sufficient, if, by contracting a moderate debt during the first sixteen years, the expenditure for the whole period were equalized, as the average annual tax would be less than fourteen millions. In 1834 Great Britain paid one hundred millions of dollars at once, for the emancipation of 800,000 slaves. The payment of seven times that amount, distributed through a period of half a century, would suffice both to emancipate and export a slave population four times as great, besides making the operation so very gradual as to occasion no shock to the political or economical interests of the nation, and preparing

the exported blacks for usefulness in the country to which they might be sent, by causing them to spend the whole period of their minority in what would virtually be a state of tutelage. Those who doubt the possibility of exporting so large a number of human beings as 96,000 a year, may be referred to the recent experience of Ireland, the annual emigration from which country for the last eight years has exceeded 200,000. We may add, that the Irish population of the United States, who certainly do not own a hundredth part of its wealth, remitted, in 1853 alone, more than seven millions of dollars for the relief of their distressed relatives in their mother land.

This speculation may seem fanciful, as we have remarked; but it is founded upon two considerations, both of which must be kept constantly in view if the discussion of this deeply interesting matter is ever to lead to any beneficial results. The first is, that the problem can never be resolved except by looking at its pecuniary aspect. As we have seen, the slave-trade has been kept up solely because it is profitable, — immensely profitable. The force of public sentiment, the opinion of the civilized world, has been directed against it, and has accomplished nothing. It has been forbidden by law, — by the laws of all nations, — the severest penalties being denounced against those who should disregard the prohibition. But the prohibition has been disregarded, and the traffic has been more prosperous since it was denounced by law than it was before. Force has been applied, and this too has totally failed. The slaver runs the gauntlet of the whole British navy, and carries her living freight safely to Matanzas or Bahia. She mocks the cruisers which are sent to guard the African coast. Captain Canot tells with great glee several stories of his entrapping or hoodwinking British officers, so that heavy cargoes of slaves were shipped almost under their eyes. An accomplished knave or desperado is quickly overpowered in a contest with the police, if the struggle take place on shore, and in the midst of a civilized and law-loving community; but give him the range of the whole coast of a barbarous continent, and the limitless expanse of an ocean, to contend on, and in three cases out of four the police will come off second

best. Storms and the want of provisions will not allow the blockade of a slave-factory to be incessant; and during the compulsory absence of the cruiser even for a few hours, the whole fruit of months of previous watching is lost. The immense profits of the traffic enable the captain of a slaver to bide his time, and to employ all the necessary means for outwitting or outrunning his pursuer.

As with the slave-trade, so is it with slavery, the property at stake in the latter case being vastly greater than that involved in the former. In the magnitude of the stake and the number of the players consists the security of the game. All other considerations must give way when so vast an amount of wealth, distributed among many and powerful States, is affected and imperilled. In such cases, argument has no weight, and force is unavailing. If the institution were made unprofitable, it would waste and disappear like a morning cloud. But so long as it continues to yield income, and is so connected with all other species of property that the destruction of it would cause a general ruin, it is safe against all attacks. Men will cling to it with all the greater earnestness and devotion, whenever it is assaulted from without. As the tree most exposed to storms expands its roots and clings to the earth with a stronger grasp, it will derive additional strength from every blast; it will become firmer on the side which is nearest to danger. Untwine the fibres which connect it with men's pecuniary interests, and it will perish of itself, as a tree losing its hold upon the ground dies for lack of nutriment. Slavery in the United States can be bought out, if the matter be conducted with sufficient slowness and discretion; but it cannot be killed out. It has a principle of strength within it of the same kind with that which has given such tenacity of life to the African slave-trade, though vastly superior in degree. It can be dealt with only as a matter of political economy, or in the spirit of a cool calculation of profit and loss. Render its extirpation both profitable and safe, and it will die without violence.

The second consideration to which we advert is closely connected with the former one, as it relates to the expense of getting rid of slavery. If the obligation to emancipate the

blacks and restore them to their original home is national, the burden and the cost of the process should also be national. Either the North has no right to meddle with the matter at all, or it is bound to do its full share of the work, and pay its proportion of the bill. This is the dictate of expediency as well as of justice. The enterprise is one of such magnitude that it cannot be accomplished except by the united effort and united strength of the whole country. Thus alone can the subject be broached in a conciliatory way, and without occasioning irritation which would be fatal to the project. Slavery has not been created by the present generation; it is a part of the national inheritance. Only, in the division of the ancestral estate, it fell to the share of our brethren at the South. We have no right to call upon them to sacrifice it, except by taking a full share of the sacrifice upon our own shoulders. The cost of doing away with the institution entirely, and even removing all traces of it from our soil, as we have shown, though considerable, is not too great for the whole nation to bear. But it is too heavy to be borne by those States only which have been impoverished, or whose prosperity, to say the least, has been impeded, by this fatal inheritance.

We did not intend, however, to discuss slavery in the abstract, or to consider the prospects of the institution in the United States, but only to review Mr. Mayer's volume, which amply deserves notice for its own sake. It contains a great deal of information about Africa and the slave-trade on its coast and in the interior, which is certainly curious, and which we believe to be authentic and trustworthy. It would have been better if the editor had restrained his ambition to write a lively and entertaining book, and had been content to tell Captain Canot's story in a plain and straightforward way, without those embellishments which now certainly give it the air of romance. But there is unmistakable evidence that the narrative is based upon fact, and that the hero of it purposed to tell the whole truth, without bias, disguise, or concealment. We will not vouch for the correctness of the Captain's recollections of the earlier part of his adventurous career. Here he is evidently spinning a sailor's yarn. But in

relation to Africa and the slave-trade he evidently thought he had valuable information to give, and he speaks like a witness upon the stand, or a confessing criminal who no longer wishes to keep back the truth. His own share in the transactions narrated is told with frankness, and without comment or apology. He evidently considered that he had no character to support but that of a reckless adventurer, who would not boast of his conduct, and had no desire to palliate it. He was introduced to Mr. Mayer by Dr. James Hall, the founder and first governor of the colony at Cape Palmas, who had had excellent opportunities to know the man while on the African coast, and who seems to have conceived a favorable opinion of his intentions after his career as a slave-trader was ended.

French by parentage, Italian by his place of birth, and a cabin-boy in an American vessel at the age of twelve years, Canot was well fitted for a roaming and adventurous life; no nation could claim his undivided allegiance, or subject him to her laws. Yet the opening of his career was one of good promise. The vessel in which he first shipped belonged to a liberal and enterprising merchant of Boston; and on his arrival at this port, Canot was so fortunate as to attract the owner's notice and commendation, and receive from his generosity the means of completing his nautical education. During five years, he sailed on different voyages from Salem in this State, and, as soon as he became familiar with the details of his profession, obtained a post as mate, and had a fair prospect of working his way honorably and well through the world. But temptation came, one day, while his ship was lying at Antwerp; and after deserting her, and running a short round of reckless dissipation, he was compelled to accept inferior employment, first in an English, and afterwards in a Dutch vessel. In both cases the voyage ended in shipwreck; the second misfortune of this sort being the more serious, as it threw him into the power of a band of wreckers and pirates in the West Indies. Of his adventures while in their company, Canot has a marvellous story to tell, not one half of which is probably true. If, as he says, after remaining some months with them, he was finally dismissed un-

harméd, and with a purse of money and a note of introduction from their captain to a trader at Havana, it is more likely that he was their associate than their prisoner. The *friend* to whom our adventurer had been recommended by a pirate turned out to be an Italian grocer, who was interested in the slave-trade. With such associates, his own destination did not long remain doubtful. In September, 1826, he sailed as a supernumerary officer in the schooner *Areostatico*, bound for the coast of Africa, with a crew consisting of "twenty-one scamps, — Spaniards, Portuguese, Frenchmen, and mongrels." Though his fears or his scruples prevented Canot from continuing a pirate, he had no qualms about engaging in the slave-trade.

The first night after the arrival of the vessel at the Rio Pongo was signalized by a desperate attempt of the villanous crew to murder the officers, and get possession of the schooner with the four kegs of specie that she carried as the means of purchasing a cargo of negroes. The plot was detected on the eve of execution, and the mutineers subdued, after a furious struggle, by Canot and the boatswain, four lives being lost in the encounter. To avoid subsequent inquiry at Havana into the particulars of this affray, in which the absence of the captain and the cowardice of the mate had made Canot the chief actor, he determined to quit the vessel, and remain as clerk and assistant at the slave-factory which had been established at Pongo by a mulatto wretch named John Ormond, or Mongo John. The new secretary's wages were to be a negro a month, the unlimited use of the liquor-store and a black harem, and an opportunity to trade a little on his own account. Ten days were needed to refit the *Areostatico*, but twenty more elapsed before her living freight could be obtained.

"When the runners returned from the interior with the slaves required to complete the *Areostatico's* cargo, I considered it my duty to the Italian grocer of Regla to despatch his vessel personally. Accordingly, I returned on board to aid in stowing *one hundred and eight boys and girls, the eldest of whom did not exceed fifteen years!* As I crawled between decks, I confess I could not imagine how this little army was to be packed or draw breath in a hold but *twenty-two inches high!* Yet the experiment was promptly made, inasmuch as it was necessary to

secure them below in descending the river, in order to prevent their leaping overboard and swimming ashore. I found it impossible to adjust the whole in a sitting posture; but we made them lie down in each other's laps, like *sardines* in a can, and in this way obtained space for the entire cargo. Strange to tell, when the *Areostatico* reached Havana, but *three* of these 'passengers' had paid the debt of nature." — p. 74.

We do not intend to surfeit our readers with the horrors of the traffic on the coast, to trace out all the crimes with which it is attended, or to follow in detail the story of Canot's checkered fortunes. The whole picture is an appalling one; and the saddest feature in it is the fact which one is not permitted to doubt, that all the efforts to suppress the traffic have had no effect but to augment the sufferings of the slaves, and to place the business exclusively in the hands of ruffians who have no compunctions of conscience and no touch of mercy, and whose lives are stained with every turpitude of which human nature is capable. Grant that Canot's account of such wretches as Mongo John, Da Souza, and Don Pedro Blanco is highly colored; still it is evidently sketched from the life, and the reality which is the groundwork of it is horrible enough after all allowance is made for exaggeration. The last-named trader quitted the business in 1840, with a fortune of over a million of dollars, amassed by kidnapping human beings. For every dollar in his purse, he had probably sent an African slave across the Atlantic. Before the trade was denounced by law, it was carried on by unprincipled men, it is true, but yet by those who had some character to lose, and who had not entirely stifled the promptings of their better nature. Sufficient room and abundant food on shipboard were provided for the slaves; and the mortality among them during the voyage did not much exceed that of the crew. Even now, many precautions are taken to insure the health of the blacks at sea, as every life lost is a considerable deduction from the profits of the voyage, and the officers of the vessel receive "head-money" for every negro who is brought safe to port. But as all else is sacrificed to avoid capture, the number and swiftness of the British cruisers have caused a fearful abbreviation of these chances of life. Low

and sharp-built schooners, hardly larger than a pilot-boat, carry as many passengers as a first-class packet-ship from Liverpool to New York. In 1840, says Canot, the *Volador*, of one hundred and sixty-five tons' burden, took on board seven hundred and forty-nine human beings, to be conveyed from Africa to Cuba. Still further, the difficulty of embarking a cargo having lowered the price of slaves on the African coast, the number of deaths on the voyage is comparatively of less consequence. Human life is thus cheapened, and the mortality among the blacks is frightfully increased for the sake of a feeble chance of rescuing a portion of them from slavery.

Canot's account of the manner in which the trade is carried on between the interior and the coast of Africa is minute and interesting; and as he has here no motive for suppressing or varnishing the truth, we presume it is trustworthy. As soon as the dry season commences, caravans begin to arrive from the interior, following in their journey the course of rivers, or the numerous paths or trails through the forest which are the only means of communication between the various towns. The merchandise brought by these caravans is far from consisting of slaves alone. The first one which Canot saw was composed of 700 persons, who brought 40 slaves, 3,500 hides, 15 tons of rice, 600 pounds of ivory, and many other commodities. The articles given in return are chiefly powder, cotton cloth, tobacco, and "Brummagem" muskets, nearly all of which are not only of British manufacture, but are manufactured expressly for this market. In fact, the division of labor in this business of the slave-trade is very nearly as follows: the Americans, we are sorry to say, build the vessels, which of course outsail everything; the English supply the merchandise with which the slaves are bought; Spain and Portugal furnish the markets for them; while outlaws and desperados of all nations, and of no nation at all, compose the crews of the slavers.

The caravans are involuntary associations, being formed by some powerful chieftain in the interior, who blockades for weeks all the paths in his neighborhood leading to the coast, till a sufficient number of private traders, with their mer-

chandise, are entrapped, to make up an imposing array for the purposes either of war or trade. The chieftain himself, or a trusted delegate, takes the command of the troop thus formed, and of course levies a tax on all the traders in it, as the price of his protection. The Mohammedan tribes in Africa seldom enslave those of their own faith, except as a punishment for gross offences; often, indeed, they manumit or ransom a devout disciple of Islamism, whom captivity in war or other casualties may have reduced to slavery. But they seize every pretext for enslaving the African "unbelievers" who come into their power, as no other commodity is so easily obtained wherewith to purchase foreign goods. Three fourths of the slaves brought to the coast are obtained in wars which are begun and continued for no other purpose than that of obtaining a supply of this convenient article of trade. The extinction of the foreign traffic, therefore, would take away one great cause of war and misery in the interior. Yet slavery as a domestic institution in Africa would not be thus affected. Slaves would still be sought for body-guards, for laborers, and for purposes of debauchery or pomp. The institution is everywhere prominent in African life, being the chief feature of the social economy and the commerce of the people. Hence, also, nearly all trade with Africa, however innocent in appearance, is in truth intimately connected with the slave-trade. The merchandise which is carried thither is, sooner or later, bartered against slaves; for, as Canot remarks, slaves are the commodity that is most in request, and thus they form the circulating currency of the country. And here we find another answer to the question proposed in the outset; the whites have generally made slaves of Africans rather than of any other people, because the Africans are so much addicted to making slaves of each other.

When the slaves arrive at the coast, they are secured by their white purchasers in barracoons, or palisaded inclosures, where they are generally well fed and treated, till an opportunity occurs for shipping them. Sometimes a cruiser blockades a slave-factory for weeks together, and if the barracoons happen at the time to be full, the necessity of providing food for several hundred or a thousand mouths is a severe tax

upon the wits and the pocket of the dealer. At last, a storm, or the lack of provisions on board, removes the blockade temporarily; a smoke raised upon a headland soon brings a slaver into the offing; and, all preparations being previously made, a full cargo is shipped in her in a few hours. The following account of the process of embarkation, and the treatment of the slaves on board, is evidently a palliative one, but we suppose it is a near approximation to the truth.

“An African factor of fair repute is ever careful to select his human cargo with consummate prudence, so as not only to supply his employers with athletic laborers, but to avoid any taint of disease that may affect the slaves in their transit to Cuba or the American main. Two days before embarkation, the head of every male and female is neatly shaved; and, if the cargo belongs to several owners, each man's *brand* is impressed on the body of his respective negro. This operation is performed with pieces of silver wire, or small irons fashioned into the merchant's initials, heated just hot enough to blister without burning the skin. When the entire cargo is the venture of but one proprietor, the brand is always dispensed with.

“On the appointed day, the *barracoon* or slave-pen is made joyous by the abundant ‘feed’ which signalizes the negro's last hours in his native country. The feast over, they are taken alongside the vessel in canoes; and as they touch the deck, they are entirely stripped, so that women as well as men go out of Africa as they came into it, — *naked*. This precaution, it will be understood, is indispensable; for perfect nudity, during the whole voyage, is the only means of securing cleanliness and health. In this state, they are immediately ordered below, the men to the hold and the women to the cabin, while boys and girls are, day and night, kept on deck, where their sole protection from the elements is a sail in fair weather, and a *tarpaulin* in foul.

“At meal-time they are distributed in messes of ten. Thirty years ago, when the Spanish slave-trade was lawful, the captains were somewhat more ceremoniously religious than at present, and it was then a universal habit to make the gangs say grace before meat, and give thanks afterwards. In our days, however, they dispense with this ritual, and content themselves with a ‘*Viva la Habana*,’ or ‘Hurrah for Havana,’ accompanied by a clapping of hands.

“This over, a bucket of salt water is served to each mess, by way of ‘finger glasses’ for the ablution of hands, after which a *kidd* — either of rice, farina, yams, or beans, according to the tribal habit of the negroes — is placed before the squad. In order to prevent greediness,

or inequality in the appropriation of nourishment, the process is performed by signals from a monitor, whose motions indicate when the darkies shall dip and when they shall swallow.

“It is the duty of a guard to report immediately whenever a slave refuses to eat, in order that his abstinence may be traced to stubbornness or disease. Negroes have sometimes been found in slavers who attempted voluntary starvation; so that, when the watch reports the patient to be ‘shamming,’ his appetite is stimulated by the medical antidote of a ‘cat.’ If the slave, however, is truly ill, he is forthwith ticketed for the sick-list by a bead or button around his neck, and despatched to an infirmary in the forecastle.

“These meals occur twice daily, — at ten in the morning and four in the afternoon, — and are terminated by another ablution. Thrice in each twenty-four hours they are served with half a pint of water. Pipes and tobacco are circulated economically among both sexes; but as each negro cannot be allowed the luxury of a separate bowl, boys are sent round with an adequate supply, allowing a few whiffs to each individual. On regular days, — probably three times a week, — their mouths are carefully rinsed with vinegar, while, nearly every morning, a dram is given as an antidote to scurvy.

“Although it is found necessary to keep the sexes apart, they are allowed to converse freely during day while on deck. Corporal punishment is *never* inflicted save by order of an officer, and, even then, not until the culprit understands exactly why it is done. Once a week, the ship’s barber scrapes their chins without assistance from soap; and on the same day their nails are closely pared, to insure security from harm in those nightly battles that occur, when the slave contests with his neighbor every inch of plank to which he is glued. During afternoons of serene weather, men, women, girls, and boys are allowed to unite in African melodies, which they always enhance by an extemporaneous *tom-tom* on the bottom of a tub or tin kettle.” — pp. 102–104.

At night, of course, the sufferings of the slaves must be much greater than by day; for the space between the slave deck and the main deck is often not more than two or three feet, and the space allotted to each one is hardly enough for standing room.

“At sundown, the process of stowing the slaves for the night is begun. The second mate and boatswain descend into the hold, whip in hand, and range the slaves in their regular places; those on the right side of the vessel facing forward, and lying in each other’s laps, while those on the left are similarly stowed with their faces towards the stern.

In this way each negro lies on his right side, which is considered preferable for the action of the heart. In allotting places, particular attention is paid to size, the taller being selected for the greatest breadth of the vessel, while the shorter and younger are lodged near the bows. When the cargo is large and the lower deck crammed, the supernumeraries are disposed of on deck, which is securely covered with boards to shield them from moisture. The *strict* discipline of nightly stowage is, of course, of the greatest importance in slavers, else every negro would accommodate himself as if he were a passenger.

"In order to insure perfect silence and regularity during night, a slave is chosen as constable from every ten, and furnished with a 'cat' to enforce commands during his appointed watch. In remuneration for his services, which, it may be believed, are admirably performed whenever the whip is required, he is adorned with an old shirt or tarry trousers. Now and then, billets of wood are distributed among the sleepers, but this luxury is never granted until the good temper of the negroes is ascertained, for slaves have often been tempted to mutiny by the power of arming themselves with these pillows from the forest.

"It is very probable that many of my readers will consider it barbarous to make slaves lie down naked upon a board, but let me inform them that native Africans are not familiar with the use of feather-beds, nor do any but the free and rich in their mother country indulge in the luxury even of a mat or raw-hide. Among the Mandingo chiefs, — the most industrious and civilized of Africans, — the beds, divans, and sofas are heaps of mud, covered with untanned skins for cushions, while logs of wood serve for bolsters! I am of opinion, therefore, that emigrant slaves experience very slight inconvenience in lying down on the deck.

"But *ventilation* is carefully attended to. The hatches and bulkheads of every slaver are grated, and apertures are cut about the deck for ampler circulation of air. Wind-sails, too, are constantly pouring a steady draft into the hold, except during a chase, when, of course, every comfort is temporarily sacrificed for safety. During calms or in light and baffling winds, when the suffocating air of the tropics makes ventilation impossible, the gratings are always removed, and portions of the slaves allowed to repose at night on deck, while the crew is armed to watch the sleepers.

"Handcuffs are rarely used on shipboard. It is the common custom to secure slaves in the *barracoons*, and while shipping, by chaining *ten* in a gang; but as these platoons would be extremely inconvenient at sea, the manacles are immediately taken off and replaced by leg-irons, which fasten them in pairs by the feet. Shackles are never used but

for *full-grown men*, while *women* and *boys* are set at liberty as soon as they embark. It frequently happens, that when the behavior of *male* slaves warrants their freedom, they are released from all fastenings long before they arrive." — pp. 104, 105.

We had proposed to give an abstract of Canot's observations during various trips into the interior, but this may be as well omitted, for he did not go very far from the coast, and his story adds little to what we have learned from other travellers. He makes a very favorable report of the American settlements at Liberia. Though he carried on the trade in their immediate vicinity for a long time, he received no encouragement or aid from them, and the government and people together seem to have exerted themselves zealously, and at last with success, to break up his illicit traffic.

"The first expedition upon which Don Pedro Blanco despatched me revealed a new phase of Africa to my astonished eyes. I was sent in a small Portuguese schooner to Liberia for tobacco; and here the trader who had never contemplated the negro on the shores of his parent country except as a slave or a catcher of slaves, first beheld the rudiments of an infant state, which in time may become the wedge of Ethiopian civilization. The comfortable government house, neat public ware-rooms, large emigration home, designed for the accommodation of the houseless; clean and spacious streets, with brick stores and dwellings; the twin churches with their bells and comfortable surroundings; the genial welcome from well-dressed negroes; the regular wharves and trim craft on the stocks, and, last of all, a visit from a colored collector with a *printed* bill for twelve dollars "anchor dues," all convinced me that there was, in truth, something more in these ebony frames than an article of commerce and labor. I paid the bill eagerly, — considering that a document *printed in Africa by Negroes*, under North American influence, would be a curiosity among the infidels of Gallinas!" — p. 335.

No one need be a prophet to affirm, that, if the slave-trade on the coast of Africa is ever completely extirpated, it will be through the agency of the colony at Liberia and similar establishments. The English settlement at Sierra Leone, formed of uneducated blacks just rescued from the slave-ships, has been a miserable failure. The American colony, peopled by civilized and somewhat educated blacks from this

country, prospers and increases, both in numbers and in the extent of coast, which it commands. Before 1840, the four settlements of which it consists had a population of five thousand souls, of whom only three thousand five hundred were emigrants from the United States, the remainder being either children of those emigrants, or native Africans who came of their own accord from the adjoining country to learn the ways of civilization. Thus the nucleus of a civilized and Christian state, composed exclusively of negroes, has been successfully formed on the African coast, within the limits of which not one of the peculiar scourges of African life can exist. Every square mile that is added to its territory is so much wrested from the domains of barbarism, heathendom, and the slave-trade. Every black who is sent thither from this country becomes a pioneer of civilization, a missionary of the Christian religion, a founder of the useful arts, in the land of his fathers. The first difficulties of the enterprise are overcome; the colony is already numerous and powerful enough to give the law to the savage tribes in its neighborhood. It needs only to be fed by constant and large supplies of emigrants from this country, in order to become a great Christian nation, which shall recompense Africa a thousandfold for all the miseries that have been inflicted upon it by the whites. When it is further considered, that the same measure which would rescue one great continent from barbarism and the slave-trade, would wipe out from another the foul spot of slavery, and that too by no convulsion, no jar of conflicting elements, but as peacefully and gradually as one generation of human beings passes away from earth, and another takes its place, the project rises and dilates before us, as one that would be accompanied in every step of its progress by the prayers of the wise and good, and by the special benediction of Heaven.

- ART. IX.—1. *The Works of GEORGE BERKELEY, D. D., late Bishop of Cloyne, in Ireland; to which is added an Account of his Life, and several of his Letters.* In two volumes. 4to. London. 1784.
2. *The Works of GEORGE BERKELEY, D. D., Bishop of Cloyne; to which are added an Account of his Life, and several of his Letters to Thomas Prior, Esq., Dean Gervais, Mr. Pope, &c.* London: Charles Daly. 1837.

THE relation of this country to Europe, as it is rendered more intimate by the facilities of modern intercourse and the increase of immigration, assumes a greater historical interest. When a long, tedious, and comparatively perilous voyage divided us from the Old World, the advent of a band of exiles or adventurers, or the sojourn of a distinguished foreigner, was a memorable incident. The primitive reverence and attachment which bound the early colonists to their fatherland, their dependence for intellectual resources upon an older civilization, and the nucleus afforded by a vast and unappropriated country for the establishment and growth of political and religious minorities transplanted from ancient states and hierarchies, combined to render the arrival of a refugee, an experimentalist, a member of a proscribed sect, or the advocate of an original scheme or doctrine, an event fraught with incalculable results and singular attraction. The motives, career, and influence of the gifted, the unfortunate, and the philanthropic men who have thus sought an asylum and an arena in America, would form a chapter in our history second to none in importance and romance. It would include the agency of Puritan and Cavalier, of missionary and gold-seeker, of the thrifty Dutchman, the mercu-  
rial Gaul, and the Spanish soldier, of priest, statesman, and trader, in moulding the original elements of national life; and from these general types it would descend to the more temporary, but not less illustrious, examples of the chosen few who came hither to report the unrecorded wonders of a fresh continent, to examine its natural features, direct its policy, assert the claims of discovery and supremacy, minister to its wants,

and do battle for its liberties. To the eye of the philosopher and the hero of Europe this has ever been the land of infinite possibilities. Here scope was yielded to enterprise and thought, to courage and ambition, to usefulness and faith, when their development elsewhere was checked by tyranny, overgrown population, conventionalism, exhausted means, and despotic prejudice. The obstacles thus impending on the one side of the ocean, and the free range open on the other, gave extraordinary impulse, not only to the latent forces of society, but to those of individual character. Hence the new phases of life and the salient evolutions of opinion and effort, discoverable in the memoirs of the first Transatlantic visitors. Their history contains some of the noblest and the most despicable exhibitions of human nature; all that is generous and base in character, chivalry and selfishness, the high-minded and the rapacious, the benefactor and the foe of mankind, alternate in the chronicle; science and bigotry, philanthropy and avarice, the saint and the ruffian, stand out upon the virgin page of our primitive annals, the more distinctly and impressively because of the solitary background of an unsettled country and the limitless perspective of its subsequent growth.

The annalist finds in each company of Europeans who originally explored the forests and navigated the streams of America a representative man, around whom the colony or roving band is grouped on the uncrowded canvas of our early history; and the difference of nation, aim, and faith is indicated at a glance by their very names. What varied associations and opposite elements of character are suggested by the figures thus delineated of De Soto and Penn, Lord Baltimore and Hendrick Hudson, Roger Williams and Father Marquette! When the zeal for gain and the enthusiasm of adventure and religion had somewhat declined, liberal curiosity and humane sympathies influenced another class of men to seek our shores. The noble volunteers from abroad who rallied under the standard of Washington occupy the most honored place on this magnanimous roll,—Lafayette, Steuben, Pulaski, and their brave compeers; and when peace regained her empire consecrated by freedom, the champions of science and of truth began to turn their aspirations in the same direction, some

urged by persecution, and others by the ardor of discovery or beneficence. Priestley, after the destruction of his laboratory by a Birmingham mob, brought hither the fearless spirit of inquiry and experiment that inspired his ingenious mind; Volney turned his sceptical gaze from the decaying monuments of the elder world, to primeval nature in the new; Whitefield breathed here the eloquent appeals that had previously kindled the English Dissenters; Humboldt came to take the altitude of our mountains; Michaux to wander with delight through our glorious woodlands; Cobbett, to publish without restraint his political and economical maxims; Wilson, to give names to the feathered tribe; and Chateaubriand, to make the pilgrimage of a poet to the Falls of Niagara. Then succeeded the swarm of cockney travellers whose egotistical comments proved so annoying to the sensitive pride of embryo nationality; and after them the ephemeral race of lions,—authors and actors,—who often proved so recreant to the memory of a public appreciation too frank and hospitable for their merits,—itinerant lecturers, pretentious strangers, fastidious pilgrims, whose casual triumph was followed by enduring contempt; and, interspersed with these, men of higher faculty and less selfish aims, worthy ministers at the altar of knowledge, who observed the phenomena of our development with the insight of philosophy and the sentiment of humanity,—such as the lamented Spurzheim, the candid Lyell, and the analytical De Tocqueville. It is, indeed, a curious study and an amusing experiment thus to compare the impressions of the illustrious visitors to America, from Charlevoix's quaint Travels to Tom Moore's lampoons and "Lake of the Dismal Swamp," and from Kossuth's speeches to Thackeray's table-talk.

Among the traces yet discoverable of the American sojourn of celebrated individuals during the youth of the country, none are more pleasing or more worthy of commemoration, than those which still keep fresh the name of George Berkeley. He is known to the multitude chiefly by the frequent quotation of his prophetic stanza, and by one of those terse compliments with which the heroics of Pope abound. It is, therefore, a grateful task to recall the details of his life and the

prominent traits of his character, associated as they are with a public spirit and generous projects, of which, for many years, this land was the chosen scene.

When Shaftesbury, in phrases of studied elegance, was advocating a modified Platonic system, and Bishop Sherlock represented the eloquence of the Church, when Swift's pungent satire ruled in politics, and Pope's finished couplets were the exemplars of poetry, when Sir Robert Walpole's ministry and Queen Caroline's levees were the civic and social features of the day, there moved in the circles of literature, of state, and of religious fellowship, one of those men to whom, by virtue of their guileless spirits and ingenuous minds, their sweet repose of character, gentle manners, and speculative tendencies, we instinctively give the name of philosopher. Amid the partisan bitterness and critical rivalry of that era, a contemplative habit and a kindly heart offer a refreshing contrast to the more aspiring and malevolent elements in society. A rare dignity and a potent charm invest the memory of the peaceful and disinterested enthusiast. He purifies the turbid stream of intellectual life, and hallows the pursuit of fame. Of this class of men was George Berkeley, who was born at Kilerin, Ireland, March 12th, 1684. The period embraced in his life was one of great political activity and scientific achievement. He occupied, at the school on the Ormond foundation in the county of Kilkenny, the form where, shortly before, Swift had studied. Locke, Leibnitz, Boyle, and Newton died between his childhood and his mature fame.

His countenance was remarkably expressive of intellect and benevolence. His strength of limb was unusual; his constitution was naturally robust, though gradually impaired by the inactivity of a student's life; and an ardent temperament animated his frame and mien, and enhanced the effect of his candid disposition and attractive manners. To these obvious charms were united the confidence inspired by his integrity and his liberal sympathies, and the respect cherished for his learning and piety. His life was comparatively uneventful; its interest is derived almost wholly from his character and opinions; yet his lot was cast at a period, and among influences, singularly favorable to the gratification of

his tastes and the exercise of his powers. To a childhood passed in Ireland we ascribe at least a degree of the frank warmth of feeling and the imaginative zest which endeared him to contemporaries. The suspicion of Jacobite opinions, the unfavorable effect of which upon Lord Galway was diverted by his pupil, Molyneaux, seems first to have directed public attention to his merits. After becoming a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, he enjoyed the benefit of foreign travel, as companion to a son of the Bishop of Clogher; and soon afterward received the appointment of chaplain to the Duke of Grafton, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Through Sir Richard Steele he became known to the Earl of Peterborough, who took him to Italy as chaplain. On his promotion to the Deanery of Derry, in 1724, he resigned his fellowship. He subsequently visited America on his self-imposed mission, returned to become Bishop of Cloyne, and died at Oxford, whither he had repaired to superintend the education of his sons, in 1753. To learning and benevolence his whole existence was devoted; he illustrated the sentiments of Christianity more by his example as a man, than by his functions as a priest; and, throughout his career, he was a vigilant observer of nature, a patient student of books, a minister to the wants of his race, an earnest seeker for psychological truth, and a delightful specimen of the genuine Christian philosopher.

Berkeley's metaphysical opinions are known under the generic title of the "Ideal Theory," according to which "the belief in an exterior material world is false and inconsistent with itself; those things which are called sensible, material objects, are not external, but exist in the mind by the immediate act of God, according to certain rules, termed laws of nature, from which he never deviates; and the steady adherence of the Supreme Spirit to these rules is what constitutes the reality of things to his creatures, and so effectually distinguishes the ideas perceived by sense from such as are the work of the mind itself or of dreams, that there is no more danger of confounding them together on this hypothesis, than on that of the existence of matter." "It is an opinion," he observes in "The Principles of Human Knowledge," "strangely prevailing among men, that houses, mountains, rivers, and, in

a word, all sensible objects, have an existence natural, real, distinct from their being perceived by the understanding. What are the forementioned objects but the things we perceive by sense, and what do we perceive besides our own ideas and sensations? All those bodies which compose the mighty frame of the world have not any subsistence without a mind." The germ of this philosophy appears in Berkeley's "Theory of Vision," which has been aptly described as illustrating "the immediate presence and providence of the Deity," and as "a practical apprehension of idealism." Stewart identifies it with the theories of the Hindoo philosophers, who, according to Sir William Jones, thought "the whole creation was rather an *energy* than a *work*, by which the Infinite Mind, who is present at all times and in all places, exhibits to his creatures a set of perceptions like a wonderful picture, or a piece of music, always varied, yet always uniform." The practical effect of such views, in the opinion of some of Berkeley's opponents, is in the highest degree baneful; and Bishop Hoadley thought they "corrupted the nature and simplicity of religion, by blending it with the subtilty and obscurity of metaphysics." The singular purity of Berkeley's faith, and the integrity of his character, in the opinion of his religious friends, could alone have furnished an antidote for the bane of his philosophical doctrines.

Berkeley is recognized by standard psychological writers as having contributed a positive and brilliant truth to their science in his "Theory of Vision." The doctrine is thus briefly stated in an article attributed to J. Stewart Mill.

"Of the information which we appear to receive, and which we really do, in the maturity of our faculties, receive through the eye, a part only is originally and instinctively furnished by that sense; the remainder is the result of experience. The sense of sight informs us of nothing originally except light and colors, and a certain arrangement of colored lines and points. This arrangement constitutes what are called by opticians and astronomers apparent figure, apparent position, and apparent magnitude; of real figure, position, and magnitude, the eye teaches us nothing; these are facts revealed exclusively by the sense of touch. We judge an object to be more distant from us by the diminution of its apparent magnitude, that is, by linear perspective;

or by that dimness or faintness of color which generally increases with distance, or, in other words, by aerial perspective. Berkeley alleges that, to a person born blind and suddenly made to see, all objects would seem to be in his eye, or rather in his mind. It would be more correct to say such a person would, at first, have no conception of *in* or *out*, and would only be conscious of colors, and not of objects." \*

By this Berkeley met a great problem of human nature, and, it appears to us, in a way which, so far from tending to materialism and scepticism, involves, in the last analysis, a profound recognition of the spiritual being and destiny of man. Hume may have drawn from it arguments which, at the first glance, seem to favor his disbelief in the foundations of religious faith; but it is evident that the reverse was the case with Berkeley, who was one of the most ardent and skillful opponents of the infidelity of his day. Much of the discussion which his metaphysical views excited was devoted to words rather than to ideas. All our external experience is, in point of fact, but a series of *impressions*; the question is how they are produced; and the chief peculiarity of Berkeley was, that he ascribed a larger share of this process to the mind, and less to the senses, than his predecessors. His error, perhaps, consisted, not in false premises, but in conclusions broader than his premises would warrant. The idea which lies at the root of his philosophy, so clearly developed in the "Theory of Vision," has been accepted by the best thinkers; but the elaboration of this idea into a complete system of immaterialism, in the "Principles of Human Knowledge," finds comparatively few adherents. It is in this extreme application that truth becomes vague, and the philosopher gives place to the dreamer. None the less, however, on this account, should we acknowledge our obligations to Berkeley as a pioneer in the most difficult theme of human inquiry. That was but a dogmatical argument of Dr. Johnson, who, in reference to this doctrine of the non-existence of matter, said, as he kicked a stone, "I refute it thus"; for Berkeley never called in question the fact of sensation, but contended that sensation and its causes existed only in the mind. Bayle,

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\* Westminster Review, Vol. XXXVIII. p. 318.

speaking of his "Theory of Vision," declares that, of all Berkeley's writings, it is that "*qui fait le plus honneur à sa sagacité, et le premier où l'on ait entrepris de distinguer les opérations immédiates des sens des inductions que nous tirons habituellement de nos sensations.*"\* "The doctrine of his Theory of Vision," says the reviewer already quoted, "has remained one of the least disputed doctrines in the most disputed and most disputable of all sciences, — the science of man."

It would far exceed the scope of our present object, however, to analyze the arguments and cite the illustrations by which Berkeley endeavors to prove his bold formula. Those interested in the subject will find, in the volumes devoted to it, an exposition remarkable for beautiful simplicity of style, clearness of statement, and ingenious reasoning; and if unimpressed with its logic, they cannot fail to be charmed with its tone, and won by many a glimpse of the mysterious analogies which link our spiritual consciousness with outward experience. Sir James Mackintosh thus estimates Berkeley as a mental philosopher: "His immaterialism is chiefly valuable as a touchstone of metaphysical sagacity, showing them to be altogether without it who, like Johnson and Beattie, believe that his speculations were sceptical, that they implied any distrust of the senses, or that they had the smallest tendency to disturb reasoning or to alter conduct." Of his style, Sir James remarks: "It is the finest model of the philosophical since Cicero"; and elsewhere, alluding to his last tract, says: "His immaterialism, indeed, modestly appears, but only to purify and elevate our thoughts, and to fix them on mind, — the paramount and primeval principle of all things."

The origin of works that betray strong individuality is always an interesting subject of inquiry. The varied learning and the charitable instincts of Berkeley might have found ample scope in the exercise of his profession; and the tendency of his mind was towards the natural and exact sciences, as is evident from the objects which attracted him in travel, and the books and companions he sought. He adventured in the field of metaphysics in consequence of the excitement his

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\* Biographie Universelle.

young imagination derived from works of fiction, and the subsequent reaction of his judgment and taste from the prescribed text-books in mental philosophy at the University; and he was still further inspired by the enthusiasm for such investigations awakened by the writings of Locke and Malebranche. These causes fixed his thoughts on the study of our mysterious nature; and the ideas he evolved were enhanced in value by the ardor of his disposition, and were the more strongly advocated because vehemently opposed. The form of dialogues, imitated from Plato, in which some of his principal treatises are cast, gives them an obsolete air; and the main problem he undertook to solve, viewed apart from his acute arguments, is one of those broad generalizations which it is far easier for less noble minds to ridicule than to appreciate.

It is remarkable that Berkeley's mind, though so unique in speculation, was keenly observant and exact. When the "Minute Philosopher" was republished in this country, it excited unusual attention, and was esteemed an excellent argument against irreligion, though somewhat too elaborate and dry for prolonged popularity. A marked resemblance has been traced between parts of this work and Butler's Analogy. Besides his metaphysical writings, a mathematical treatise in Latin, a number of controversial tracts, occasional sermons, and a few of his letters, admit us still further into a knowledge of his opinions and disposition. In every instance these casual efforts are inspired by an enthusiasm for truth, which, he quaintly says, "is the cry of all, but the game of few," or by a desire to enlighten and benefit others. The titles of these writings indicate their purpose:—"A Discourse to an Infidel Mathematician"; another to "Magistrates on Irreligious Living"; "A Word to the Wise," wherein he successfully sought to pacify the Catholic clergy of Ireland, and to promote more liberal feelings towards them; "The Querist," in which many useful and benevolent suggestions are offered for the public welfare, and several original hints are given worthy of a political economist, before the science had attained its present consideration; "A Proposal for better supplying Churches in our Foreign Plantations." Every one has read the pensive description of the old South-Sea House in London, in which Lamb reveals in mellow

tints its monitory decay. During the distress incident to the failure of that splendid schème, Berkeley improved the occasion to offer suggestions both of warning and counsel worthy of his sagacious mind and benevolent heart. As a writer he was thus of great immediate utility, especially as the affectionate esteem in which he was held gave sanction to his counsels. When we examine his literary remains, however, with the more concise and varied forms of didactic writing brought into vogue during the last half-century fresh in our minds, there appears a want of life and brilliancy in his most sensible remarks. His style, however deserving of eulogy as a medium for abstract discussion, is somewhat monotonous and diffuse, more that of a scholarly sermonizer than of a modern essayist. And yet it is impossible to recur to his candid and ingenuous writings, in which an intrepid love of truth and a liberal grace of character seem to breathe from the unexaggerated, clear, and tranquil diction, without feeling a certain admiration of the author, springing from love for the man more than from sympathy with the philosopher. His extensive knowledge and catholic tastes are apparent even in the advocacy of his special opinions, and the genial light of a humane, bold, and comprehensive mind gives a charm to ideas that often have no surviving importance, and to objects for some of which it is no longer needful to plead.

It was a sagacious remark of Madame de Stael, that, when we are much attached to our ideas, we endeavor to connect everything with them; and seldom has this trait of the intellectual enthusiast been more emphatically illustrated than in the case of Berkeley. Whenever his feelings were enlisted in behalf of a theory or an enterprise, he derived arguments in its behalf from the most distant sources. One of the last of his favorite ideas was a faith in the curative qualities of tar-water, which had proved useful in a malady under which he suffered. His treatise on the subject deserves no mean rank among the curiosities of literature. The research, ingenuity, and scholarship elicited by his ardent plea for this specific evinces a patient and elaborate contemplation seldom manifest in the discussion of the most comprehensive questions. He analyzes the different balsams, from the balm of Gilead to

amber; he quotes Leo Africanus to describe the process of making tar on Mount Atlas, and compares it with that used in New England; he cites Herodotus and Pliny, Theophrastus and Plato, Boerhaave and Evelyn; he surveys the whole domain of vegetable physiology, points out the relation of volatile salts to the economy of the blood, and discusses natural history, the science of medicine, chemistry, and the laws of life, space, light, and the soul itself, — all with ostensible reference to the virtues of tar-water. He enumerates every conceivable disease as a legitimate subject of its efficacy; and while thus prolix and irrelevant, fuses the whole with good sense, fine rhetoric, and graceful zeal.

His early travels form a pleasing episode in his life. Though somewhat restricted by professional duties, he improved every opportunity to observe, and to record his impressions. The few letters from Italy published in his Memoirs convey the zest and intelligence with which he enjoyed his tour, and his affectionate remembrance of home. He was repelled by the "cold, trivial conceits" of the modern Italian poets, and hailed their newly awakened interest in English authors, as manifested in the translation of Milton that had just appeared. He was present at a disputation at the Sorbonne when in Paris, and, at the English college there, saw the body of the last King James. He was carried over part of the Alps during winter in a chair. From the fact that all volcanoes are near the sea, he inferred a vacuum caused in the bowels of the earth by a vast body of inflammable matter taking fire, on which the water rushes in, and, being converted into steam, gives rise to the eruption. In one of his epistles is a minute and eloquent description of the island of Ischia, which he calls "an epitome of the whole earth"; in another he gives an account of the people of Naples, which shows that they lived a century and a half ago exactly as at present.

"Would you know," he asks, "how we pass the time at Naples? Our chief entertainment is the devotion of our neighbors: besides the gayety of their churches (where folks go to see what they call *una bella devotione*, i. e. a sort of religious opera), they make fireworks almost every week out of devotion; the streets are often hung with arras out

of devotion ; and (what is still more strange) the ladies invite gentlemen to their houses, and treat them with music and sweetmeats, out of devotion : in a word, were it not for this devotion of its inhabitants, Naples would have little else to recommend it beside the air and situation."

The following passages of one of his letters to Pope are characteristic : —

*" Leghorn, May 1, 1714.*

"As I take ingratitude to be a greater crime than impertinence, I choose rather to run the risk of being thought guilty of the latter, than not to return you my thanks for a very agreeable entertainment you just now gave me. I have accidentally met with your Rape of the Lock here, having never seen it before. Style, painting, judgment, spirit, I had already admired in other of your writings ; but in this I am charmed with the magic of your invention, with all those images, allusions, and inexplicable beauties, which you raise so surprisingly, and at the same time so naturally, out of a trifle. And yet I cannot say that I was more pleased with the reading of it, than I am with the pretext it gives me to renew in your thoughts the remembrance of one who values no happiness beyond the friendship of men of wit, learning, and good nature.

"I remember to have heard you mention some half-formed design of coming to Italy. What might we not expect from a muse that sings so well in the bleak climate of England, if she felt the same warm sun, and breathed the same air, with Virgil and Horace ?

"Green fields and groves, flowery meadows and purling streams, are nowhere in such perfection as in England : but if you would know lightsome days, warm suns, and blue skies, you must come to Italy ; and to enable a man to describe rocks and precipices, it is absolutely necessary that he pass the Alps."

As chaplain to the Earl of Peterborough, Berkeley preached regularly at the English factory in Leghorn, and used to relate with much humor a visit he there received from a troop of priests, who walked around his chamber, sprinkling holy water, and muttering Latin prayers. He imagined the ceremony to be an exorcism of heresy, but discovered that it was only the observance of the day enjoined by the Roman calendar for blessing the house and clearing it of vermin. Another and more grave adventure befell him at Paris, where a warm

and protracted argument he held with Malebranche, who, in a dressing-gown, and over a pipkin on the coals, was nursing himself for an inflammation of the lungs, so aggravated the disorder as to cause the metaphysician's death a few days after. While at Lyons, he wrote an ingenious tract, "De Motu," and sent it to the Royal Academy of Sciences. It is deeply to be regretted that his copious and studiously gathered notes for a natural history of Sicily — the fruit of his zealous observation there — were lost, with his journals, at Naples.

The social and friendly relations of Berkeley well illustrate both his character and his position. He was a favorite of Queen Caroline; at whose *soirées* spirited discussions of his theory occurred between him, Clarke, Hoadley, and Sherlock. She was in the habit of sending for him to talk over the American project; and when her generous intentions were thwarted by considerations of etiquette that prevented his obtaining the richest deanery in Ireland, she declared that, "if he could not have it, he should be a bishop," and appointed him to Cloyne. Steele and Swift introduced him to their coteries of wits, and to men of influence. He was a contributor to *The Guardian*, and, to his great surprise, among the principal heirs of Esther Vanhomrigh (Vanessa). No prominent man of that day enjoyed so many enduring and eligible friendships. Satire, then so much in vogue, was melted into kindness, and criticism softened to eulogy, when his name occurred in verse, letter, or conversation. Swift could not sympathize with his dreams, yet he earnestly advocated his cause. Addison laid aside his constitutional reserve to promote Berkeley's wishes. Pope made an exception in his favor, and suffered encomium to remain on his musical page unbalanced by censure. "I take you," says one of his letters, inviting the Dean to Twickenham, "to be almost the only friend I have that is above the little vanities of the town." Atterbury declared, after an interview with him: "So much understanding, so much innocence, and such humility, I did not think had been the portion of any but angels, until I saw this gentleman." It is related by Lord Bathurst, that on one occasion, when several members of the Scriblerus Club met

at his house to dine, it was agreed to rally Berkeley, who was also invited, upon his American scheme. The latter heard the merry banter with the utmost good nature, and then asked permission to reply; and, as his noble host afterwards declared, "displayed his plan with such an astonishing and animating fire of eloquence and enthusiasm, that they were struck dumb, and, after some pause, rose all up together with earnestness, exclaiming, 'Let us set out immediately!'" When he determined to make Oxford his abode, he tendered the resignation of the bishopric of Cloyne, but the king refused to accept it, declaring that he "should live where he pleased, and die a bishop." "He is," writes Warburton, "a great man, and the only visionary I ever knew that was."

Beloved and respected as he was, however, and not without eminent disciples as the advocate of a metaphysical theory, Berkeley seems to have been regarded by many of the prominent men of his day as a mere amiable enthusiast. "Poor philosopher Berkeley," alluding to his illness, writes Swift, "has now the *idea* of health, which it was very hard to produce in him; for he had an *idea* of a strange fever on him, so strong, that it was very hard to destroy it by introducing a contrary one." "I have not seen Dean Berkeley," writes Gay to Swift, "but I have read his book [The Minute Philosopher] and like many parts of it; but in general think, with you, that it is too speculative." When one of his converts, after a sharp argument during an evening visit, rose to depart, "Pray, sir," said Dr. Johnson, "do n't leave us, for we may perhaps forget to think of you, and then you will cease to exist." Similar witticisms are of frequent occurrence in the anecdotes preserved of his illustrious friends; and even when they urged those in power to aid the realization of his benevolent enterprise, the plea is often modified by some compassionate allusion to that romance of character to which his ardent projects were ascribed. It is, however, a law of disinterested action, that, when baffled in its specific aim, incidental good is sure to result, and in order justly to estimate the personal influence of Berkeley in the world of opinion and the cause of humanity, we must take into view the indirect agency of his doctrine, the casual services he fulfilled, and the efficiency of the spirit he was of.

Thus considered, it will be seen that the example and writings of few church dignitaries have proved more beneficent and attractive.

When he returned home, after the failure of his college scheme in America, he instantly paid back all the contributions he had received in aid of that object. When he became the legatee of Swift's indignant mistress, he honorably burned all her love-letters.\* His last act at Cloyne, where his residence had been fraught with blessings to the people, was to sign a lease of the demesne lands there, to be renewed yearly, at a rent of two hundred pounds, for distribution to the poor of the neighborhood.

He enjoyed true philosophic content. "We behold these vicissitudes," says one of his letters, "with an equal eye from the serene corner of Cloyne"; and, speaking of the gout, from which he occasionally suffered, he observes, "It throws off a sharp excrement from the blood to the limbs and extremities of the body, and is no less useful than painful." The following passage from another letter gives us a charming idea of the same spirit when age began to subdue his vivacity.

"For my own part," he writes, under date of April 6, 1752, "I submit to years and infirmities. My views in this world are mean and narrow; it is a thing in which I have small share, and which ought to give me small concern. I abhor business, and especially to have to do with great persons and great affairs. The evening of life I choose to pass in a quiet retreat. Ambitious projects, intrigues, and quarrels of statesmen, are things I have formerly been amused with; but they now seem to be a vain and fugitive dream. We have not the transports of you castle-hunters; but our lives are calm and serene."

The love of retirement, native to the scholar, was confirmed in Berkeley by domestic affections. His wife had some skill in painting; and music was cultivated in the family, it being

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\* It was said, indeed, that Vanessa made it a condition of her legacy, that her correspondence with Swift should be published; and Berkeley has been reproached for its non-fulfilment. Sir Walter Scott, in his *Life of Swift*, explains the whole affair. There was no such condition in the will, and although Berkeley destroyed the letters, his co-legatee retained copies, and, from these, extracts subsequently found their way into print.

their custom to assemble early in the morning to receive instruction in that art from an Italian professor. The day the Bishop passed in his study, and gave the evening to his family and social intercourse. Beautiful, even in its sadness, was the death of this benignant and gifted man, and singularly appropriate to the close of such a life. One Sabbath afternoon, in the winter of 1753, as he lay on a couch, in the full possession of those noble faculties he had borne so meekly, listening to one of Sherlock's Sermons, his wife beside and his children around him, the gentle and exalted spirit of Berkeley took its flight,—so quietly and without a struggle, that it was not until his daughter, approaching him to offer refreshment, found his hand cold, that they knew he was no more.

Such was the character and such the career of the man who, a century and a quarter ago, turned manfully from the allurements of clerical distinction and literary society, from the pleasures of wealth and fame, to bring religious truth and intellectual culture to the aborigines of this continent; who anticipated its marvellous destinies, and hailed it as a new field for the triumphs of humanity. There are more imposing monuments in the venerable precincts of Oxford, recalling the genius which hallows our ancestral literature, but at the tomb of Berkeley we linger with affectionate reverence, as we associate the gifts of his mind and the graces of his spirit with that disinterested and memorable visit to our country.

In 1725, Berkeley published his proposals in explanation of this long-cherished purpose; at the same time he offered to resign his livings, and to consecrate the remainder of his days to this Christian undertaking. So magnetic were his appeal and example, that three of his brother-fellows at Oxford decided to unite with him in the expedition. Many eminent and wealthy persons were induced to contribute their influence and money to the cause. But he did not trust wholly to such means. Having ascertained the worth of a portion of the St. Christopher's lands ceded by France to Great Britain by the treaty of Utrecht, and about to be disposed of for public advantage, he undertook to realize from them larger proceeds than had been anticipated, and suggested that a certain amount

of these funds should be devoted to his college. Availing himself of the friendly intervention of a Venetian gentleman whom he had known in Italy, he submitted the plan to George I., who directed Sir Robert Walpole to carry it through Parliament. He obtained a charter for "erecting a college, by name St. Paul's, in Bermuda, with a president and nine fellows, to maintain and educate Indian scholars at the rate of ten pounds a year, George Berkeley to be the first president, and his companions from Trinity College the fellows." His commission was voted May 11, 1726. To the promised amount of twenty thousand pounds to be derived from the land-sale, many sums were added from individual donation. The letters of Berkeley to his friends, at this period, are filled with the discussion of his scheme; it absorbed his time, taxed his ingenuity, warmed his heart, and drew forth the strong sympathy and earnest co-operation of his many admirers, though regret at the prospect of losing his society constantly finds expression. Swift, in a note to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, says: "I do humbly entreat your excellency either to use such persuasions as will keep one of the first men of the kingdom for learning and genius at home, or assist him, by your credit, to compass his romantic design." "I have obtained reports," says one of his own letters, "from the Bishop of London, the Board of Trade and Plantations, and the Attorney and Solicitor General"; "yesterday the charter passed the privy seal"; "the Lord Chancellor is not a busier man than myself." And elsewhere: "I have had more opposition from the governors and traders to America, than from any others. But God be praised, there is an end of all their narrow and mercantile views and endeavors, as well as of the jealousies and suspicions of others (some of whom were very great men) who apprehended this college may produce an independency in America, or at least lessen its dependency on England."

Freneau's ballad of the "Indian Boy," who ran back to the woods from the halls of learning, was written subsequently, or it might have discouraged Berkeley in his idea of the capacity of the American savages for education; but more positive obstacles thwarted his generous aims. The king died before affixing his seal to the charter, which delayed the whole pro-

cedure. Walpole, efficient as he was as a financier and a servant of the house of Brunswick, was a thorough utilitarian, and too practical and worldly-wise to share in the disinterested enthusiasm of Berkeley. In his answer to Bishop Gibson, whose diocese included the West Indies, when he applied for the funds so long withheld, he says: "If you put the question to me as minister, I must assure you that the money shall most undoubtedly be paid as soon as suits with public convenience; but if you ask me as a friend, whether Dean Berkeley should continue in America expecting the payment of twenty thousand pounds, I advise him by all means to return to Europe." To the project thus rendered unattainable, Berkeley had devoted seven years of his life and the greater part of his fortune. The amount realized by the sale of confiscated lands was about ninety thousand pounds, of which eighty thousand were made the marriage portion of the Princess Royal, about to espouse the Prince of Orange; and the remainder, through the influence of Oglethorpe, was secured for the transportation of emigrants to his Georgia colony.

Berkeley's scheme was more deliberate and well-considered than is commonly believed. Horace Walpole calls it "uncertain and amusing"; but a writer of deeper sympathies declares it "too grand and pure for the powers that were." His nature craved the united opportunities of usefulness and of self-culture; he felt the obligation to devote himself to benevolent enterprise; and at the same time earnestly desired both the leisure and the retirement needful for the pursuit of abstract studies. The project he contemplated promised to combine all these objects. The infinite wants, intellectual and religious, of the new continent, he possessed a heart to feel; the grand destinies awaiting its growth, he had the imagination to conceive. Those who fancy that his views were limited to the plan of a doubtful missionary experiment, do great injustice to the broad and elevated hopes he cherished. He knew that a recognized seat of learning open to the poor and uncivilized, and the varied moral exigencies of a new country, would insure ample scope for the exercise of all his erudition and his talents; he felt that his mind would be a kingdom wherever his lot was cast; and he was inspired by a noble interest in

the progress of America, and a faith in the new field there open for the advancement of truth, as is evident from the celebrated verses in which these feelings found expression : —

“The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime,  
Barren of every glorious theme,  
In distant lands now waits a better time,  
Producing subjects worthy fame :

“In happy climes, where from the genial sun  
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,  
The force of art by nature seems outdone,  
And fancied beauties by the true :

“In happy climes the seat of innocence,  
Where nature guides and virtue rules,  
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense,  
The pedantry of courts and schools :

“There shall be sung another golden age,  
The rise of empire and of arts,  
The good and great inspiring epic rage,  
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

“Not such as Europe breeds in her decay ;  
Such as she bred when fresh and young,  
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,  
By future poets shall be sung.

“Westward the course of empire takes its way ;  
The four first acts already past,  
A fifth shall close the drama with the day ;  
Time’s noblest offspring is the last.”

In August, 1728, Berkeley married a daughter of the Honorable John Forster, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and soon after embarked for America. His companions were his wife and her friend, Miss Hancock, two gentlemen of fortune, James and Dalton, and Smilert the painter. In a picture by the latter, now in the Trumbull Gallery at New Haven, are preserved the portraits of this group, as they appeared in the cabin, during the voyage. It was sketched at sea, and afterwards painted for a gentleman of Boston, of whom it was purchased, in 1808, by Isaac Lathrop, Esq., and presented to Yale College. This visit of Smilert associates Berkeley’s name with the dawn of art in America. They had travelled together in Italy, and the Dean induced him to join the expedition, partly from friendship,

and also to enlist his services as instructor in drawing and architecture in the proposed college. Smilert was born in Edinburgh, about the year 1684, and served an apprenticeship there to a house-painter. He went to London, and, from painting coaches, rose to copying old pictures for the dealers. He then gave three years to the study of his art in Italy.

"Smilert," says Horace Walpole, "was a silent and modest man, who abhorred the *finesse* of some of his profession, and was enchanted with a plan that he thought promised tranquillity and an honest subsistence in a healthy and Elysian climate, and in spite of remonstrances engaged with the Dean, whose zeal had ranged the favor of the court on his side. The king's death dispelled the vision. One may conceive how a man so devoted to his art must have been animated when the Dean's enthusiasm and eloquence painted to his imagination a new theatre of prospects, rich, warm, and glowing with scenery which no pencil had yet made common." \*

Smilert was the first educated artist who visited our shores, and the picture referred to, the first of more than a single figure executed in the country. To his pencil New England is indebted for portraits of many of her early statesmen and clergy. Among others, he painted for a Scotch gentleman the only authentic likeness of Jonathan Edwards. He married a lady of fortune in Boston, and left her a widow, with two children, in 1751. A high eulogium on his abilities and character appeared in the London Courant. From two letters addressed to him by Berkeley, when residing at Cloyne, published in the Gentleman's Magazine, it would appear that his friendship for the artist continued after their separation, as the Bishop urges the painter to recross the sea and establish himself in his neighborhood.

A considerable sum of money, and a large and choice collection of books, designed as a foundation for the library of St. Paul's College, were the most important items of the Dean's outfit. In these days of rapid transit across the Atlantic, it is not easy to imagine the discomforts and perils of such a voyage. Brave and philanthropic, indeed, must have been the heart of an English Church dignitary, to whom the road of

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\* Anecdotes of Painting, Vol. III.

preferment was open, who was a favorite companion of the genial Steele, the classic Addison, and the brilliant Pope, who basked in the smile of royalty, was beloved of the Church, blessed by the poor, the idol of society, and the peer of scholars, and yet could shake off the allurements of such a position, to endure a tedious voyage, a long exile, and the deprivations attendant on a crude state of society and a new civilization, in order to achieve an object which, however excellent and generous in itself, was of doubtful issue, and beset with obstacles. Confiding in the pledges of those in authority that the parliamentary grant would be paid when the lands had been selected, and full of the most sanguine anticipations, the noble pioneer of religion and letters approached the shores of the New World.

It seems doubtful whether Berkeley designed to make a preliminary visit to Rhode Island, in order to purchase lands there, the income of which should sustain his Bermuda institution. The vicinity of that part of the New England coast to the Bermudas may have induced such a course; but it is declared by more than one of his biographers, that his arrival at Newport was quite accidental. The captain of the ship which conveyed him from England, it is said, was unable to discover the island of Bermuda, and at length abandoned the attempt, and steered in a northerly direction. They made land which they could not identify, and supposed it inhabited only by Indians; it proved, however, to be Block Island, and two fishermen came off and informed them of the vicinity of Newport harbor. Under the pilotage of these men, the vessel, in consequence of an unfavorable wind, entered what is called the West Passage, and anchored. The fishermen were sent ashore with a letter from the Dean to the Rev. James Honyman. They landed at Canonicut Island, and sought the dwellings of two parishioners of that gentleman, who immediately conveyed the letter to their pastor. For nearly half a century, this faithful clergyman had labored in that region. He first established himself at Newport in 1704. Besides the care of his own church, he made frequent visits to the neighboring towns on the mainland. In a letter to the Secretary of the English Mission in America, in 1709, he

says, "You can neither believe, nor I express, what excellent services for the cause of religion a bishop would do in these parts; these infant settlements would become beautiful nurseries, which now seem to languish for want of a father to oversee and bless them." And in a memorial to Governor Nicholson on the religious condition of Rhode Island, in 1714, he observes: "The people are divided among Quakers, Anabaptists, Independents, Gortonians, and Infidels, with a remnant of true Churchmen."\* It is characteristic of the times and region, that, with a broad circuit and isolated churches as the sphere of his labors, the vicinity of Indians, and the variety of sects, he was employed for two months, in 1723, in daily attending a large number of pirates who had been captured, and were subsequently executed; one of the murderous bands which then infested the coast, whose extraordinary career has been illustrated by Cooper in one of his most popular nautical romances.

When Berkeley's missive reached this worthy pastor, he was in his pulpit, it being a holiday. He immediately read the letter to his congregation, and dismissed them. Nearly all accompanied him to the ferry wharf, which they reached but a few moments before the arrival of the Dean and his fellow-voyagers. A letter from Newport that appeared in the *New England Journal*, published at Boston, under date of September 3, 1729, thus notices the event:—"Yesterday arrived here Dean Berkeley of Londonderry, in a pretty large ship. He is a gentleman of middle stature, and of an agreeable, pleasant, and erect aspect. He was ushered into the town by a great number of gentlemen, to whom he behaved himself after a very complaisant manner. 'T is said he purposes to tarry here about three months."

We can easily imagine the delightful surprise which Berkeley acknowledges at the first view of that lovely bay and the adjacent country. The water smiled, in the clear autumn air, like the Mediterranean; the fields, adorned with symmetrical haystacks and golden maize, and bounded by a lucid horizon, against which rose picturesque windmills and the clustered

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\* Hawkins's *Historical Notices of the Missions of the Church of England in the North American Colonies*, p. 173.

dwellings of the town, the noble trees which then covered the island, the bracing yet tempered atmosphere, — all greeted the senses of those weary voyagers, and kindled the grateful admiration of their romantic leader. He soon resolved upon a longer sojourn, and purchased a farm of a hundred acres at the foot of the hill on which stood the dwelling of Honyman, and which still bears his name.

There he erected a modest mansion, with philosophic taste choosing the valley, in order to enjoy the fine view from the summit occasionally, rather than lose its charm by familiarity. At a sufficient distance from the town to insure immunity from idle visitors, within a few minutes' walk of the sea, and girdled by a fertile vale, the student, dreamer, and missionary pitched his humble tent where Nature offered her boundless refreshment, and Seclusion her contemplative peace. His first vivid impressions of the situation, and of the difficulties and consolations of his position, are described in the few letters, dated at Newport, which his biographer cites. At this distance of time, and in view of the subsequent changes of that region, it is both curious and interesting to revert to these incidental data of Berkeley's visit.

*"Newport in Rhode Island, April 24, 1729.*

"I can by this time say something to you, from my own experience, of this place and people. The inhabitants are of a mixed kind, consisting of many sects and subdivisions of sects. Here are four sorts of anabaptists, besides presbyterians, quakers, independents, and many of no profession at all. Notwithstanding so many differences, here are fewer quarrels about religion than elsewhere, the people living peaceably with their neighbors of whatsoever persuasion. They all agree in one point, that the church of England is the second best. The climate is like that of Italy, and not at all colder in the winter than I have known everywhere north of Rome. The spring is late; but, to make amends, they assure me the autumns are the finest and the longest in the world; and the summers are much pleasanter than those of Italy by all accounts, for as much as the grass continues green, which it does not there. This island is pleasantly laid out in hills, and vales, and rising grounds, hath plenty of excellent springs and fine rivulets, and many delightful rocks, and promontories, and adjacent lands. The provisions are very good; so are the fruits, which are quite neglected, though vines sprout up of themselves to an extraordinary size, and seem as natural to

this soil as to any I ever saw. The town of Newport contains about six thousand souls, and is the most thriving, flourishing place in all America for its bigness. I was never more agreeably surprised than at the first sight of the town and its harbor."

*June 12, 1729.* "I find it hath been reported in Ireland that we intend settling here: I must desire you to discountenance any such report. The truth is, if the King's bounty were paid in, and the charter could be removed hither, I should like it better than Bermuda. But if this were mentioned before the payment of said money it might perhaps hinder it, and defeat all our designs. I snatch this moment to write, and have time only to add that I have got a son, who, I thank God, is likely to live."

*May 7, 1730.* "Last week I received a packet from you by the way of Philadelphia, the postage whereof amounted to above four pounds sterling of this country money. I am worried to death by creditors. I am at an end of my patience, and almost of my wits. Our little son is great joy to us: we are such fools as to think him the most perfect thing in its kind we ever saw."

To the poet, scenery of distinctive and picturesque beauty and grandeur is desirable, but to the philosopher general effects are more congenial. High mountains, forests, and waterfalls appeal more emphatically to the former, and luxuries of climate and atmosphere to the latter. Accordingly, the soft marine air, and the beautiful skies of summer and autumn, in the region of Berkeley's American home, with the vicinity of the sea-coast, became to him a perpetual delight. He alludes, with grateful sensibility, to the "pleasant fields," and "walks on the beach," to "the expanse of ocean studded with fishing-boats and lighters," and the "plane-trees" that daily cheered his sight, as awakening "that sort of joyful instinct which a rural scene and fine weather inspire." He calls Newport "the Montpelier of America," and appears to have communed with nature and inhaled the salubrious breeze, while pursuing his meditations, with all the zest of a healthy organization and a susceptible and observant mind. A few ravines, finely wooded and with fresh streams purling over rocky beds, vary the alternate uplands; from elevated points a charming distribution of water enlivens the prospect; and the shore is indented with high cliffs or rounded into graceful curves. The sunsets are remarkable for a display of gorgeous and radiant clouds; the

wide sweep of pasture is broken only by low ranges of stone wall, clumps of sycamores, orchards, hay-stacks, and mill-towers; and over luxuriant clover-beds, tasselled maize, or fallow acres, plays, for two thirds of the year, a southwestern breeze, chastened and moistened by the Gulf-Stream.

Intercourse with Boston was then the chief means on the island of learning political and domestic news. A brisk trade was carried on between the town and the West Indies, France, England, and the Low Countries, curious memorials of which are still visible in some of the old mansions in the shape of china and glass ware of obsolete patterns, and faded specimens of rich brocade. A sturdy breed of Narragansett ponies carried fair equestrians from one to another of the many hospitable dwellings scattered over the fields, on which browsed sheep and cackled geese, still famous in epicurean reminiscence; while tropical fruits were constantly imported, and an abundance and variety of fish and fowl rewarded the most careless sportsman. Thus blessed by nature, the accidental home of the philosophic Dean soon won his affection. Intelligent members of all denominations united in admiration of his society and attendance upon his preaching. With one neighbor he dined every Sunday, to the child of another he became godfather, and with a third took counsel for the establishment of the literary club which founded the Redwood Library. It was usual then to see the broad brims of the Quakers in the aisles of Trinity Church, and, as an instance of his emphatic yet tolerant style, it is related that he once observed in a sermon, "Give the Devil his due, John Calvin was a great man."\* We find him at one time writing a letter of encouragement to a Huguenot preacher of Providence, and at another visiting Narragansett with Smilert to examine the aboriginal inhabitants. His own opinion of the race was given in the discourse on "The Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," delivered in London on his return. To the ethnologist it may be interesting, in reference to this subject, to revert to the anecdote of the portrait-painter cited by Dr. Barton. He had been employed by the Grand Duke of Tuscany

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\* Updike's History of the Narragansett Church.

to paint two or three Siberian Tartars presented to that prince by the Czar of Russia, and on first landing at Narragansett with Berkeley, he instantly recognized the Indians there as of the same race with the Siberian Tartars,—an opinion confirmed by Wolff, the celebrated Eastern traveller.

During his residence at Newport, Berkeley became acquainted with the Rev. Jared Elliot, one of the trustees of Yale College, and with the Rev. Samuel Johnson, an Episcopal minister of Stratford, Connecticut, who informed him of the condition, prospects, and wants of that institution. He afterwards opened a correspondence on the subject with Rector Williams, and was thus led, after the failure of his own college scheme, to make his generous donations to a seminary already established. He had previously presented the College with a copy of his writings. In 1732, he sent from England a deed of his farm in Rhode Island, and, the conditions and descriptions not being satisfactory, he sent the ensuing year another deed, by which it was provided that the rents of his lands should be devoted to the education of three young men,—the best classical scholars; the candidates to be examined annually, on the 6th of May; in case of disagreement among the examiners, the competitors to decide by lot; and all surplus funds to be used for the purchase of classical books. Berkeley also gave to the library a thousand volumes, which cost over four hundred pounds,—the most valuable collection of books then brought together in America. They were chiefly his own purchase, but in part contributed by his friends. One of the graduates of Yale, educated under the Berkeley scholarship, was Dr. Buckminster, of Portsmouth, N. H. Unfortunately, the income of the property at Newport is rendered much less than it might be, by the terms of a long lease. This liberality of the Bishop of Cloyne was enhanced by the absence of sectarian prejudice in his choice, for the stewardship of his bounty, of a collegiate institution where different tenets were inculcated from those he professed. That he was personally desirous of increasing his own denomination in America is sufficiently evinced by the letter in which he directs the Secretary of the Episcopal Mission there to appropriate a balance originally

contributed to the Bermuda scheme. This sum had remained at his banker's for many years unclaimed, and he suggests that part of it should be devoted to a gift of books for Harvard University, "as a proper means to inform their judgment and dispose them to think better of our Church." His interest in classical education on this side of the water is also manifested in a letter advocating the pre-eminence of those studies in Columbia College.

It is a remarkable coincidence, that Berkeley should have taken up his abode in Rhode Island, and thus completed the representative character of the most tolerant religious community in New England, by the presence of an eminent Episcopal dignitary. A principal reason of the variety, the freedom, and the peace of religious opinion there, to which he alludes, is the fact that, through the liberal wisdom and foresight of Roger Williams, that State had become an asylum for the persecuted of all denominations from the neighboring provinces; but another cause may be found in the prevalence of the Quakers, whose amiable tenets and gentle spirit subdued the rancor of bigotry and fanaticism. Several hundred Jews, still commemorated by their cemetery and synagogue, allured by the prosperous trade and the tolerant genius of the place, added still another feature to the varied population. The lenity of Penn towards the aborigines, and the fame of Fox, had given dignity to the denomination of Friends, and their domestic culture was refined, as well as morally superior. Enterprise in the men, who in a neighboring State originated the whale-fishery, and beauty among the women of that sect, are traditional in Rhode Island. We were reminded of Berkeley's observations in regard to the natural productions of the country, during a recent visit to the old farm-house where he resided. An enormous wild grape-vine had completely veiled what formed the original entrance to the humble dwelling, and several ancient apple-trees in the orchard, with boughs mossy with time, and gnarled by the ocean gales, showed in their sparse fruit and matted twigs the utter absence of the pruning-knife. The dwelling itself is built after the manner common to farm-houses a century ago, entirely of wood, with low ceilings, broad fire-place, and red cornice. The only

traces of the old country were a few remaining tiles, with obsolete designs, around the chimney-piece. But the deep and crystal azure of the sea gleamed beyond corn-field and sloping pasture; sheep grazed in the meadows, hoary rocks bounded the prospect, and the mellow crimson of sunset lay warm on grass slope and paddock, as when the kindly philosopher mused by the shore with Plato in hand, or indited a metaphysical dialogue in the quiet and ungarnished room which overlooks the rude garden. Though, as he declares, "upon all private accounts," he liked "Derry better than New England," pleasant was the abode, and grateful is the memory of Berkeley, in this rural seclusion. A succession of green breastworks along the brow of the hill beneath which his domicile nestles, by reminding the visitor of the retreat of the American forces under General Sullivan, brings vividly to his mind the Revolution, and its incalculable influence upon the destinies of a land which so early won the intelligent sympathy of Berkeley; while the name of Whitehall, which he gave to this peaceful domain, commemorates that other revolution in his own country, wherein the loyalty of his grandfather drove his family into exile. But historical soon yield to personal recollections, when we consider the memorials of his sojourn. We associate this landscape with his studies and his benevolence; and, when the scene was no longer blessed with his presence, his gifts remained to consecrate his memory. In old Trinity, the organ he bestowed peals over the grave of his first-born in the adjoining burial-ground. A town in Massachusetts bears his name. Not long since, a presentation copy of his "Minute Philosopher" was kept on the table of an old lady of Newport, with reverential care. In one family, his gift of a richly wrought silver coffee-pot, and, in another, that of a diamond ring, are cherished heirlooms. His rare and costly books were distributed, at his departure, among the resident clergy. His scholarship, at New Haven, annually furnishes recruits to our church, bar, or medical faculty. In an adjacent parish, the sacramental cup was his donative. His legacy of ingenious thoughts and benign sentiment is associated with the hanging rocks that are the seaward boundary of his farm, his Christian ministry with the ancient church, and his verse with the progress of America.

ART. X.—*General History of the Christian Religion and Church.* From the German of DR. AUGUSTUS NEANDER. Translated by JOSEPH TORREY, Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in the University of Vermont. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 1853–54. 5 vols. 12mo. pp. 740, 768, 626, 650, 415.

WE envy the Romish Church in no respect so much as in her privilege of canonization. There are some saints for whom we are not satisfied with private reverence,—the knowledge or memory of whose virtues we are not willing to trust to the channels and chances of literature alone. We would have them revered by those who seldom read, and held in honor long after their biographies in the common course of nature will pass into oblivion. We wish that there were some authority which could invest their brows with the *nimbus* for all coming ages, make them as guiding stars to shine out for ever from the galaxy of less conspicuous merit, render their names the acknowledged property of the whole Church, and endow them posthumously with a sort of official relation to their successors in the remotest generations on the arena of Christian activity. We would not object to a calendar full of such beacon-marks,—to a saint for every day, the recurrence of whose anniversary might excite curiosity, elicit inquiry, keep the *Acta Sanctorum* of the Church Universal within the general knowledge of the religious public, and call forth the “*Ora pro nobis*” in the sense in which the Protestant no less than the Romanist believes that his prayers may be upborne and seconded by the pure intercessions of those who worship on the other side of the veil. On the golden register, were we to choose our own particular saint among those who have labored for God and man since St. Paul assumed the crown of martyrdom, we know not but that the lot might fall on Neander.

Religious journalists are fond of likening this greatest Christian scholar of the age to the Apostle John. In our esteem, his character presents many more points of resemblance to St. Paul. We like not, indeed, the contrast in

which these two Apostles are often placed. Paul seems to us no less tender and fervent, no less endowed with all the finer, richer, loftier traits of the emotional nature Godward and manward, than John. The countenance but once beheld by the former in miraculous vision on the way to Damascus was no less phototyped on his soul, than on that of him who had often beheld it, both in agony and glory; and the love of Christ was equally with both the constraining motive, the crowning joy of life. But Paul had a depth of learning, a range of thought, a dialectic subtilty and cogency, a mastery of all rhetorical resources, an eloquence which ran through the entire gamut of human susceptibilities profound and lofty, to which "the beloved disciple" made no approach; and in these attributes our saintly German theologian certainly rose nearer to his level than any man of our times, if not of all modern Christendom. We find that his character as a Christian believer affects us in very much the same way with that of the "Apostle to the Gentiles." Among the external evidences of the authenticity of the history and the divine power of the doctrines of the Christian revelation, we regard as second to none the simple fact, that Paul, in our esteem the greatest man that God ever made, was a Christian, and was not ashamed to own it. Neander took his place among the learned men of Germany at a period when faith in Jesus of Nazareth, in any intelligible sense of those words, was as sure a ground of reproach and obloquy as it was in the first two centuries among the cultivated minds of Athens and Rome,—when the genius and erudition of the German universities and pulpits were divided between a rationalism that resolved the supernatural in the sacred writings into an inflated and ambitious style in the narration of natural and ordinary occurrences, a pseudo-spiritualism which veiled its infidelity under symbolical and mythical interpretation, and a pantheism which ignored exegesis and adhered to the Church for the sake of its offices and emoluments. The unsophisticated belief of miracle and prophecy was identified with intellectual narrowness, and the suspicion of piety cast doubt on the learning and a deep shadow on the reputation of a theologian. In such a condition of things, it is no slight

testimony to the impregnableness of the Christian evidences, and to the specific levity of the accumulated doubts and objections of eighteen centuries, that the very man in all Germany who had taken the most thorough, comprehensive, and philosophical survey of the religious history of the world, and whose mental scope and acumen were the most fully adequate to so arduous a research, assumed and retained his position as a believer in the integrity of the Christian Scriptures and the divine mission of their central personage. His faith reassures our own. It at least convinces us that the human mind has not outgrown Christianity.

The analogy between St. Paul and Neander extends even to style. Neander often piles up, like Paul, massive sentences, full of parenthetical and qualifying clauses, presenting his idea simultaneously in all its "many-sidedness," and welding defence to statement, so that the very statement is first made in its complete polemic form. He abounds in digressions, not desultory or purposeless, but foraging excursions often into remote regions, from which he returns with a wealth of illustration or argument to render the direct current of his discourse deeper, fuller, more emphatic, and more decisive. But, like the Apostle, he never loses himself in side issues, or finally drops a subject till he has exhausted its merits, or its uses for the case in hand. As with St. Paul, too, his logic is all charged with the latent fires of a devout enthusiasm; the under-current of profound religious feeling is continually rising to the surface; and the most abstruse discussions, if not, as in the Pauline Epistles, interspersed with doxologies in set form, are often broken in upon by traits of sentiment that make us aware of the perpetual co-activity of the writer's intellectual and religious nature, and call upon us to worship with him while we are illumined by the lucidness and borne on by the cogency of his reasoning.

Neander might be said, without exaggeration, to have been providentially trained for the work of an ecclesiastical historian. He was born of Jewish parents, and was educated in the Hebrew faith. Dissatisfied with this, he sought refuge in Platonism, and, finding there no adequate ground of repose, he returned to the ancient Scriptures of his nation, and followed

their prophetic indications till they led him to the manger of Bethlehem. He thus approached Christianity *ab extra*, and could the more fully appreciate the contents of its revelation from his experience in other regions of actual or tentative belief. His own consciousness interpreted to him alike the limited reception and the general rejection of the new religion among the Jews, — alike the almost Christian element in Plato's philosophy, and the tendencies that erected Neo-Platonism into a citadel for enfeebled Paganism. It was, no doubt, in part to his personal history, no less than to his noble nature, that he was indebted for the catholicity of his sympathies. Conscious of honesty and of the possession of important truth before he became a Christian, he was prepared to do ample justice to integrity of purpose under the various forms of dogmatic error, and to recognize the Christian verities, of which the wildest heresies are often but one-sided views and exaggerated statements. It was, no doubt, his diversified religious experience, together with a profound consciousness of the immeasurable worth of Christianity, in any form, above any negation of it or substitute for it, that dictated the following comment on the passage in the Epistle to the Philippians in which St. Paul expresses his joy at the preaching of the Gospel by his personal enemies and theological opponents.

"It implies a love purified from selfishness far above what is common, to be able to recognize and with joy to acknowledge the work of the Lord, when performed through the agency of a personal enemy. But the power of this purified and exalted love reveals itself under still another view, when the truth lying at the basis of even an erroneous representation of the Gospel is recognized and welcomed; when the seed of truth is not rejected and spurned on account of the error, even though this may oppose itself to a purer, more complete, unmutated conception of the Gospel as preached by ourselves, but is welcomed as one step towards the further advancement of the Gospel. But how seldom do we find a like example! One who is capable, it may be, of joyfully welcoming the work of the Lord when advanced by means of a personal enemy, might yet not be able so far to forget self as to accept with cordial love, and to use for the common cause of the Lord, the truth lying at the bottom of the errors promulgated by his opponent, especially when in direct opposition to the pure truth which he is himself conscious of preaching. How different would it have been in the

Church, how many divisions might have been avoided, how many who have labored only to oppose each other might have labored together for the spread of the Gospel, — how many who have hardened themselves in their errors, and have lost by degrees even so much of divine truth as they had embraced, might from that partial view have been led farther and farther in the knowledge of the truth, and have been gradually made free from the bondage of error, — if Christians, instead of demanding everything at once, with the impatient zeal of a love not sufficiently purified from self, had been more observant of the various grades of faith and knowledge, and had nurtured them with a forbearing charity."

Let it not be inferred, however, that Neander's charity was that of indifference, — that his personal convictions were of that elastic tissue which can adapt itself with equal ease to creeds complex and simple, rigid and latitudinarian. The position of such a thinker would be as unfavorable for the work of an ecclesiastical historian, as a wave-rocked ship for minute astronomical calculations. One must have fixity as to his own belief and sympathies, in order to behold divergent and antagonistic modes of faith in their mutual bearings. The heartlessness which ignores the diversities of sects, and the breadth of soul which can comprehend them all, are at opposite poles of the moral universe; and because Neander had the latter, he was at the farthest possible remove from the former. He was a firm champion of supernaturalism, and his "Life of Jesus," elicited by the celebrated work of Strauss bearing the same name, though not polemic, but expository in its form, embodies in our apprehension the noblest defence of historical Christianity ever written, if that may be called a defence which removes its object beyond the reach of assault. His doctrinal belief, as indicated in his works, accords for the most part with the symbolic formulæ of the Lutheran Church; but he expressed a strong repugnance for written creeds, and it was manifest that his mind gave no lodgement to such technical dogmas as could not be transmuted into sentiment or motive, and incorporated into the life of the soul. In this regard he may be classed with Arnold and Bunsen, and like them he held perpetually in view a "Church of the future," whose bond of union should be, not formal or ritual, but spiritual.

In addition to these high qualifications for his great life-

work, he enjoyed the most ample opportunities that the world afforded for his chosen department of study, and was permitted to pursue his labors continuously and uninterruptedly from youth to death. At the age of seventeen he commenced his university course at Halle; at twenty-two he became Professor at Heidelberg; and two years later entered upon his duties as a Professor of Theology in the University of Berlin, where he remained till his decease, in his sixty-second year. He lived without care; indeed, was so unobservant of external affairs as to be dependent on the constant guardianship of his sister, while his chief society was that of his colleagues and pupils, with whom he was wont to discuss the themes which occupied his hours of study. He commonly delivered two or three courses of lectures during each academic year, embracing the several departments of Church History, Exegesis, Dogmatic Theology, and Christian Ethics; but his lectures were always extemporaneous, and thus spared him the necessity of writing for immediate use, while their wide range fell entirely within the scope of his historical researches, and only served to give added breadth, solidity, and completeness to his survey of the Christian ages. His incessant industry ceased only with his life. He delivered his last lecture within a week of his death, and dictated some sentences of his history but a few moments before he sank into the quiet slumber in which his spirit passed from earth. His amanuensis wrote from his lips the characteristic sentence: "Thus far in general;—afterwards there comes the further development." He then asked the hour; said, "I am weary,—I will now go to sleep,—good night"; and spoke no more.

The work before us was literally the labor of Neander's whole life. His numerous other publications were most of them monographs on individual topics of ecclesiastical history, commencing with a "Treatise on Julian and his Times," issued when he was but twenty-three years of age. Of his exegetical writings we have read only his Commentary on the Epistle to the Philippians, which is less a textual interpretation, than an exhibition of the Pauline element in Christian theology as a working force in the life of the Church. His "Life of Jesus," to which we have already referred, has for its full title,

“The Life of Jesus Christ in its Historical Connections,” and constitutes probably the most carefully arranged chronological epitome of the Gospel narratives extant in any language, while for its critical value we prize it more than all other commentaries covering the same ground within our reach, and in its spiritual intuition it seems to bring us so very near to the heart of the Redeemer, as on that score to justify the comparison, else inadequate, of the author with the beloved disciple who leaned on his Master's bosom. His “History of the Planting and Training of the Christian Church under the Apostles” is an expansion of that one portion of the general history, and reproduces in lifelike colors the aspects of the apostolic age, so that he who reads it finds a flood of light poured upon the Acts of the Apostles, and upon the various controversies, and the crises and exigencies of the infant Church, which furnished the subject-matter for the epistolary portions of the New Testament. In fine, no modern scholar seems to us to have had so vivid and realizing conceptions as Neander, of Christianity, as it first uttered itself in the words and outraged itself in the divine life of its Founder, as it was embodied in the convictions, policy, and administration of his immediate followers, and as it came in contact with the various pre-existing forms of religion and philosophy. He thus was pre-eminently qualified to trace the flow of Christian doctrine and influence from its sacred fountains down through its discoloring channels of transmission, through ages of darkness and eras of renewed light, through corruptions, heresies, and partial reformations, to these latter days, in which its still divided current rolls on to become one again in that happier future foreshadowed in the Saviour's prayer at the Last Supper.

Of the Church History the first volume appeared in 1826. Four subsequent volumes followed at intervals, and received the finishing touches of the author's hand. A sixth volume (the fifth in the Translation before us) was left in a somewhat fragmentary condition, and was prepared for the press by his pupil, friend, and frequent assistant, K. F. Th. Schneider. In executing this delicate office, the editor, with a truly filial modesty, has confined himself to such critical emendations

as the author himself would have made, without attempting to supply the portions of the work which, however carefully elaborated, would still have shown the absence of the master's hand. Professor Torrey's Translation is well worthy of its original. He had to encounter the difficulties of an ultra-German style, involved, strongly idiomatic, and not unfrequently difficult of interpretation from the intense condensation of thought,—obscure from "excess of light." These difficulties were of course enhanced by the superior affluence of the German tongue, alike in the vocabulary of mental and spiritual science, and in terminations and constructions that express graduated shades of significance. We name these obstacles only to say that the volumes under review show no traces of them. Though the translator has neither added, omitted, nor altered so much as a sentence, he has reproduced the entire work, not in an Anglo-German, but in a purely English form, in a style marked equally by perspicuity, elegance, and ease. Such a version can be made only by one who occupies the same plane of intellect with the author; and we cannot sufficiently admire the self-abnegation of a man of so distinguished ability and culture, in consenting to lend his own mind simply as the translucent medium for another's thought and the vehicle of another's fame. The work, as we have it, does honor to American literature, and as a scholarly enterprise demanding and exhibiting the highest order of qualification, it only and hardly occupies a second rank as compared with the original productions in the department of secular history which have achieved so much for our national reputation.

We have double reason to be grateful to Professor Torrey, on the score of the long-felt need which he has supplied and the deplorable void which he has filled. Prior to this publication there existed not in the English language an Ecclesiastical History adequate to the wants of the theologian or the general scholar. It is an indisputable fact that Mosheim (not as travestied by Maclaine, but as translated and edited by Professor Murdock) furnishes more authentic renderings of the memorials of Christian antiquity, and sounder judgments on matters in controversy, than any original English

writer in the same field. But he wrote a century ago; and since his days not only has there been a great accumulation of materials, but the very philosophy of history has sprung into being. Mosheim only collected existing records; but did not put his witnesses to the rack, confront them with the circumstances and influences that must have deflected their literal veracity, and deduce from what their testimony was what it should have been. Neander was of kindred genius with Niebuhr. In historical research he always goes behind documentary evidence to such considerations as determine its validity and weight, and summons the recognized laws and limitations of human nature and experience to his aid in the interpretation of ambiguous, or the choice between conflicting testimonies.

But let it not be imagined that this is a work adapted only to the needs of professed theologians. It cannot fail to command the profound and thankful interest of every intelligent reader. It is sufficiently minute in detail, deals largely in biographical anecdote, enters lovingly into the spirit of the successive ages in all that challenges the humane or religious sympathies, and, while it is eminently philosophical, never overlays fact with speculation, or warps historical truth into harmony with preconceived theories.

The first volume commences with a sketch of the religious condition of the world, Roman, Greek, Pagan, and Jewish, at the time when Christianity was first promulgated. Then follows the history of the constitution, discipline, and schisms of the Church, down to the period of the Novatian controversy. To this succeeds what to many readers will be second to no other portion of the work in interest and value,—a picture of the life and worship of the primitive Christians, comprising their sentiments and habits with regard to domestic concerns, arts and trades, dress, public amusements, military service, and slavery, as also their modes of admitting disciples, conducting their public assemblies, and administering the ordinances of the Gospel. We next have a thorough analysis of dogmatic theology as it was developed in the main body of the Church, and as it diverged thence, on the one hand towards Judaism, and on the other towards the

philosophy of the East, and was then subdivided into various heresies, each deriving its name and type from some distinguished heresiarch. The volume closes with the lives of the Church Fathers from Barnabas to Origen. Next to the first volume, the fifth, unfinished though it be, seems to us to contain the largest amount of important and interesting matter, embodying, as it does, a full narrative of the life, services, and sufferings of Wicklif, John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, and, as regards Wicklif, presenting a striking contrast to the narrow and unappreciative, though laudatory, *Memoir* by Le Bas. The author was spared to bring his history only down to the dawning of the Protestant Reformation. We know of no living man capable of wielding the cæstus which dropped from his hand in death. D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation" takes up the narrative where Neander left it, and as a popular work, blending the parenetic with the historical element, it is worthy the currency which it has had in the original and in its English version; but in profoundness of research and in impartial judgment it bears no comparison with the volumes under review. Neander has shown the world how ecclesiastical history must be written, and if he has established a standard which few can hope to attain, he has at least furnished a model which cannot lack zealous and emulous imitators.

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ART. XI. — *Works of FISHER AMES, with a Selection from his Speeches and Correspondence.* Edited by his Son, SETH AMES. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1854. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 406, 442.

MORE than a generation — nearly fifty years — has passed since the eminent orator, scholar, and patriot, whose name gives the title to these volumes, was gathered to his fathers in the quiet village of Dedham, amid the tears of friends and the unfeigned sorrow of all. Soon after his death, a single volume of essays and speeches was published, with an elegant and discriminating biographical sketch by President Kirk-

land. We have always, however, felt the need of something to give us a more familiar knowledge of the man, and also of the undercurrent of feeling which accompanied and stimulated the measures of that great political party to which Mr. Ames was attached. This want is in a good measure supplied by the present publication, and we welcome the "Letters" as a valuable aid to the understanding of the errors and the virtues of that day. They are written with entire freedom, without reserve or constraint, and reflect with beautiful distinctness the varying moods of the writer, — his hopes and fears, his humor and his earnestness, his convictions and his motives. We might have read them with increased interest, and have been spared some pains of research, had the editor (to use his own words) "connected these letters together by a thread of biographical narrative." Yet, while we are disposed to regret somewhat the delicate reserve that withheld this labor, we are far more inclined to be grateful for the valuable addition which he has contributed to the permanent literature of the country. The time is approaching, though it may not yet have fully come, for a candid judgment of the public men and political events in the administrations of Washington and his immediate successors. Since that day party issues and party names have frequently changed. Old distinctions have become obsolete, and men this year have been ready to "swear an eternal friendship" with those whom a twelvemonth ago they were as ready to condemn as heretics and traitors. Even the charge of "Federalist," occasionally still flung out by some fierce partisan to atone for a failure of wit and argument, has ceased to be thought very severe or damaging; and, on the other hand, "Republican," once a concentrated expression of the progressive and uncontrollable elements of the body politic, looks quite conservative beside its brother "Democrat" (a word born of the French Revolution, and which Mr. Jefferson is said not to have used, though his followers have gloried in it somewhat overmuch), and seems absolutely to lean back and assume a position of offended dignity in presence of the impudent, intrusive, and, let us hope, short-lived "Fillibuster."

From the compact biography by Dr. Kirkland we learn the

few facts of Mr. Ames's life to which it is necessary now to refer. He was born in Dedham, April 9, 1758, the youngest of five children. His father was a physician, in moderate circumstances, who died when his son was but six years of age. Through the labor and care of his mother, the boy was enabled to enter Harvard College, at the early age of twelve years. Notwithstanding his youth, he bore well the temptations and trials of college life, distinguished himself by his scholarship, and was graduated with honor in 1774. "His spotless youth," says Dr. Kirkland, "brought blessings to the whole remainder of his life. It gave him the entire use of his faculties, and all the fruit of his literary education. Its effects appeared in that fine edge of moral feeling which he always preserved, in his strict and often austere temperance, in his love of occupation, that made activity delight, in his distaste for public diversions, and his preference of simple pleasures. Beginning well, he advanced with unremitted steps in the race of virtue, and arrived at the end of life with peace and honor." His youth, and the narrowness of his circumstances, compelled him, after leaving Cambridge, to engage for a time in teaching, that great and perennial resource of the New England student. While instructing others, however, he was careful thoroughly to discipline himself. With a maturity beyond his years, he began to gather materials for future use. He made himself familiar with the classics and English poetry, besides enriching his mind with general reading. Subsequently, having studied law under William Tudor, Esq., of Boston, he commenced the practice of it in his native village, in the year 1781.

His mind, like that of almost every distinguished person of his time, was early turned to public affairs. He must have watched the course of the Revolutionary war with the closest interest, although too young to engage in it personally. His earliest public efforts showed the direction of his thoughts. Shays's rebellion, rising so suddenly, and assuming at once a formidable character from the number of those engaged in it, not only surprised the unthinking, but far more deeply moved the sober-minded, in view of its causes and possible results. It led Mr. Ames, then twenty-eight years of age, to

publish several essays in the Independent Chronicle at Boston, under the signatures of Brutus and Camillus, intended to encourage the minds of his countrymen, and foreshadowing, in no doubtful language, the necessity of a stronger federal government. "It is time," he says, "to make the federal head supreme in the United States." "If we make a wise use of the advantages which, with innumerable mischiefs, the rebellion has afforded, our government may last. This is the tide in our affairs, which, if taken at the flood, will lead to glory. If we neglect it, ruin will be inevitable. It is vain to expect security in the future, merely from the general conviction that government is necessary, and that treason is crime. It is vain to depend upon that virtue which is said to sustain a commonwealth. This is the high-flown nonsense of philosophy, which experience daily refutes. It is still more absurd to expect to prevent commotions by conforming the law to popular humors, so that faction shall have nothing to complain of, and folly nothing to ask for." "Anarchy and government are both before us, and in our choice. If we fall, we fall by our folly, not our fate: and we shall evince to the astonished world of how small influence to produce national happiness are the fairest gifts of Heaven, — a healthful climate, a fruitful soil, and inestimable laws, — when they are conferred upon a frivolous, perverse, and ungrateful generation."

In what century and year, we almost pause to ask, were these concluding words written? Does not their eloquent warning apply to our times as forcibly as to his? to the middle of the nineteenth century, as well as to the later years of the eighteenth? Yet in every government, especially in a free government, the dangers of each age are in a measure peculiar to itself. The question of that age was, virtually, whether there should be a united government at all; for the confederation had existed long enough to demonstrate its incompetency. Yet it was with fear often predominating over hope, that the most profound and thoughtful patriots — civilians, scholars, soldiers — concentrated their energies in the forming of a new constitution, which should combine freedom with stability; which might stretch its authority to every corner of the land, yet invalidate no right of the humblest citizen; which

might prove sufficient for the complex relations of a people whose rapid growth the prophetic eye foresaw, while it left every State government unharmed in its original authority. For two centuries no body of men had assembled on a more momentous errand, than the Convention which met at Philadelphia, May 14, 1787. It required, perhaps, more courage to adopt the Declaration of Independence, but not so much wisdom, and the emergency was even less hazardous. "The peace of America hung by a thread," said Mr. Ames, "and factions were already sharpening their weapons to cut it. The project of three separate empires in America was beginning to be broached, and the progress of licentiousness would have soon rendered her citizens unfit for liberty in either of them." It was now to be determined whether that Declaration was the act of sagacious, energetic, far-sighted statesmen, or of inconsiderate and reckless demagogues and rebels. To sever the bond through which the sapling had drawn life from the parent tree was easy, but whether the offshoot had struck its roots deep enough to hold the trunk safe against the storm was yet to be tested. The men on whom this devolved proved themselves equal to the emergency. The published journals show how carefully, how considerately, with what thoroughness and with what jealousy, every important point was discussed. Unanimity was impossible; it was a wonder that the agreement was so general. "In all our deliberations," say they in ever-memorable words, "we kept steadily in our view that which appears to us the greatest interest of every true American, the consolidation of our Union,—in which is involved our prosperity, felicity, safety, perhaps our national existence. This important consideration, seriously and deeply impressed on our minds, led each State in the Convention to be less rigid on points of inferior magnitude than might have been otherwise expected; and thus the Constitution which we now present is the result of a spirit of amity, and of that mutual deference and concession which the peculiarity of our political situation rendered indispensable."\*

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\* Letter from the Convention to Congress, on submitting the Constitution: signed George Washington, President.

The Convention finished their labors on the 17th of September, and transmitted the Constitution, as agreed upon, to the United States in Congress assembled. But the work was not yet accomplished. It was still doubtful whether the requisite number of States would ratify the new Constitution. The opposition was able and strenuous in nearly every State; in some it was sustained by persons of eminent abilities and undeniable patriotism. In Virginia, Patrick Henry brought the vast weight of his popularity, his great Revolutionary services, and his splendid and overwhelming eloquence, to bear against it, through a protracted debate of twenty days. Yates, and Lansing, and Governor George Clinton led the opposition in New York. In Massachusetts, Hancock and Samuel Adams, on whose influence much depended, were considered doubtful. Gerry had already refused to sign it.

The grounds of hostility were various, and often contradictory. Some were dissatisfied because too much power was concentrated in the general government; others, because too much was still left to the States and the people. A possible and probable tyranny was the great danger in the eyes of one class; anarchy and dissolution, in the view of another.

In the mean time the friends of the Constitution were not idle; for if the present effort failed, when could they hope to succeed? They lost no opportunity, therefore, of appealing to the sound judgment and patriotism of the people, and of enforcing their views by the calmest and strongest reasoning. The newspapers were crowded with articles, some of them of great ability. Hamilton and Madison, slightly assisted by Jay, mainly with the view of influencing New York, wrote the "Federalist," an exposition and defence of the Constitution, as luminous, as massive, as enduring, as that great work itself. The little State of Delaware did herself the honor of taking the lead in ratification, on the 7th of December, 1787. Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, and Connecticut rapidly followed in order. The Convention in Massachusetts met early in 1788. Mr. Ames spoke on several topics, but none of his speeches were fully reported, and only one, that on biennial elections, has been so preserved as to give a tolerable idea of his ability and general method. In its present imper-

fect form, it still exhibits abundant elements of the power for which he was afterwards distinguished, — the same terseness and vigor, the same condensed thought, the same independence, manliness, and originality.

The more public life of Mr. Ames covered a very important period. The first Congress met at New York in 1789. Mr. Ames was chosen a representative of the Suffolk district, over a distinguished competitor, Samuel Adams, and by successive elections was continued a member of the House during both the administrations of Washington. One of his earliest letters from New York is specially interesting, as giving an account of the first appearance of the President. It is addressed "To George Richards Minot, (Confidential,)" and bears date May 3, 1789.

"Dear George, — I would very cheerfully comply with the wishes expressed in your last, and pursue my sour commentary upon great folks and public bodies, but haste will not permit. I was present in the pew with the President, and must assure you that, after making all deductions for the delusion of one's fancy in regard to characters, I still think of him with more veneration than for any other person. Time has made havoc upon his face. That, and many other circumstances not to be reasoned about, conspire to keep up the awe which I brought with me. He addressed the two Houses in the Senate-chamber; it was a very touching scene, and quite of the solemn kind. His aspect, grave, almost to sadness; his modesty, actually shaking; his voice, deep, a little tremulous, and so low as to call for close attention; added to the series of objects presented to the mind, and overwhelming it, — produced emotions of the most affecting kind upon the members. I, Pilgarlic, sat entranced. It seemed to me an allegory in which Virtue was personified, and addressing those whom she would make her votaries. Her power over the heart was never greater, and the illustration of her doctrine by her own example was never more perfect." — Vol. I. p. 34.

A postscript describes Madison: it is the more striking from the contrast.

"I made two speeches, the latter in reply to Madison, who is a man of sense, reading, address, and integrity, as 't is allowed. Very much Frenchified in his politics. He speaks low, his person is little and ordinary. He speaks decently, as to manner, and no more. His language is very pure, perspicuous, and to the point. Pardon me, if I add, that I think him a little too much of a book politician, and too timid in his

politics, for prudence and caution are opposites of timidity. He is not a little of a Virginian, and thinks that State the land of promise, but is afraid of their State politics, and of his popularity there, more than I think he should be. His manner is *something* like John Choate's.\* He is our first man." — pp. 35, 36.

Washington assumed the Presidency under circumstances in some respects favorable, but in others of great difficulty. Had he not been actuated by a large-minded and far-sighted patriotism, had he not been so strongly intrenched in the affections of his countrymen that neither insidious efforts nor open attacks could dislodge him, the office would have been to him what Jefferson was pleased afterwards to call it, "a splendid misery"; and not only so, but the first years of the Union would probably enough have been the last. Nothing so much as a conviction of the magnanimous virtue of the great chief of the Revolution gave to the people that confidence in the government which was necessary for its success. But for this, the experiment, even the Union, might have failed, for lack of patience among the States. As it was, the road along which the government was to move was new and untried. Precedents were to be established; the construction of powers given by the Constitution to be settled; a system of revenue to be provided; debts to be paid; relations with foreign governments to be arranged. It was most difficult to avoid being drawn into the vortex of European politics. England was hostile, though nominally at peace with us. France, once our friend, was on the eve of its Revolution. Forebodings of war darkened every foreign horizon. Within our own borders brooded anxiety and fear. An honest dissatisfaction with the Constitution was widely felt. A deeper hostility to the government was nursing itself in secret, and gathering strength for future violence. The friends of the Constitution, with Washington at their head, were called Federalists. Those opposed to it, under the secret or open lead of Mr. Jefferson, at first called Anti-Federalists, subsequently took the name of Republicans. Mr. Ames was firmly at-

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\* "John Choate, of Ipswich, a member of the Convention of 1788, at which the Federal Constitution was acceded to on the part of the State of Massachusetts."

tached to the former party, and took a prominent part in the most important discussions during the eight years that he sat as representative. That in which his eloquence was most striking, and in which his political life seemed to culminate, was the memorable debate on the British Treaty, in 1796.

Early in 1794, Mr. Madison introduced his famous resolutions in harmony with the principles of a report which Mr. Jefferson had recently made to Congress on "the privileges and restrictions on the commerce of the United States in foreign countries." These resolutions, though ostensibly relating to commerce, had the effect, if they were not so intended, of stirring up, and giving form and coherence to the floating hostility against England. They were discussed at intervals during several months, and elicited strong feeling on both sides. In the mean time a bill was passed in the House, and lost in the Senate only by the casting vote of the Vice-President, to cut off all intercourse with Great Britain. A considerable portion of the nation was strongly attached to France, and any criticism on her policy met with indignant rebukes. When Mr. Ames denounced the resolutions in the House as "having French stamped on their face," Mr. Parker warmly answered, that "he wished everybody had a stamp on his forehead, to show whether he was for France or Great Britain." This reply, and the subsequent eulogium upon France, drew applause from the gallery. Many insisted on wearing the French cockade, and urged a declaration of open war with England. Nor were they destitute of arguments to influence the popular mind. The military posts on Lake Erie and in the vicinity were still held by British soldiers, who were suspected of exciting the hostility of the Indians. American commerce was harassed; American vessels were seized; American seamen impressed.

"My dear Friend," — wrote Mr. Ames to Christopher Gore, — "I take more and more pride in the comparison of our merchants and people with those of the South. You praise the former, very justly, for their coolness and steadiness. It is a time when the indulgence of passion is peculiarly pleasant, and no less costly; for it will perhaps cost our peace, our wealth, and our safety. It is our intemperate passion that aggravates our embarrassments. Some persons think it had no little

influence to produce them. I would not justify the insolence and injustice of the English: they are not to be justified; but our fury for the French, and against the English, is more natural than salutary. France has stopped more than an hundred sail of our vessels at Bordeaux. We sit still; we say nothing; we affect to depend on their justice; we make excuses. England stops our vessels with a provoking insolence; we are in a rage. This marked discrimination is not merited by the French. They may rob us; they may, as it is probable they will, cut off Tom Paine's head, vote out the Trinity, kill their priests, rob the merchants, and burn their Bibles;—we stand ready to approve all they do, and to approve more than they can do. This French mania is the bane of our politics, the mortal poison that makes our peace so sickly. It is incurable by any other remedy than time. I wish we may be able to bear the malady till the remedy shall overcome it. The English are absolutely madmen. Order in this country is endangered by their hostility, no less than by the French friendship. They act, on almost every point, against their interests and their real wishes. I hope and believe such extreme absurdity of conduct will be exposed with success. Should a special minister be sent from this country to demand reparation, much will depend on his character and address. Who but Hamilton would perfectly satisfy all our wishes? This idea, a very crude and unwarranted one to suggest, should be locked up in your bosom. I know not that such a thing will happen; I incline to wish it may. He is *ipse agmen*. Should it be carried into effect, the English merchants ought to rouse their London friends, and to exert their pen and ink powers, to explain the true situation of things in this country. In a word, I think you ought to help the two gentlemen mentioned in your letter to state the political mischiefs worked here by the *Jacobin* system the English pursue; that they Frenchify us; they do everything they should not do; that they ought to raise their policy from the ground, where it now grovels, to the height from whence the statesman can see clearly and very far. I am full of a book on this subject. I wish I could make John Bull read it; such ideas, fully dilated, repeated, pressed, and diffused, would aid the extra messenger, and would help the cause of peace.

“If John Bull is a blockhead, and puts himself on his pride to maintain what he has done, and should refuse reparation, it will, I think, be war.”—Vol. I. pp. 139, 140.

In this state of things, Washington, who, in the midst of the excitement, was unwilling to lose any chance of preserving the neutrality which he regarded as so important, and

which had been determined on as the settled policy of the government, decided to send a special ambassador to England, in order if possible to arrange the difficulties by treaty. His first choice was Hamilton ; but in consequence of the fierce opposition raised against him, he finally committed the matter to Chief Justice Jay, whose great Revolutionary services and thorough integrity commanded universal confidence. Mr. Jay went to England in April, 1794. The treaty was signed in November, and immediately transmitted to the United States. After some delay, and notwithstanding a strong opposition out of Congress as well as within, it was ratified by the Senate, in June, 1795, and signed by the President, with the feeling, that, although not entirely satisfactory, it was the best that could be obtained. No sooner, however, were its provisions fully known, than it was assailed, not less after the ratification than before, with surprising virulence, by the party presses, and by the opposition in the House. There was no stint to the opprobrium heaped upon it and its author. The citizens of Boston passed resolutions, which they sent to the President. In New York and Philadelphia the treaty was burnt by turbulent crowds. In Charleston, John Rutledge, Chief Justice of the State, and even then, though he knew it not, under appointment as Chief Justice of the United States, denounced it as disgraceful, and spoke of Jay himself as either corrupt or stupid to have signed it. Petitions against it, couched in similar language, were circulated through all the States. These were addressed to the House of Representatives, solemnly protesting against the absorption of the powers of the government by the President and Senate, and praying the House, in their wisdom, "to adopt such measures, touching the said treaty, as should most effectually secure from encroachment the constitutional delegated powers of Congress, and the rights of the people, and preserve to the country an uninterrupted continuance of the blessings of peace." Enmity against England, artfully encouraged by the leaders, still rankled in the bosoms of many, who for that reason, if for no other, warmly protested their love for France, now somewhat peremptorily challenging the sympathy of all the world.

On the 1st of March, 1796, the treaty was sent to the

House by President Washington, as duly ratified. The next day, Mr. Livingston of New York offered a resolution calling on the President for his instructions to Mr. Jay, and the correspondence and documents relating to the treaty. The main ground for this call, as stated by Livingston, was, that the House had a discretionary power to carry the treaty into execution or not. The resolution was supported by Mr. Gallatin, already rising to a general fame, and by Mr. Madison, whose part in framing the Constitution was thought to attach great weight to his opinion. They contended that the general power of making treaties might be either expressly limited by positive clauses in the Constitution, or checked by powers vested in other branches of the government; that the power of granting money reposed in Congress would be a check upon the President and Senate; that a contrary doctrine would virtually vest all power in the Executive and Senate. It was also contended, that treaties were the supreme law of the land only with reference to the legislation of the individual States, not with reference to the laws of the United States; and still further, that, "if the treaty power alone could perform any one act for which the authority of Congress is required by the Constitution, it may perform any act for which the authority of that part of the government is required." Hence, the President, with the Senate, according to this construction, might regulate trade, raise troops and borrow money to pay them, declare war, keep up a standing army, and furnish soldiers to be taken to Europe, Asia, or Africa. This was one of the arguments of Madison, who, while he professed that he would leave the power of making treaties with the President and Senate, contended that a legislative sanction and co-operation were still required where it was necessary for the House to pass laws to carry a treaty into effect. The other party relied upon the plain meaning of the clause in the Constitution which confined the power of making treaties to the President and Senate; the difference between treaties and laws was pointed out, and although the ultimate right of the House to defeat an unjust or ruinous treaty was allowed, it was placed on the same ground with the right of revolution or insurrection.

The debate was unusually protracted, lasting three weeks, but the resolution was finally passed. The President, considering the case as an unfounded claim of power, contrary to the express provisions of the Constitution, and important as establishing a precedent, in a message of great dignity, declined to accede to the demand. The message closed with these words: "As, therefore, it is perfectly clear to my understanding, that the assent of the House of Representatives is not necessary to the validity of a treaty; as the treaty with Great Britain exhibits in itself all the objects requiring legislative provision, and on these the papers called for can throw no light; and as it is essential to the due administration of the government, that the boundaries fixed by the Constitution between the different departments should be preserved,—a just regard to the Constitution and to the duty of my office, under all the circumstances of this case, forbids a compliance with your request."

Soon after this, the House, dissatisfied with the message, passed resolutions reasserting its power in relation to treaties. Such was its temper, with a general and undefined hostility to the government, when a resolution was introduced, that provision ought to be made by law for carrying into effect the treaty with Great Britain. This was at first joined with a resolution respecting the treaties with Algiers, Spain, and the Indians, but was finally considered separately, and on its own merits. The opposition was strong and fierce. Madison led the attack, followed by Nicholas, Giles, Gallatin, and others. On the side of the administration the resolution was sustained with an earnestness and vigor commensurate with the results which were at stake. The friends of the government felt that on the decision of the question depended not only peace or war, not only the danger of drawing the country into active participancy in the wars of Europe, just then commencing with such a menacing portent for the future, but the whole course of the American people, and the very stability of the government itself.

Mr. Ames had taken his seat in Congress late in the session, under a strict injunction of silence from his physician and friends. He had been so much indisposed as to take very

little part in the business of the House. His letters during this period, while they abound with the playfulness which he never restrained with his intimate friends, mark also the feeble state of his health, and the serious concern with which he regarded the proceedings of Congress. Hamilton had defended the treaty in a series of articles of great ability, signed Camillus, which made a strong impression, and greatly alarmed Mr. Jefferson. Of these papers, Mr. Ames wrote, January 18, 1796: "I have read two Camilluses on the constitutionality of the treaty; so much answer to so little weight of objection is odds. He holds up the ægis against a wooden sword. Jove's eagle holds his bolts in his talons, and hurls them, not at the Titans, but at sparrows and mice. I despise those objections in which blockheads only are sincere." The following letter to Jeremiah Smith gives a lively picture of the man and the circumstances in which he was placed.

"Mamaroneck, at Mrs. Horton's, 27 miles east from  
New York, February 3, 1796. — Wednesday Morning.

"My dear Friend, — Here I am, *per varios casus*, through thick and thin; *jactatus et terris*, the sleigh often on bare ground; *vi superûm*, and then there was great wear and tear of horseflesh; *tantæne animis iræ*, such is my patriotic zeal to be useless in Congress. I give you a translation to save you trouble, and I have the *most intimate persuasion*\* that it is as near the original as the copies of Mr. Fauchet's despatches, number three and six. I left Springfield Saturday morning, and came on to Hartford, very sick all the way. But I assure you, solemnly, I survived it, and was well the next morning. Lodged at New Haven Sunday night, at Norwalk Monday night. The snow grew thin at New Haven, and was nearly gone in the cartway at Stamford. There I procured a coachee from a Mr. Jarvis, who was very obliging, and no democrat, his name notwithstanding. Came on wheels to this place, and slept; waked and found a snow-storm pelting the windows. It still continues, and I have sent back the coachee sixteen miles to Mr. Jarvis, and wait for the sleigh. Fate, perhaps, ordains that it will thaw by the time it comes back; so much uncertainty is there in all the plans of man! The novelty of this grave reflection will recommend it to you. To-morrow expect to hear the bells ring,

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\* "In Mr. Randolph's published vindication, a letter was introduced from Fauchet, stating, among other things, that he had a *most intimate persuasion* that he had misunderstood Mr. R.'s application."

and the light-horse blow their trumpets, on my reaching New York. If Governor Jay will not do that for me, let him get his treaty defended by Camillus and such understrappers. I intend to pass two days there, and three more will, I trust, set me down in Philadelphia. Do not let me go down to the pit of the Indian Queen. It is Hades, and Tartarus, and Periphlegethon, Cocytus, and Styx, where it would be a pity to bring all the piety and learning that he must have, who knows the aforesaid infernal names. Pray leave word at the said Queen, or, if need be, at any other Queen's, where I may unpack my weary household gods. I am the better for the journey, although I have, at least three times, been so ill as to come near fainting. My country's good alone could draw a man so sick from home, — saving that I am not sick, and shall do my country no good. That, however, is not allowed by counsel, to impair the obligation to pay me six dollars per day. Forbearing to be mischievous is said to be a valid consideration. I shall not prove a troublesome lodger, nor call for little messes; a slice of dry bread at noon, wine- whey frequently at bed-time, will be all the addenda to the common attendance. Your offer to lodge with me in the same house is really very friendly, as you might well expect to find me both stupid and hyp'd. If I should prove otherwise and better, it will be a just reward for your generous friendship. Yours, &c." — Vol. I. pp. 184, 185.

Within a month from this, he writes to Thomas Dwight: —

"Philadelphia, February 16, 1796.

"Dear Friend, — I see, by the Centinel, your name is on the list of the majority, on the question of amendments. Still I think it prudent to address this to Springfield.

"My health is the better for the journey. I doubt whether I could have effected it on wheels, as with all the accommodation of a sleigh, and all the precautions I could use, and although sixteen days on the road, I was several times near a full stop, being so unwell as to unfit me to travel. I am here, however, and as the weather is mild, and is usually very fine from this date for three months, I believe my chance of recovery is mended by the situation I am in.

"I rejoice with you, that the spirit of our Massachusetts legislature is so adverse to desperate innovation as the yeas and nays indicate. I hope, however, that many of the minority are opposed to the Virginia amendments, but voted as they did on other grounds, for I conceive it demonstrable on the most approved principles, vouched by experience, that the said amendments are not merely unfriendly to, but utterly subversive of, a free republican government.

"Disorganizers never sang a more lamentable dirge. France is rob-

ing herself in *costume*, the uniforms of her three branches. Is not that worse than titles? The United States behold the failure of the schemes of foreign corruption and domestic faction; the States, one after another, fulminating contempt on Virginia and Co.; as, for example, the ironical and sarcastic resolves of Pennsylvania. Every such proceeding chills the Catilines here, like the touch of the torpedo. Whether the anti-treaty resolutions will be moved in Congress is doubted by some. I believe they will be moved, and I fear will be carried. Others think they will fail. The unconstitutionality of the treaty is too ridiculous a piece of sophistry for men of sense to maintain. A direct vote that it is bad, disgraceful, and ruinous, is said to be resolved on by the party.

“The whisperers of secret history say that the flag of France was presented to the President, after a design and an attempt to get it received by the House of Representatives, thus to throw the President into the background; but finding it would not do, the mode adopted was the only one.

“A majority of wrong heads is said to be in the House. If so, and good laws are impeded, as usual, let the blame fall on those who hold the power of acting or stopping action.”—pp. 186, 187.

And, again, March 11, he says in a letter to Christopher Gore:—

“Mr. Giles has just finished a great speech, and our friend Sedgwick is now making another. Nothing will be decided till the next week. The manifest force of argument is on our side. Madison spun cobweb yesterday—stated five constructions of the Constitution, and proceeded to suggest the difficulties in each, but was strangely wary in giving his opinion. Conscience made him a coward. He flinched from an explicit and bold creed of anarchy. Giles has no scruples, and certainly less sense. Pray attend to the debate. I am not able to stay in the House all the time; expect therefore a broken history from my pen. The party abhors being drawn into the argument on the construction of the Constitution, on this question for a call of papers.”—p. 189.

The debate on the resolution in favor of the treaty was commenced on the 15th of April, and was protracted day after day, with great spirit and energy. The friends of the treaty were quite willing that the decision should not be hastened, for every day brought tidings from the country in their favor. Petitions came in from Boston, New York, and other important cities. Public sentiment was strong enough to encourage the Federalists, to diminish the confidence of their

opponents, and to give many members a sufficient motive for voting in favor of the resolution, though their opinions had been expressed against the treaty. Mr. Ames did not take the floor till near the close of the debate. He then rose, impelled apparently by the strength of feelings which he could not resist; and he who a month before had spoken of his political life as ended, and of himself as "an old gun, spiked, trunnions knocked off, and about to be carted off the field," now closed the discussion with a speech, most varied in its tone, ranging from pathos to satire, most vigorous and masterly both in attack and defence, and not only ranking first in that memorable and important debate, but by universal testimony and undisputed tradition taking place among the most powerful productions of our country's eloquence. Eloquence demands an occasion as well as an orator. Neither was wanting here. Acuteness, wit, knowledge, feeling, wisdom, depth and freedom of thought, mastery of language, an instinctive and subtile facility of touching the springs of human feeling and action, were remarkably combined in the orator, and in the occasion was almost everything which could deeply move the statesman, the patriot, and the man. A great measure of public policy was to be instituted. The union and prosperity of the States were to be cemented and established by insuring continued peace. The domineering influence of the French Republic, just then fresh and fierce in its notions of universal democracy, was to be checked by men who remembered the insolence of Genet and the follies of Fauchet, and who were not ignorant of the atrocities committed in the name of liberty. There was a call to defend the justice, wisdom, and patriotism of Jay, which had been aspersed or denied by men who had given small evidence of similar qualities; and even of Washington, whose great dignity, prudence, weight of character, solid judgment, and immense services, could not avert or temper the charge of weakness and pusillanimity from men whose only chance of notoriety lay in some such audacity. There was war angrily and savagely brooding over a defenceless frontier, or ready at one fell swoop to desolate a thousand miles of sea-coast with hardly a single ship or gun-boat or respectable fort to defend it all,

or to shelter a commerce just beginning to recover from long depression. Safety, success, national honor, the prosperity and permanence of free government, seemed to demand the amity and alliance which the treaty secured.

Deeply moved by the charges recklessly brought against his political friends, and even more excited by the great dangers of the crisis, which it seemed almost impossible to avert, Mr. Ames rose to conclude the debate. He was at first so feeble as to be obliged to support himself by leaning upon his desk; but as he proceeded, the fervor of his feelings gave him strength, and he poured forth his sentiments with an earnestness and energy corresponding to the magnitude of the subject and the occasion.

"I entertain the hope," he began with great simplicity, — "I entertain the hope, perhaps a rash one, that my strength will hold me out to speak a few minutes.

"In my judgment, a right decision will depend more on the temper and manner with which we may prevail upon ourselves to contemplate the subject, than upon the development of any profound political principles, or any remarkable skill in the application of them. If we could succeed to neutralize our inclinations, we should find less difficulty than we have to apprehend in surmounting all our objections." — Vol. II. pp. 37, 38.

He then proceeds to bespeak the candid judgment of the House, and to indicate some of the errors resulting from the warmth of feeling necessarily elicited by the discussion. Having then stated the only alternative at the option of the House, to observe the treaty or to break it, he discusses at considerable length the simple question, "Shall we break the treaty?" The arguments against breaking it are arrayed with great skill; no point is taken which is not tenable; weak positions are yielded; the real nature of the opposition on the part of some is shown to be not against this treaty in particular, but against any treaty. Of such he says:—

"Why do they complain that the West Indies are not laid open? Why do they lament that any restriction is stipulated on the commerce of the East Indies? Why do they pretend that if they reject this and insist upon more, more will be accomplished? Let us be explicit—more would not satisfy. If all was granted, would not a treaty of amity

with Britain still be obnoxious? Have we not this instant heard it urged against our envoy, that he was not ardent enough in his hatred of Great Britain? A treaty of amity is condemned because it was not made by a foe, and in the spirit of one. The same gentleman, at the same instant, repeats a very prevailing objection, that no treaty should be made with the enemy of France. No treaty, exclaim others, should be made with a monarch or a despot; there will be no naval security while those sea robbers domineer on the ocean; their den must be destroyed; that nation must be extirpated.

"I like this, sir, because it is sincerity. With feelings such as these we do not pant for treaties; such passions seek nothing, and will be content with nothing but the destruction of their object. If a treaty left King George his island, it would not answer, not if he stipulated to pay rent for it. It has been said the world ought to rejoice if Britain was sunk in the sea; if, where there are now men, and wealth, and laws, and liberty, there was no more than a sand-bank for the sea monsters to fatten on, a space for the storms of the ocean to mingle in conflict.

"I object nothing to the good sense or humanity of all this. I yield the point, that this is a proof that the age of reason is in progress. Let it be philanthropy, let it be patriotism, if you will; but it is no indication that any treaty would be approved. The difficulty is not to overcome the objections to the terms; it is to restrain the repugnance to any stipulations of amity with the party." — pp. 50, 51.

After alluding more at length to Great Britain and France in their relation to America, he proceeds to the more important consideration of the consequences of rejecting the treaty. These, he says, are not all to be foreseen.

"By rejecting, vast interests are committed to the sport of the winds; chance becomes the arbiter of events, and it is forbidden to human foresight to count their number or measure their extent. Before we resolve to leap into this abyss, so dark and so profound, it becomes us to pause, and reflect upon such of the dangers as are obvious and inevitable. If this assembly should be wrought into a temper to defy these consequences, it is vain, it is deceptive to pretend, that we can escape them. It is worse than weakness to say, that, as to public faith, our vote has already settled the question. Another tribunal than our own is already erected. The public opinion, not merely of our own country, but of the enlightened world, will pronounce a judgment that we cannot resist, that we dare not even affect to despise." — p. 53.

He then enlarges upon this power of public opinion; main-

tains that, if the treaty does not bind us, it certainly does not bind Great Britain, and that if any part of the country, or any public body, is bound by it, the House is; and shows how the national reputation and honor are at stake.

"This, sir, is a cause that would be dishonored and betrayed, if I contented myself with appealing only to the understanding. It is too cold, and its processes are too slow for the occasion. I desire to thank God, that, since he has given me an intellect so fallible, he has impressed upon me an instinct that is sure. On a question of shame and honor, reasoning is sometimes useless, and worse. I feel the decision in my pulse; if it throws no light upon the brain, it kindles a fire at the heart." — p. 56.

"It is painful, I hope it is superfluous," he proceeds after a little while, "to make even the supposition, that America should furnish the occasion of this opprobrium. No, let me not even imagine, that a republican government, sprung as our own is, from a people enlightened and uncorrupted, a government whose origin is right, and whose daily discipline is duty, can, upon solemn debate, make its option to be faithless; can dare to act what despots dare not avow, what our own example evinces the States of Barbary are unsuspected of. No, let me rather make the supposition, that Great Britain refuses to execute the treaty, after we have done everything to carry it into effect. Is there any language of reproach pungent enough to express your commentary on the fact? What would you say, or rather, what would you not say? Would you not tell them, wherever an Englishman might travel, shame would stick to him; he would disown his country? You would exclaim, England, proud of your wealth, and arrogant in the possession of power, blush for these distinctions, which become the vehicles of your dishonor! Such a nation might truly say to corruption, Thou art my father, and to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister. We should say of such a race of men, their name is a heavier burden than their debt." — pp. 61, 62.

From this he naturally advances to show briefly the commercial risks and losses consequent on breaking the treaty, and then, in that impetuous outburst of impassioned feeling once familiar to every school-boy, he pictures the desolations of the Indian wars, so certain to be let loose upon the exposed frontier.

"If any, against all these proofs, should maintain, that the peace with the Indians will be stable without the posts, to them I will urge another

reply. From arguments calculated to produce conviction, I will appeal directly to the hearts of those who hear me, and ask whether it is not already planted there? I resort especially to the convictions of the Western gentlemen, whether, supposing no posts and no treaty, the settlers will remain in security? Can they take it upon them to say, that an Indian peace, under these circumstances, will prove firm? No, sir, it will not be peace, but a sword; it will be no better than a lure to draw victims within the reach of the tomahawk.

"On this theme, my emotions are unutterable. If I could find words for them, if my powers bore any proportion to my zeal, I would swell my voice to such a note of remonstrance, it should reach every log-house beyond the mountains. I would say to the inhabitants, Wake from your false security; your cruel dangers, your more cruel apprehensions are soon to be renewed; the wounds, yet unhealed, are to be torn open again; in the daytime, your path through the woods will be ambushed; the darkness of midnight will glitter with the blaze of your dwellings. You are a father — the blood of your sons shall fatten your corn-field. You are a mother — the war-whoop shall wake the sleep of the cradle." — p. 64.

"By rejecting the posts, we light the savage fires, we bind the victims. This day we undertake to render account to the widows and orphans whom our decision will make; to the wretches that will be roasted at the stake; to our country; and I do not deem it too serious to say, to conscience and to God. We are answerable; and if duty be anything more than a word of imposture, if conscience be not a bugbear, we are preparing to make ourselves as wretched as our country.

"There is no mistake in this case, there can be none; experience has already been the prophet of events, and the cries of our future victims have already reached us. The Western inhabitants are not a silent and uncomplaining sacrifice. The voice of humanity issues from the shade of the wilderness; it exclaims, that while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk. It summons our imagination to the scenes that will open. It is no great effort of the imagination to conceive that events so near are already begun. I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance and the shrieks of torture; already they seem to sigh in the western wind; already they mingle with every echo from the mountains." — pp. 65, 66.

"Look again at this state of things," he continues in a general summing up of results. "On the sea-coast, vast losses uncompensated; on the frontier, Indian war, and actual encroachment on our territory; everywhere discontent; resentments tenfold more fierce, because they will be impotent and humbled; national discord and abasement. The dis-

putes of the old treaty of 1783, being left to rankle, will revive the almost extinguished animosities of that period. Wars in all countries, and most of all in such as are free, arise from the impetuosity of the public feelings. The despotism of Turkey is often obliged by clamor to unsheathe the sword. War might perhaps be delayed, but could not be prevented; the causes of it would remain, would be aggravated, would be multiplied, and soon become intolerable. More captures, more impressments would swell the list of our wrongs, and the current of our rage. I make no calculation of the arts of those whose employment it has been, on former occasions, to fan the fire; I say nothing of the foreign money and emissaries that might foment the spirit of hostility, because the state of things will naturally run to violence; with less than their former exertion, they would be successful.

"Will our government be able to temper and restrain the turbulence of such a crisis? The government, alas! will be in no capacity to govern. A divided people, and divided counsels! Shall we cherish the spirit of peace, or show the energies of war? Shall we make our adversary afraid of our strength, or dispose him, by the measures of resentment and broken faith, to respect our rights? Do gentlemen rely on the state of peace, because both nations will be worse disposed to keep it? because injuries, and insults still harder to endure, will be mutually offered?"—pp. 67, 68.

He then, after a few more words, closes in a manner as natural and beautiful as the body of the speech had been vigorous and earnest.

"I rose to speak under impressions that I would have resisted if I could. Those who see me will believe, that the reduced state of my health has unfitted me, almost equally, for much exertion of body or mind. Unprepared for debate by careful reflection in my retirement, or by long attention here, I thought the resolution I had taken, to sit silent, was imposed by necessity, and would cost me no effort to maintain. With a mind thus vacant of ideas, and sinking, as I really am, under a sense of weakness, I imagined the very desire of speaking was extinguished by the persuasion that I had nothing to say. Yet when I come to the moment of deciding the vote, I start back with dread from the edge of the pit into which we are plunging. In my view, even the minutes I have spent in expostulation have their value, because they protract the crisis, and the short period in which alone we may resolve to escape it.

"I have thus been led by my feelings to speak more at length than I had intended. Yet I have perhaps as little personal interest in the

event as any one here. There is, I believe, no member, who will not think his chance to be a witness of the consequences greater than mine. If, however, the vote should pass to reject, and a spirit should rise, as it will, with the public disorders, to make 'confusion worse confounded,' even I, slender and almost broken as my hold upon life is, may outlive the government and constitution of my country." — pp. 70, 71.

We have dwelt longer on this great speech, perhaps, than the familiarity with which it is known would seem to require; yet as an effort of eloquence it cannot be too often recalled, and its effect was so worthy of remembrance that it should never be forgotten. For the most part it proceeds with such succinctness, such classical severity of diction, as to make a fair quotation a matter of difficulty; but its power when delivered was acknowledged by foe as well as friend. "Tears enough were shed," said John Adams, who heard it; "not a dry eye, I believe, in the House, except some of the jackasses who had occasioned the necessity of the oratory."

"My friend Ames," said Judge Smith, "gave us, on Thursday, the most eloquent speech I ever heard. The impression was great; probably much increased by the bodily weakness of the speaker. His introduction was beautiful, and his conclusion divine! His words, like the notes of the dying swan, were sweet and melodious. I tell him that he ought to have died in the fifth act; that he never will have an occasion so glorious; having lost this, he will now be obliged to make his exit like other men. If he had taken my advice, he would have outdone Lord Chatham."\*

It had been intended to take the vote immediately after the conclusion of Mr. Ames's speech, but the effect of it was so strongly marked, that the vote was postponed, in order that the members might recover their calmness. Considering the nature of the assembly and the strength of party predilections, we know not that a stronger testimony to its eloquence could have been given.

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\* The biographer of Judge Smith says: "The speech, I am told, was written out from memory by Mr. Dexter and Mr. Smith, and to their labors, corrected by Mr. Ames, we are indebted for the copy we now have, greatly inferior, Mr. Smith always said, to the speech that was delivered, but with enough of its original fire and lofty enthusiasm, to be still recited and read with feelings produced by no other American speech of the last century, except two or three before the Revolution." — *Life of Jeremiah Smith*, p. 97.

The letters of Mr. Ames contain no account of his feelings at the result of this great effort. He merely writes to Dwight Foster on the following day: "Mrs. Ames will have too lively apprehensions for my safety, when she finds (as she will by the *Gazettes*) that I have been speaking in public."

At the termination of this Congress, Mr. Ames declined a re-election, and retired to his home at Dedham, intending to renew his practice of the law, and to give himself more entirely to his private affairs. His letters show, however, a continued and deep interest in politics, and in 1799 he published in the *Boston Gazette* the essays signed *Laocoön*, as his biographer says, "to restore the tone, to rekindle the zeal, to disturb the security, and shake the presumption of the *Federalists*."

We regret that our limits forbid us to make extracts from these and other essays, which are models of brilliant popular discussion. They are brief, pointed, ingenious, fearless. The attention is seized by the first sentence; it is held to the last. With a solid basis of fact, the argument is educed with admirable clearness, and applied with a pungency that leaves a sting behind. The style is not formal and stately, but curt and crisp. The subject is seized with the grasp of a vice, and held steadily aloft, while the lights of the author's mind are playfully or satirically flashed upon it to illuminate its every phasis, whether attractive or repulsive.

Early in 1800, Mr. Ames, yielding somewhat reluctantly to the request of the legislature of Massachusetts, delivered before them a eulogy upon Washington. Compared with his speeches, it seems to lack enthusiasm; but when we class it with the sketch of the character of Hamilton, written four years afterward, we seem to see how his mind was tempered and its fervor restrained by a remembrance of the great statesmen whom he commemorated. Every expression seems in both to be carefully weighed. Indeed, we cannot recall in any writer a delineation of character more full, more condensed, more sharply drawn — each sentence bearing its separate burden of thought — than that of Hamilton. It is as if we were reading from *Plutarch* or *Tacitus*.

Mr. Ames's mind and pen were seldom idle. He looked at

political subjects from the high ground of history and philosophy. Success was not with him a criterion of truth, nor defeat of error. There was something, to his mind, higher and more permanent than the will of the majority.

Though he saw the Federal party, at the election of Jefferson, cast into a hopeless minority, he did not cease to predict the evil influences of false principles, nor to lift his warnings against the danger of the times. Though fearing calamity, and reckoning, perhaps, too little on the recuperative energy of a young and growing people, he never despaired of the republic. That he was more apprehensive than many, more intensely watchful of the progress of European warfare, more jealous of French influence, may be because, in the language of his biographer, "he was awake while many others slept. What they saw obscurely, he saw clearly. What to them was distant, affected him as near."

In 1804 Mr. Ames was chosen to succeed Rev. Dr. Willard as President of Harvard College. This honor he declined. His age, his habits, and, above all, the state of his health, seemed to him imperatively to demand this decision. He subsequently writes to Thomas Dwight, in a playful strain:—

"Sir, I was elected President—not of the United States; and do you know why I did not accept? I had no inclination for it. The health I have, would have been used up at Cambridge in a year. My old habits are my dear comforts, and these must have been violently changed. How much I was in a scrape in consequence of the offer, and with what three weeks' mystery and address I extricated myself, are themes for conversation when we meet. I have extricated myself, and feel like a truck or stage horse, who is once more allowed to roll in the dirt without his harness. Everybody has heard of Mrs. A.'s proposing that I should take H[annah] A[dams], if I went to Cambridge, as *she* would neither go nor learn Greek."—Vol. I. p. 355.

He wrote thus in 1806. The result showed the wisdom of his decision. His health, which for ten years had been very precarious, gradually sank, till he died, July 4, 1808. "When the intelligence reached Boston," says Dr. Kirkland, "a meeting of citizens was held with a view to testify their respect for his character and services. In compliance with their request, his remains were brought to the capital for interment,

at which a eulogy was pronounced by his early friend Mr. Dexter, and every mark of respectful notice was paid. . . . . He was followed to the grave by a longer procession than has perhaps appeared on any similar occasion. It was a great assemblage, drawn by gratitude and admiration around the bier of one exalted in their esteem by his pre-eminent gifts, and endeared to their hearts by the surpassing loveliness of his disposition."

We need not attempt a more formal delineation of the character of Mr. Ames. His writings sufficiently exhibit him as a most cheerful and fascinating friend, a brilliant political essayist, an eloquent and fearless orator, and a patriot without reproach or suspicion. His life stretches across the most critical periods of our history, when principles were to be established, and a line of policy assumed, on which depended, not only the welfare, but the very existence of the State. Experience offered little aid, for no similar republic had existed. The opinion of the world was largely adverse to the success of the experiment. Everything depended on the sagacity, forbearance, unsullied integrity, energy, and wisdom of the prominent and controlling minds. The capacious and unwearied genius of Hamilton, the lofty rectitude of Jay, the magnanimity of Washington, were no more than sufficient for the occasion. Mr. Ames belonged to a high-minded party, which has since been vilified with unscrupulous rancor, but whose history is yet to be fully written, and whose fame will stand higher with the future than it has stood with the past. Of that party, in New England, he was one of the leaders, controlling the opinions of many, and enjoying the confidence of all. How upright and noble-minded he was, how zealous for the best welfare of the State, how unselfish and thoroughly true at heart, his familiar letters are a sufficient proof.

In all his private relations, in his friendships, his pursuits, his successes, Mr. Ames had the good fortune which a happy temper, sound judgment, and fidelity are very apt to secure. The friends he had (and of what character they were his letters sufficiently show) he "grappled to him with hooks of steel." The honors which he won abroad were made thrice

dear by the sympathy of a chosen circle at home. Of the law he had a noble conception, yet, on account of his health, he seems to have given himself to the practice of it as a matter of necessity, and with a divided love. Yet he had no reason to be dissatisfied with the results of his labors. His fortune was never ample, yet he became independent, and when he was no longer compelled to labor for his daily bread, his mind instinctively turned to those broad and varied studies whence he could draw the most important lessons for his country. He did not blindly follow his party, nor make his sympathies and antipathies the guide of his life. In the full flush of success, he neither concealed from himself nor from others the just grounds of fear. In the plenitude of hope, he was still aware that civil liberty had been the privilege of few nations, bought with a great price, and preserved through unceasing vigilance and unremitted effort. The nation having safely passed through one protracted war, and just beginning to recover from its exhaustion, he was most averse to plunging it into another. Having escaped from unrighteous and illiberal exactions on one side, he saw too plainly the opposite dangers of license and anarchy. He was grateful to France for her assistance in the distressing days of the Revolution, but even that would hardly palliate, much less excuse, the impudence of citizens Genet and Adet. The liberty he had fought to obtain from an enemy, he would not barter for a mere chimera, even with a friend. Hence, although it was unpalatable to many, he strenuously resisted that course of things whose tendencies were strongly, as he thought, towards "licentiousness, that inbred malady of democracies, that deforms their infancy with gray hair and decrepitude." In the political essays which occupied his later years it was his object, not to flatter so much as to warn; not to sing pæans to liberty, but to expose its most insidious enemies; not like Cicero, "only six months before Octavius totally subverted the commonwealth, to say: 'It is not possible for the people of Rome to be slaves, whom the gods have destined to the command of all nations; other nations may endure slavery, but the proper end and business of the Roman people is liberty,' " — but to gather up the lessons of history and philos-

ophy and apply them with freedom and fearlessness. He brought the power of exuberant wit and satire to bear on the follies of the state. Nor has time antiquated the lessons he taught, or rendered useless the cautions upon which he insisted.

During his latter years, his exertions were constantly interrupted or repressed by precarious health. Yet nothing can be more cheerful than the temper with which he receives the allotments of life. With profound sincerity and earnestness of feeling, there is no moroseness. His letters, indeed, are written with so much playfulness, that one, judging from them alone, might form a false notion of the depth and fervor of his convictions.

With sound health and a longer life, he might have taken a more commanding position; he could hardly have gained more entirely the affection of friends or the respect of opponents. His fame is the property, not of Massachusetts alone, nor of New England, but of the whole country, and his name will be spoken with honor, along with those of the great men of an earlier and a later generation, by every historian who portrays the early progress and trials of the Republic.

It has been far from our purpose to analyze minutely, or to praise indiscriminately, the Federal party, to which Mr. Ames belonged, or to claim for him, or the distinguished men with whom he acted, exemption from the errors and mistakes to which all are liable. Their judgment of measures, like that of other men, might have changed with the change of times. But history has yet to record the names of statesmen whose principles were more sound, whose policy was more just and sagacious, who better understood the hazards of liberty, and the metes and bounds of freedom, who more wisely united the conservative with the progressive elements of character, whose political conduct was more high-minded, magnanimous, and pure, whose ends were more entirely "their country's, their God's, and truth's." The results of that change in the tone of national politics which followed the election of Mr. Jefferson are not yet spent. A secret idea, dimly smouldering in the heart of the nation, found freer air under his administration than before. But we cannot say that we hope more for

our future prosperity because his principles have been predominant for the greater part of the last half-century, or because the authority of his name is so much oftener invoked than that of Washington's. The Federalists were fond of law and order and stability, and under the changes consequent upon a new *régime* had possibly too many apprehensions, and too little hope. They were scrupulous of justice and national honor. They had a higher esteem for the English character than the French, though they had risked everything and shed their hearts' blood in opposing England. They did not forget the origin of our language, literature, religion, and laws, though intent on establishing an independent American policy, to be developed by a united people under a consolidated government. However they have been assailed, it can never be forgotten that of them were Washington, Adams, Hamilton, Jay, Wolcott, and others like them, — names illustrious and venerable all over the world, — that to them, in large part, belongs the honor of framing the Constitution, and of securing its acceptance, and that their legitimate successors have been its ablest expounders, and its most eloquent defenders.

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ART. XII. — *The History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles. 1713–1783.* By LORD MAHON. Vol. VII. 1780–1783.

THE volume before us — the concluding chapter of the History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to that of Versailles — takes up the thread of the story with the commencement of the year 1780, and lays it down with the events that cluster around the famous treaty which severed the empire in twain. Groaning under the enormous taxes of a state of almost universal war, their industrial energies crippled by the same cause, the people of England during the winter of 1779–80 were in a sad and troubled condition. With eager hands and clamorous voices, the Opposition in Parliament had laid bare and denounced those secret emolu-

ments and sinecures in which they were denied participation ; and through all the great shires county meetings were called to petition the government for their abolition. The weight of censure in this business neither fell then, nor rests now, upon the king. It was well known that he was not concerned in the prodigious disbursements that were annually made, under sanction of law, to officers who never saw the scenes of their duties, or whose employment, as was often the case, existed but in name. In fact, for the last three reigns at least, an element unknown to the Constitution appeared to have virtually supplanted the influence of the sovereign in most of the affairs of state. An aristocratic oligarchy, composed of a few Whig families, who had risen into enormous power since the downfall of the Stuarts, aspired to the control of the realm, and viewed with indignation any attempt at interference with what they had come to regard as their own peculiar privileges. They were called Whigs because the creed of the Tory school tended to strengthen the hands of the king ; but when a Cavendish spoke of the voice of the people, he understood no other voice than that which issued from the lungs of the Duke of Devonshire. It was the perception of the coarse and selfish tyranny of this irresponsible and most dangerous body, that drove George the Third to the determination of ruling for himself ; but their resentment was neither tame nor silent ; and over the body of his favorite, Bute, many were the blows that were aimed at the king. By these men, and for the aggrandizement of their own kinsmen and dependents, was the sinecure system fostered and cherished, till they were by a stroke of fortune shut out from its bounties ; when they, in turn, for the first time perceiving its injustice, aided partially in its demolition. This was the great measure with which Fox, Burke, and Dunning attacked the ministry in the Parliament of 1780. When Dunning carried, in a committee of the whole House of Commons, his celebrated resolution, "that the influence of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished," one would indeed have thought it time for the North Cabinet to resign.

But by the dexterous manœuvres of that astute statesman

and loyal subject, whose tenure of office was less in accordance with his own than his master's will, further progress in this ominous direction was for a time averted; and the outbreak of the Gordon riots aided no little in turning the thoughts of men into another channel. Then, while the streets of London were red with the blood of her sons, and the lurid glare that lighted the midnight sky proclaimed the destruction of the mansion of the Chief Justice of the King's Bench,—while Parliament itself, its members beaten and buffeted, was in a state of siege, and the royal city for a season was in the undisturbed possession of armed rebels,—then, indeed, men had other things to think upon than the contingencies of office. But when the blunt courage of Wedderburne and the ready firmness of the king had brought about the only means of safety, and hundreds of the rioters had fallen before the muskets of the soldiery, members once more met without endangering their lives, and the angry contentions of political warfare arose as before. Failing in all attempts to strengthen his hands among the Commons, North resorted now to a bold and successful move. On the 1st of September, 1780, a royal proclamation was issued dissolving the Parliament. Unprepared for so sudden a contest, the Opposition suffered greatly in the ensuing elections, and when the session opened, two months later, the ministry again found themselves in a decided majority.

Affairs at this period had begun, abroad, to assume an aspect not unfavorable to Great Britain. The American campaign was, on the whole, a satisfactory one; the armed neutrality of the Northern powers seemed destined to attain no important end; the key post of Gibraltar, long besieged by Spain, was again relieved; and though the capture of Mr. Laurens, the late President of Congress, was the immediate cause of adding Holland to the array of England's enemies, yet the rupture was signalized by the fall of St. Eustatia, and the loss of Dutch property to the amount of £ 3,000,000. To be sure, the year 1781 was opened by a flagrant insult to British soil, when the Baron de Rullecourt with eight hundred men descended upon the isle of Jersey, and very nearly made himself its master. But by the gallantry of the garrison and mili-

tia, the invaders were soon forced to succumb; and the result afforded new reasons for self-gratulation. Nor were the preservation of Minorca, and Parker's naval encounter with the fleet of Holland, on the Dogger Bank, forgotten by the English, in enumerating their grounds of national thankfulness.

But during the summer and autumn of 1781, a desperate struggle was going on in the colonies. There is nothing new to an American reader in Lord Mahon's general narrative of that campaign, which was crowned with the siege of Yorktown and the capture of Cornwallis, when, "with their drums beating, their arms shouldered, and their colors cased," 7,163 of the choicest troops of the empire marched forth to lay down their arms before Washington and Rochambeau. Lord Mahon estimates the numbers of the besieged at the time of their surrender at no more than six thousand. By the returns inclosed in Washington's letter of October 27, 1781, to the President of Congress, their precise number was as we have stated. To these also should be added 84 officers and men taken prisoners on the 14th and 16th of October; making a grand total of 7,247 souls. Two hundred and forty-four pieces of artillery, two hundred and sixty thousand pounds of provisions, a great store of clothing and munitions of war, and more than one hundred colors, graced the triumph of the victors. Among the English troops, on this occasion, was a large detachment of the famous Coldstream Guards. Whether they had any colors with them is not known; if they had, they were either concealed or destroyed; they were not surrendered. It is no wonder that the tidings of this disastrous day were too shocking for even the prime minister's composure. "How did Lord North take the communication?" asked Mr. Wraxall of Lord George Germaine. "As he would have taken a cannon-ball in his breast," was the reply. "He opened his arms, exclaiming wildly, as he paced up and down the room for a few minutes, 'O God! it is all over!' words which he repeated many times under the deepest agitation and distress."

Two days after the announcement of the fall of Yorktown, Parliament met; and, despite the heated and vehement

eloquence of Shelburne and Fox, Burke and Saville, large majorities in both houses pledged themselves to "vigorous, animated, and united exertions" to repair the disasters in Virginia. But in and out of St. Stephen's a growing disinclination to prosecute such ruinous hostilities was perceptible. From the country members, headed by Powys and Lowther, strong hints to this effect were soon given; and public meetings in London and Westminster, Surrey and Middlesex, petitioned the throne for a cessation of the "unnatural and unfortunate war." Intelligence of renewed disasters on every sea and in every quarter of the globe added fresh bitterness to these repinings. In the West Indies, De Grasse wrested, one after the other, the English prizes from their new lords. In the East, M. de Suffrein paid no deference to the flag of Great Britain, having on his way thither effectually thwarted all her designs against the Dutch colony at the Cape of Good Hope. In the Mediterranean, Minorca was lost, and Gibraltar still closely invested. The inevitable consequence of all these testimonies to the dangers of continuing the struggle was to swell the ranks of the Opposition; and by resolution after resolution the seats of the ministry were shaken, till at length a direct vote of "No Confidence" was lost by a majority of only nine. Then North saw that it indeed was "all over" with the cabinet, and that the king must surrender.

Bitter was the struggle in the monarch's mind, ere he could bring himself to submit to that oligarchical despotism against which he had through life contended; nor was the pill sweetened by the requirements on which Rockingham insisted, before he would assume the reins of power. "Lord Rockingham," said Thurlow, the Chancellor, "is bringing things to a pass where either his head or the king's must go, in order to settle which of them is to govern the country!" For a little while George the Third was almost resolved to abandon England altogether, and, retiring to his electoral dominions of Hanover, to trouble himself no more with evils which he could neither endure nor remedy. For a fortnight, the royal yacht was kept in constant readiness for such a flight; but, gradually reconciling himself to the new condition of things, he

yielded his reluctant assent to Lord North's retirement and the formation of a new ministry. On the 20th of March, 1782, the dissolution of the cabinet was announced to the world.

The new government palpably carried within itself the seeds of its own decay. It consisted of five of the Rockingham oligarchy, and five of the Chatham school, headed by Lord Shelburne; "while, as if to hold the balance between these equal numbers, there was a high Tory Chancellor, Lord Thurlow retaining the Great Seal." In fact, so fearful were both Rockingham and Shelburne lest their rival should nominate his successor, that neither dared to turn Thurlow out; and thus this mosaic ministry went before the country. Such as it was, however, it carried some popular measures into effect. The Roman Catholics were relieved in Ireland, and the supremacy of the Parliament of England over that of the sister kingdom was renounced. A lame bill of Economical Reform was also passed into a law. Yet to infer from all this that the Rockingham cabinet was a whit more liberal in soul than that which had preceded it, would be unjust. To neither was the welfare of the nation a matter of indifference, but neither pursued, or perhaps was capable of perceiving, the true means of best promoting its welfare. No stronger evidence of a proscriptive party spirit was ever given, than that memorable order of recall which, with all "the insolence of office," summoned from his command the most capable admiral that the navy then possessed. Fortunately for his country, the message did not reach Rodney until he had embraced the opportunity of encountering the Comte de Grasse, and of putting into execution, for the first time in the history of marine tactics, the hazardous manœuvre of "breaking the enemy's line." The triumphant swell of popular sentiment bore into utter oblivion the feeble malice of the ministry; and a peerage and undying fame were the meed of Rodney's victory.

About the same time it became the anxious wish of Sir Henry Clinton to be recalled from a scene of action, where neither the men with whom he was compelled to co-operate, nor the means intrusted to his hands, were such as he could

confide in ; and Sir Guy Carleton was appointed in his stead to be commander-in-chief in America. It was fondly hoped that the conciliatory policy prescribed to this leader, and the hold which he had obtained over the feelings of many in the Colonies, would promote a return to their ancient allegiance. Sir Guy had been in command at Quebec when the brave Montgomery, as Burns sang,

“Montgomery-like did fa', man,  
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,  
Amang his enemies a', man.”

His conduct then had been wise and vigilant ; and when the fortune of war left a number of Americans his prisoners, we find the English commander going among them, and sparing no effort to seduce them from their principles, — to persuade them to

“Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,  
And welcome home again discarded faith.”

Though not successful to the measure of his wishes, he produced some effect by his representations ; and we are told that many of the patriot officers on their return threw up their commissions, and would engage no more in the war. But it was not now in the power of mortal man to bring about a renewal of the former ties between the two nations. The intense hatred that subsisted (particularly in America) against everything which pertained to the opposite party, can easily be perceived in the memoirs of the time. “I wish I had King George here !” exclaimed a little girl by an American fireside, glowing with an unusual flame. “Why so ?” asked a European traveller, who chanced to be present. “I would put him in that fire and roast him alive,” was the fierce reply. So, too, a surgeon in the American army, who, after the defeat of Count Donop and his Hessians at Red Bank, was employed to attend the wounded enemy, was not ashamed in after years to relate, that, wherever he found a prisoner with a wound, however slight, in a leg or arm, he made it a point to amputate the limb without hesitation, thus effectually disqualifying the wretch from further service against America. Nor was the rancor of the British less cruel. The half of the miseries of the prison-hulks in New

York harbor never have been or can be told ; and Lord Mahon himself mentions the temper that displayed itself, even among the better classes of their soldiery; at the surrender of Yorktown. "The English officers, when they laid down their arms, and were passing along the enemy's lines, courteously saluted every French officer, even of the lowest rank ; a compliment which they withheld from every American, even of the highest." Nor could the force of discipline and the presence of their chiefs restrain the lower American soldiery, on this occasion, from insulting their defenceless foe.

Finding that nothing was to be gained in this country by a protraction of hostilities, the ministry were only the more confirmed in the desire for their total cessation ; and on the 19th of June, 1782, was finally enacted into a law Lord North's old bill, enabling the king to treat with the insurgent Colonies. Mr. Oswald, whom Shelburne, while still out of power, had employed in his intercourse with Franklin, was now selected as the official agent to carry on the negotiations for a peace, and accordingly hastened to Paris, accredited to Franklin ; while Mr. Thomas Grenville was clothed with a like mission to M. de Vergennes. In the course of the negotiations, Jay, the elder Adams, and Laurens, each of whom was vested with concurrent powers, in this regard, with Franklin, associated themselves with him. The first point to be settled was, of course, the acknowledgment of our independence ; and here Jay and Franklin clashed. The former insisted that the acknowledgment should be a condition precedent to any treaty ; the latter was perfectly contented to have it made an article of the treaty itself. Mr. Adams heartily joined with Jay, while Mr. Laurens appears to have played no very active part in the affair. In the English cabinet, Fox was anxious to have American independence recognized at once ; but his colleagues disagreeing with him, he forthwith resigned, and, Lord Rockingham dying on the very next day, the ministry was virtually dissolved, and Shelburne presently became premier. One of his first acts was to reassure the negotiators at Paris of his continued desire for peace, and to dispel those suspicions to which the intelligence of Lord Heathfield's glorious defence of Gibraltar, and the withdrawal of Mr. Grenville,

had given rise, as to the true intentions of Great Britain. Mr. Alleyne Fitzherbert was substituted for Mr. Grenville, and as a perfect understanding subsisted between him and Mr. Oswald, although each was accredited to a separate state, the negotiations went hopefully on.

By the terms of the alliance between France and the United States, each power was bound to contract no separate peace; and the instructions of Congress were in strict accordance with this provision. Influenced by Mr. Jay, the American commissioners resolved to disobey their orders, and to proceed in their work without that open and candid intercommunication with the cabinet of Versailles which the liberality of Louis, as well as the sacred obligations of treaty stipulations, would seem to have required. Jay's suspicions had been strongly and angrily aroused, as to the manner in which their "great and good ally" was dealing with his countrymen. Rightfully or wrongfully, he attributed to the intrigues of the French court his cold reception at Madrid; and he brought to Paris a mind apt to catch at the least handle for discontent. It was not to be denied that now was the time for America to make peace. A further continuance of the war might benefit French interests in Hindostan, or give Gibraltar back to Spain; but it could work nothing but injury to the United States. The policy of the English commissioners was to cherish whatever might tend to a breach between the allies; and an intercepted letter of M. de Marbois being shown to the American envoys, they were confirmed in their course. In fact, it is difficult at this day to pronounce with positive accuracy on the straws of the time which seemed to show the course of the various political breezes; but there is good reason to suppose that the Americans were not entirely at fault in their conjecture that the French court was secretly striving to steal a march upon them, and to contract for France a separate peace. Lord Mahon observes, that "the best American writers of the present day acknowledge that all surmises thence arising were in truth ill-founded; that the conduct of France towards the United States had been marked throughout not only by good faith and honor, but by generosity."

“He who's ungrateful has no fault but one,”

says Dryden; and we should prefer to censure our envoys for an unmanlike jealousy, rather than to believe our country, in the first flush of the favors it had received from France, guilty of the crowning crime of ingratitude. But there is good reason to suppose that Mr. Jay's suspicions of duplicity on the part of M. de Vergennes could not have been ill-founded, since in later years Lord St. Helen (who, as Mr. Fitzherbert, was of all men in the world best qualified to judge) is understood to have borne decided testimony to their correctness.\*

To ward off, so far as they might, the censure of their allies, the Americans affected to consider this treaty as a mere provisional agreement, “to be inserted in and to constitute the Treaty of Peace”; which treaty, it was further stipulated, was not to be concluded till a peace was agreed on between France and Great Britain. But as the provisional agreement was to go into effect immediately, it was nothing less than a *bonâ fide* treaty; and naturally enough its adoption was fraught with offence to the French. Nor were there wanting those in this country who repined at the slight thus cast upon a nation, to which, of all others, except their own, they gave the preference. Thus, on November 30th, 1782, was laid, it may fairly be said, the dividing line which was to separate into two great parties the people of the United States. It was but a few years later that their as yet infant forms assumed vast proportions and gigantic shape.

The Christmas recess of Parliament followed so rapidly on the adoption of the provisional treaty with America that the Opposition had little opportunity of bringing it into obloquy; and, ere the houses again met, matters for a reconciliation with France and Spain were in a fair train. To the thundering eloquence of Fox, and the mere mercantile chaffering of Grafton, England is indebted for the preservation of Gibraltar,—a fortress which Shelburne was willing enough to cede to the obstinate and patriotic demands of the Spanish

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\* This point, it is understood, will be treated of in a forthcoming *Life of Mr. Jay*, forming one volume of a series of *Lives of the Chief Justices of the United States*, by Henry Flanders, Esq.

king. So enraged was the court of Madrid at its failure in thus obtaining by diplomacy what it had struggled so bitterly to repossess itself of by force of arms, that there is no doubt Charles would have gladly resumed hostilities, could any state have been found to join with him. But America would now no more go to war solely on his account, than he would, a few years before, for the sake of America; and he was compelled sullenly to submit to the course of events. On the 20th of January, 1783, the preliminaries of peace between France, Great Britain, and Spain, on terms not disadvantageous to the great Protestant power, were at last subscribed, at Paris, by the representatives of these kingdoms. But it was not until the 3d of the subsequent September that the definitive treaties were ratified. With this event, the labors of our historian are appropriately closed.

Perhaps we should, at an earlier stage, have noticed the method Lord Mahon has adopted in this volume, of bringing together, in one continuous story, those transactions in India with which English welfare and English glory were so closely identified. We are gratified to see how thoroughly the leaning of his mind is in favor of the measures of Warren Hastings. It is, indeed, at a late enough period that history seems disposed to do justice to the memory and the motives of this great and ill-used man. Far-sighted in his views, reticent of his purposes, unselfish and humane, he had for his sole ambition the glory of his native land. Upon the banks of the Ganges he planted the germs of an Oriental empire such as all the forces of Alexander could never have subdued; and though in its earlier workings his system was stained with some human errors, yet its result has proved a benefaction to the Hindoo race, who still fondly cherish, in their native tongue, the name and praises of their benefactor. The Rohilla war, — the exorbitance of the fine (and not, as Lord Mahon very justly remarks, the exacting of some fine) inflicted upon Cheyt Sing, — these were undoubtedly grave blots upon his career. Yet who shall say that the good he effected could have been consummated at less cost, or was not cheaply purchased, even at this price? Whatever be the national crimes of England, — and there is no country with-

out a grievous catalogue of public sins, — humanity at large has cause to rejoice at the change of condition which millions of people have, during the past century, experienced in Hindostan. Life and property, at least, are secured even to the proscribed Pariah; and a mild and equitable government of foreigners, though it be one established by force of arms, well supplies the place of a hundred robber kings, whose only law was the sword and their own ungoverned will, and whose rapacity knew no limit save the might of a stronger foe.

It is with pain that we now turn to the consideration of a question, which, indeed, is raised by Lord Mahon in the early pages of this volume, but the discussion of which we have purposely reserved. We had thought that the day was long past when any necessity could arise to justify the execution of the unfortunate Major André, or to vindicate the fair fame of him by whose command he died. That the intemperate and ignorant passion of Miss Seward, bewailing the recent fate of her friend, should have misled her into a position indefensible alike by justice and by reason, was natural enough. Her speedy abandonment of the theory she had assumed was more surprising, but far more creditable to her judgment. That a writer of Lord Mahon's sagacity should fall into a like error, is to us a cause of unfeigned regret; but while we honor alike the candor with which he expresses his sentiments, and the decorous language in which he clothes them, we feel none the less called upon to criticize the conclusion to which he has arrived.

"It behooves us, no doubt," says Lord Mahon, "to ponder reverently, ere we attempt to cast any censure on a man so virtuous as Washington. Yet none of his warmest panegyrists can assert, though they sometimes imply, that his character was wholly faultless; and here, as it seems to me, we are upon its faulty point. He had, as his friends assure us, by nature, strong and most angry passions; these he had curbed and quelled by a resolute exertion of his will, but he did not always preserve them from hardening into sternness. Of this we may observe some indications here and there in his private correspondence, as, for instance, in the case of the suicides at Boston. But such indications are confined to words, and addressed only to familiar friends. Here, on the contrary, the fault appears in action. Here it gave rise

to what, unless I greatly deceive myself, the intelligent classes of his countrymen will, ere long, join ours in condemning, — the death-warrant of André ; certainly by far the greatest, and perhaps the only, blot in his most noble career.”

Pressed by creditors, deeply embarrassed by extravagant debts, there is no doubt that, so early as the period of his command in Philadelphia, and his marriage with the beautiful Miss Shippen, Arnold was listening to the secret suggestions of the tempter. Unfortunately for himself, the very fact of his being received into the families of the wealthier and more exclusive society of that city sharpened the dislike with which he was already viewed by a portion of the community ; and he was soon forced to experience their ill-will. It can hardly be denied that a portion at least of the proceedings against him at this time savor strongly of persecution ; and it is more than probable that he thus felt and spoke of them. Being a man utterly devoid of any delicacy of soul or innate refinement, of dissolute habits and pursuits, he was the very man whom an enemy would select to corrupt. If the translator of *M. de Chastellux* may be relied on, it was by a Lieutenant Hele, a dexterous spy, then dwelling in Philadelphia, that the approaches were first made ; and it is certain that from this time Arnold's secret heart was corrupted. He soon found an opportunity of communicating with the British general, anonymously at first, but ere long revealing the fact that the person who furnished such important intelligence was, as was already guessed, no less a character than General Arnold. To negotiate with this man, the services of André came very opportunely into play ; for he had been, during Sir William Howe's occupation of the city, on terms of intimate friendship with the lady who was now Arnold's wife. And even at that time, too, Arnold would appear to have conceived the rudiments of his treason. He was not content with a simple desertion ; such a revenge was too trifling to satisfy his soul ; and he sighed, Samson-like, to topple down upon the heads of his enemies, the whole temple of their safety. The bribe offered was a tempting one ; and he was probably assured that his reward should be commensurate with his success. General Mathew, and other officers who returned

to England in the autumn of 1780, and who are supposed to have had, at least, some vague intimation of what was going on, were wont at the time to declare, "that it was all over with the rebels, and that they were about to receive an irreparable blow, the news of which would soon arrive in England"; and observers coupled these shadowed hints with the development of the treason of West Point. Thus it is from the moment when the Chevalier de la Luzerne declined acceding to Arnold's application for pecuniary assistance from his court, that we date his definite resolution to make his bargain with Sir Henry Clinton.

Through his connection with this affair, and his own personal merits, the name of Major John André has acquired an interest such as attaches itself to a hero of romance. Of Swiss descent, born in 1749, a skilful soldier and an accomplished man, he was still in the very prime of his youth. While yet in a London counting-room, he had become enamored of the beautiful Honora Sneyd, who subsequently became the step-mother of Maria Edgeworth. Worldly prudence pointed out clearly to her family the advantages of a union with the wealthy Richard Lovell Edgeworth over that with the comparatively poor and obscure André; and the young lady was obedient. Lord Mahon, following Miss Seward, intimates that it was the desire of relief from the sorrow caused by the marriage of his mistress to another, that drove André into the army, and this seems to fix the date near the commencement of the war. The fact is, that André's first commission bears date, March 4, 1771; while Miss Sneyd was not married until July 17, 1773, more than two years later. His passion, however, for his lost charmer long continued. In 1775, when he was captured by Montgomery, at St. John's, he writes: "I have been taken prisoner by the Americans, and stripped of everything, except the picture of Honora, which I concealed in my mouth. Preserving that, I yet think myself fortunate." From Canada, he was sent with other prisoners to be confined on *parole* at Lancaster, Pennsylvania; and here his winning manners and graceful accomplishments soon gained the regards, not only of the neutral (and perhaps loyal) portion of the population, but even of some of the less austere

Whigs. A taste for the fine arts was a distinguishing feature in his character; and with the pencil he possessed uncommon proficiency. The hearts of many parents were subdued by the pains he took to cultivate the nascent talents of their children; and numerous drawings and water-color sketches from his hand are still preserved by the descendants of those who knew and loved him well. But Lancaster not being deemed a place of sufficient security, André was presently removed to Carlisle, a still remoter village; and here his lodgings were, singularly enough, shared by Arthur Despard, then a military captive like himself, and destined too to an ignominious death, being executed at London, some years later, for high treason. It is remembered, as an instance of André's amiability, that during all his imprisonment he was studiously careful to avoid the display of any of that arrogance which so many of the British officers at this time not only felt, but manifested in their intercourse with the people, whom they regarded as malignant and wicked traitors. He never, for instance, spoke of the Americans to their faces as rebels; *the Colonists* was the milder phrase to which he gave the preference.

At last, however, André was exchanged, and returned to the scene of his duties. It is no slight tribute to his actual merit that we find him selected, on this ground alone, to be aide-de-camp, first of General Grey, and afterwards of Sir Henry Clinton. Indeed, so sensible was the latter of his worth, that he made his promotion his own special care; and André was rapidly advanced, not only to a majority, but to be Adjutant-General of the army. Nor did Clinton ever cease to bear honorable testimony to the character of (to use his own language) "this most amiable and valuable young man, who was adorned with the rarest endowments of education and nature, and who, had he lived, could not but have attained the highest honors of his profession."

With Howe, in Philadelphia, André passed that season which was signalized by the attractive fête of the Meschianza, so often commemorated by annalists, and of which he was the chief promoter. But when Sir Henry Clinton proceeded against Charleston, in the spring of 1780, he entered into

other and more dangerous lists. In Johnson's *Life of Greene*, we are told of the universal belief in the British army, and, after its fall, in the city of Charleston, that André had been in that city as a spy during the siege. And there is irrefragable evidence that this impression was correct, in the *Reminiscences of the amiable and respectable Dr. Johnson, of South Carolina*. These are weighty and important antecedents, that, in our opinion, have a powerful bearing on his subsequent career.

Every reader is familiar with the circumstances of André's capture, and of Arnold's flight, and it is not our purpose to repeat them here. But the extent of the comprehensive scheme that was then frustrated is perhaps not so generally appreciated; nor is it noticed by Lord Mahon, otherwise than that it was to be effected "in such a manner as to contribute every possible advantage to his Majesty's arms." We have before us the manuscript journal of an English gentleman, an officer in the Coldstream Guards, who at this time was serving under Sir Henry Clinton, and whose social position was such as to give weight to the views he here expresses. They are, moreover, fully confirmed by the exceedingly intelligent and well-informed author of the "*Complot d'Arnold*," a French work, published by the elder Didot, in 1816; and therefore may, we think, be received without hesitation. Our Guardsman says, that on a certain day, agreed upon between André and Arnold, Sir Henry was to invest Fort Mifflin. Arnold was immediately to send for reinforcements to Washington, holding out to the latter such false lights as would, most probably, induce him to lead, in person, a detachment for the relief of the beleaguered fortress, and the capture of Clinton and his whole army. At a suitable juncture, Arnold was to surrender the post, and the British were to surprise and take as prisoners Washington and his advancing troops. Had this scheme succeeded, it was not doubted that an end would have been put to the whole war; and, as the journalist observes, no rank that England could bestow "would have overpaid so important a service." As it was, £ 6,000 and a brigadier's grade was the value of the mess of pottage for which the traitor sold his birthright. It is to

the honor of his countrymen that, while they strained every nerve to bring him to condign punishment, they wreaked not their anger, even in the first flush of their rage, upon his family. They offered to spare André's life, if Arnold was given up to them; they sent spies into New York, and organized expeditions for his capture; they instructed their generals to put him to death by a drum-head court-martial, should he ever fall in their power; and their hatred to him lives beyond the grave. Yet his deserted wife met with naught but pitying kindness at their hands; and when, a few years after the war, she came to Philadelphia, she encountered nothing worse than a cold politeness. "Mrs. Arnold, wife to the vile traitor," wrote one in that city, to his friends in England, "has been here on a visit to her family six weeks, and passes the winter. She has met no insult or incivility; and many warm Whigs, out of respect to her family, visited her, though everybody is of opinion she would have shown more feeling by staying away, for it places her family in an awkward position. She is handsome, and a woman. But when we reflect the ornaments of her person are the price of *his* cursed villany, 't is not pleasant to the feelings; a monster who is as much reprobated your side the water as this."

As has been before intimated, Lord Mahon does not hesitate to censure the conduct which brought André to the fatal tree. It was for him, he says, that the whole resentment of the Americans was reserved. Brought, by Washington's orders, before a court of inquiry, consisting of fourteen general officers, he was formally adjudged by them to be a spy, and was decreed worthy of a spy's death. This finding was, in every particular, approved of by the Commander-in-chief, and on the 2d of October, 1780, the unfortunate prisoner underwent the punishment which by the laws of civilized war has ever been decreed to such a character. "Never," said Alexander Hamilton, "did a man suffer death with more justice, or deserve it less." His last impulse was one of honest grief at the manner of his execution. He had hoped to die as a soldier, not as a felon; by the bullet, rather than the rope. But the serene courage which had attended him throughout did not desert him here. In his own beautiful language, his

soul was buoyed above the terror of death, by the consciousness of a life devoted to honorable pursuits, and stained with no action that gave him remorse. "I am reconciled to my fate," said he, "but not to the mode." Then, springing lightly upon the cart, "I call you all to witness," he cried, "that I die like a brave man!" In another moment, he was struggling in the grasp of death.

If, as Hamilton says, "even by his enemies was André universally esteemed and universally regretted," it is natural enough that his own countrymen should feel and speak with much more poignancy. What consolation royal munificence and public sensibility could afford was freely tendered to his bereaved kindred. A baronetcy ennobled his nearest kinsman; and beside those of genius, virtue, and grandeur, his cold remains were brought to rest in Westminster Abbey. "It was not fit, indeed," says the historian, "that they should rest in American ground." And all this was very right and proper. But when it comes to stigmatizing the sentence under which he died, it is surely time for men to speak. So far as we can analyze Lord Mahon's critical examination, his objections to André's execution may be divided into two orders; first, as to the competency or fitness of the court to appreciate the circumstances of the case; and, secondly, as to the soundness of their decree. The board, as he observes, was composed of two European and twelve American field-officers. Of the former, Lafayette was a youth of but twenty-three, and Steuben being a foreigner, "speaking no English, while his colleagues spoke no French, was unable to controvert any disputed question with them." Now, we will venture to assert that there is no American, whose father served with that rigid old disciplinarian, who can ever be brought to believe that Baron Steuben was not capable of fully understanding, or that he did not in fact fully and completely understand, the merits of this case, or of any other in which he sat as arbiter. The art and rules of war had been the study of his life; and if his knowledge of our tongue was imperfect, it was nevertheless sufficient for most practical purposes. A more competent man for the decision of this question could not have been found. As to the Amer-

ican leaders, Lord Mahon disposes of them very roundly, by assuming their universal ignorance of Puffendorf and Vattel. He pays the highest tribute to their virtues and their patriotism, but he does not allow us to forget that their president, Nathaniel Greene, was bred a blacksmith. We willingly admit that the antecedents of many of these gentlemen were such as to leave them amenable to this objection, but we cannot forget that there were also educated and accomplished men among them. Knox and Glover, for instance, were probably as well versed in their professional literature as any generals on the Continent; and what shall we say of the titular Lord Stirling, a man of brilliant education and ample hereditary fortune, the friend and correspondent of such characters as Shirley and Charles Townshend? At all events, the tribunal before which André was brought was the best that America could afford; and that Washington should have acceded (as Lord Mahon blames him for not doing) to the suggestion of referring the matter to the decision of Rochambeau, his subordinate, and Knyphausen, his enemy, is simply absurd. He might as well have been called upon to consult Cornwallis as to the propriety of investing Yorktown.

But in what respect was the finding of this board unjust or illegal? Since Lord Mahon waives the disputed point as to the flag of truce, we also will forbear its discussion. The only other argument he brings for slighting their judgment is the fact that André, when arrested, was under the protection of Arnold's pass; and "how loose and slippery becomes the ground," he urges, "if once we forsake the settled principle of recognizing the safe-conducts granted by adequate authority, if once we stray forth in quest of secret motives and designs!"

Now, if there be anything at all in this argument, it amounts simply to this. Arnold, as commander of the West Point district, had a right to surrender the post; and to interfere with any contract or engagements which he made to that effect was wrong. Under many circumstances, we would assent to this proposition. But nothing is better established, in the law military no less than in civil codes, than that fraud taints everything it touches. That Grotius and Vattel were

not quoted by the court in their decision was probably because neither Grotius nor Vattel affords anything approaching to a parallel case. It never entered their heads, we may suppose, that any one could be found to contend that passes and safe-conducts were made to be prostituted to such purposes. But they do say, and in explicit terms, such things as these: Whatsoever it is unlawful for a man to do, it is also unlawful for another to persuade him to do; as, for example, it is unlawful for a subject to deliver up a town without the consent of a council of war; and therefore it is also unlawful to persuade him to do so.\* If André was not within the American lines as a spy, we do not know what the phrase means; certain it is, it was as a spy that he sought to leave them. We do not know that we can better reply to Lord Mahon's ingenious and honest arguments than in the language of a soldier, and one of his own countrymen. We quote from Colonel Mackinnon's History of the Coldstream Guards.

“The American general has been censured for directing this ignominious sentence to be carried into execution; but doubtless Major André was well aware, when he undertook the negotiation, of the fate that awaited him should he fall into the hands of the enemy. The laws of war award to spies the punishment of death. It would therefore be difficult to assign a reason why Major André should be exempted from that fate to which all others are doomed under similar circumstances, although the amiable qualities of the man render the individual case a subject of peculiar commiseration.”

But in another part of this very volume, Lord Mahon himself controverts the position he has here assumed. In 1781, when the French descended on Jersey, the commander of the troops there, being captured, in due form made a capitulation of the island. It was afterwards decided that his powers so to do were insufficient; and he was cashiered. But what was the conduct of his gallant subordinates? Disregarding the orders of his chief, Major Pierson, the second in command, attacked the foe with such violence, that they were soon compelled to surrender. Now, what is there to prevent the in-

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\* Grotius, Rights of War and Peace, Book III. c. 1.

dulgence of reflections similar to those which he announces in the case of André? How loose and slippery becomes the ground, if once we forsake the settled principles of military subordination,—if once we stray forth in quest of secret motives and designs!

All laws which are not based on common sense are common nuisances. Tested by this standard, we cannot conceive that the justice and lawfulness of André's fate should be generally and seriously questioned. His success was intended to be the ruin of America, and the destruction of her leaders. What then should have been the penalty of his failure? It was a game of life and death; and a fearful example was, of all things, necessary to our own protection. If André escaped, why should not the next negotiator have had a like immunity? Thus every general in our army might have been in turn subjected to the most dangerous temptations. We therefore again repeat what we believe is, and ever will be, the solemn conviction of our countrymen, if not of all the world, that his life was forfeited by his conduct, and that his death was just and necessary.

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### ART. XIII.—CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Lyteria: a Dramatic Poem.* Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1854. 16mo. pp. 123.

WE have read, with singular pleasure, the dramatic poem the title of which is copied at the head of this notice. Though it is published anonymously, its author is understood to be a very young man, not hitherto known to the public as a writer,—Mr. J. P. Quincy of Boston, a grandson of President Quincy, whose vigorous age, “frosty but kindly,” not only commands public attention and respect, whenever he wields a pen that has lost none of its strength, or lifts a voice of warning that has lost none of its eloquence, but is permitted to enjoy the literary distinction of those who inherit his name.

The drama of *Lyteria* claims the specific title of a classical composi-

tion; that is, in subject, simplicity of plot, limitation of the number of personages and of the time of the action, it resembles the tragedy of the ancients. The tragedy of *Ion*, which gave the late lamented Tal-  
fourd his eminent position as a poet, belongs to the same class; and we are happy to say, that the production of our young countryman sustains no unfavorable comparison with the exquisite work of the laurelled scholar, whose genius adorned the bar, the bench, the House of Commons, and the stage.

In reading *Lyteria*, we are reminded of *Ion*, but only by those general similarities which grow out of the circumstance that they both are constructed upon the same principles of classical composition, and both have kindred excellences of style. *Lyteria* has borrowed nothing in sentiment or imagery from *Ion*; but resembles it in the easy and fluent verse, the finished rhythm, the elegant simplicity of language, and the purity of ethical tone, as also in the high conception of dramatic art, with which the author has carefully and thoughtfully executed his plan.

The legend of Marcus Curtius is one of the commonplaces of classical allusion; but the manner in which this germ is unfolded into a dramatic story, and shaped into a plot adequate to high tragic effects and affording situations for the display of the loftiest heroism and the tenderest human affection, is not only ingenious, but original. *Lyteria* is the daughter of Dœlius, an aged priest; and Marcus Curtius, having vindicated the ancestral honors of his lineage by early deeds of arms, is received as an inmate in the temple. Two such natures — the heroic and noble character of Curtius, and the deep, devout, and tender spirit of *Lyteria*, nurtured in the sacred air of worship, and shedding by her beauty the light of grace on the austere solemnities of the Roman religion — could not be brought into each other's presence without soon finding that each is the predestined companion and complement to the other. The highest happiness of man's condition on earth seems within their grasp, when the full consent of the Patrician guardian of Curtius is freely given. But the gods have willed for them another destiny. A gulf has been supernaturally opened in the Forum, out of which issue poisonous vapors, sending pestilence through the devoted city. Astonishment, terror, death, strike the wretched people and fill the nobles and priests with dismay, at this inexplicable outburst of the wrath of the gods. The oracle is consulted, and by its ambiguous response gives a false hope that the divine anger may be readily appeased. But no; the precious treasure furnished by the Consul, and even the silver statue of Jupiter, upheaved from its firm base, and thrown into the abyss, are hurled back on the trembling plain. What, then, is the sacrifice, — that which is "most prized of Rome," — to which

the oracle mysteriously points? Curtius himself is the selected victim; and Lyteria, to whom he is just betrothed, is the chosen messenger through whom the will of the gods is to be conveyed to Rome. The manner in which the meaning of the oracle is gradually made clear to Lyteria, by mental impressions produced by the gods, and coincidences of words accidentally spoken with the mysterious language of the response, is highly poetical, and, though supernatural, perfectly natural. This species of management is in accordance with the practice of the best Greek tragic writers. The classical reader will remember the exquisite art of Sophocles, in the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, who unconsciously foreshadows by his own language the fatal secret he is endeavoring to bring to the light of day. The author of *Lyteria* has made a somewhat different, but very delicate and skilful application, of the classical method. The coincidence of the words by which Curtius is saluted, at the moment of his apparent triumph, with the language of the oracle, surely and awfully reveals the truth to the startled consciousness of Lyteria, whose situation now becomes one of the most pathetic and tragical which the human mind can conceive. The conduct of the drama through this part of the story affords, we think, a test of the ability of the author; and we find that he has come triumphantly out of the trial. There is a steady maintenance of the interest of the struggle, and a calm, quiet exhibition of power, in bringing out the points of the crisis, which nowhere breaks down or fails. The communication of the fatal truth to the lover and hero is another of the great turns in the fortunes of the piece, equally demanding steady power to carry it successfully through; and the tragic consummation by which Rome is saved, and Curtius, at the cost of life and love dearer than life, wins his place among the demigods of ancient renown, sustained to the last dread moment by the gentle but most heroic soul of her whose sacrifice is infinitely harder than his to bear, is wrought out with a justness of feeling, fineness of taste, and vigor of hand, fully equal to the requirements of high tragic art.

The characters in the drama are distinctly and consistently drawn, while the relations of the thought, and the appropriateness of sentiment to character and situation, are sustained with a subtile delicacy quite remarkable. The character of Lyteria is a noble and exquisite creation, uniting, as it does, the most womanly affections with high, heroic qualities, as far transcending the heroism of man, as the struggles of the soul surpass the daring deeds of the battle-field, or the yielding up of the idol of the heart surpasses the yielding up of life for a great cause, — as to live for duty, after life has lost its charm, is more heroic than to die and be at rest. We think the elements of this character are combined with true poetic feeling and exquisite artistic skill.

We have been peculiarly impressed with the simple and classic beauty of the style. It is always refined, tasteful, and appropriate, rising with the force and elevation of sentiment into poetical dignity. The temperate use of power, which, while equal to the great situations of the tragic story, begins in a gentle vein, and increases in force with the progress of the action, and the adroit management of the supernatural agencies where they are required to indicate the heaven-appointed victim, show a clearness of conception and a practised skill one certainly has no right to expect in a first dramatic attempt.

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2. — *History of the Origin, Formation, and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States; with Notices of its Principal Framers.* By GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS. Vol. I. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1854. 8vo. pp. 518.

WE have in preparation a review of this work *in extenso*, which we shall publish in the next number. We notice it now, merely to call the attention of our readers to it, as a book which fills a hiatus in our political literature. Mr. Curtis has conscientiously studied the documents relating to the subject, and drawn upon every accessible source of information and illustration. He has traced the successive steps which led to the formation of our present Constitution, beginning with the governments of the original thirteen Colonies, continuing through the Revolution, and finally through the disastrous period which intervened between the close of the Revolution and the establishment of our present government.

The subject is laid out in a very lucid order, and every point is thoroughly discussed. The great lesson derived from the history is, that the Constitution, though embodying abstract principles of the rights of man, was not the growth of *a priori* theories, but was framed to meet the practical wants of a suffering people, and was adapted to this end by the highest wisdom which was ever applied to human affairs.

Mr. Curtis has not neglected the important matter of style. A work, which in some hands would have been dry and repulsive, however important the subject, becomes in him very attractive by the charms of a style of Attic clearness and purity. At the same time, the elegance of his composition never oversteps the severe simplicity required by the gravity of the theme.

3. — *Life and Character of the* REV. SYLVESTER JUDD. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 513.

THIS book, which is just what such a book should be, brings vividly before us the life of one who was not without his eccentricities, but always a man of intellectual activity and power, of high aims, of large and generous sympathies, and whose fresh and original contributions to our American literature, having in themselves more than an ephemeral value, will now be read with increased interest by those who see in the work before us how pure and genuine was the source from which they came. We hope in a future number of our journal to give a more extended notice of Mr. Judd's life, character, and writings.

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4. — *The Landing at Cape Anne ; or, the Charter of the First Permanent Colony on the Territory of the Massachusetts Company, now discovered and first published from the Original Manuscript. With an Inquiry into its Authority, and a History of the Colony, 1624 – 1628, Roger Conant, Governor.* By JOHN WINGATE THORNTON. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1854. 8vo. pp. 84.

THIS monograph relates to a portion of the history of Massachusetts which has hitherto been somewhat obscure, and especially commemorates the worth and distinguished services of Roger Conant, whose name ought to lead the list of the Governors of Massachusetts. He came to Plymouth probably as early as 1622, and shortly afterwards withdrew to Nantasket with a little band of settlers, whose Puritanism was less rigid and exclusive than that of the main body. In 1624 he was invited to serve as Governor of a colony established at Cape Anne by the Dorchester Company, who held possession of that tract of territory as purchasers under a charter granted the previous year to Robert Cushman, Edward Winslow, and their associates at Plymouth. After two years and a half, reverses and discouragements led to the disbanding of the Cape Anne colony ; but Conant by his prudence and energy was enabled to retain the best of the planters in the vicinity, removing with them to Naumkeag, now Salem. In 1628, he was superseded by Endicott under the Massachusetts Bay charter, and for the remaining half-century of his life he no more appears prominently in the affairs of the colony, though his name occurs several times in the records, and in connection with offices and trusts implying the general confidence. He was a man of eminent discretion, gentleness, and probity, though he

probably lacked some of the commanding elements of character, as he certainly did the sternness and austerity, that marked his successor. He felt, in the latter years of his life, that he was suffering unmerited neglect. In 1630 he had removed to the part of Salem which in 1668 was incorporated under the name of Beverly. In 1671, with thirty-four others, he petitioned the General Court that this name might be changed for that of his native place, Budleigh, and supported the prayer of said petition by a memorial of his own, commencing as follows: "The humble petition of Roger Conant, of Bass River alias Beverly, who hath bin a planter in New England fortie yeers and upwards, being one of the first, if not the very first, that resolved and made good any settlement, under God, in matter of plantation, with my family in this collony of the Massachusetts Bay, and have bin instrumental, both for the founding and carriing on of the same; and when in the infancy thereof it was in great hassard of being deserted, I was a means, through grace assisting me, to stop the flight of those few that were heere with me, and that by my utter deniall to goe away with them, who would have gon either for England, or mostly for Virginia, but thereupon stayed to the hassard of our lives." We rejoice that justice, though late, has been done to the venerable man, who, as founder and saviour of the infant colony, may proffer a double title to a place among the fathers of our Commonwealth. The whole work does credit to Mr. Thornton's zeal as an antiquary and candor as an historian.

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5.—*The Female Prose-Writers of America. With Portraits, Biographical Notices, and Specimens of their Writings.* By JOHN S. HART, LL. D. New Edition, revised and enlarged. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 536.

WE doubt whether this work could have been done better by any one man. We miss, indeed, some names that we should have inserted; and we are inclined to think that some of the writers, thus placed in the van of their department of literature, are surprised to find themselves famous. There are also a few slight oversights in the biographical sketches, especially in defining the present *status* of some of the subjects. In some instances, also, the extracts are too short, either to fix the reader's interest, or to present a fair specimen of the writer's ability. But, with these insignificant abatements, we thank the compiler for a highly entertaining and truly valuable work. It has enlarged our knowledge, and enhanced our favorable estimate of the female prose-writers of our country. It at the same time indicates the tale, story, or

novel, as the form of composition toward which, with few exceptions, they tend, and in which they excel, alike in the power of easy and fluent narration, and in the didactic aim which is seldom wanting or obscure, and as seldom obtrusive or awkwardly managed.

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- 6.— *The Epistle of Paul to the Romans ; with a Commentary and Revised Translation, and Introductory Essays, by ABIEL ABBOT LIVERMORE.* Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 256.

THIS work should have had among the "Introductory Essays" a careful analysis of the Epistle; and in our judgment the "Revised Translation" would have been more valuable, had there been a less rigid adherence to the phraseology of King James's translators, and especially had paraphrase been resorted to in the rendering of some of the obscurer passages. Dignity of style, also, is in some instances too freely sacrificed to familiarity of illustration. But the Commentary is deserving of the highest praise for its thoroughness of research, its philological accuracy, its candid exhibition of opposing views, and its perfect lucidness. The author's theological opinions of course affect his judgment as an expositor; but those who regard the Epistle as designed to mediate between the Jewish and the Gentile portion of the Roman Church will seldom dissent from his conclusions, while those who look upon it as a compend of Christian doctrine may find him a safe and useful guide in the details of textual exegesis.

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- 7.— *Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity, delivered in Philadelphia, by Clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the Fall and Winter of 1853-4. With an Introductory Essay, by ALONZO POTTER, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of the Diocese of Pennsylvania.* Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 408.

THE crowning merit of this volume is its timeliness. And this is a merit which includes others of the highest order; for the infidelity of our day is both learned and subtle, and can be met only by men profoundly conversant on the one hand with natural and metaphysical science, and on the other with the spirit of the age in its "many-sidedness" and its vagaries. Scepticism does not now attach itself, as formerly, to the face of the sacred record; but draws its arguments from

the alleged limits of possibility, from natural laws, from geological phenomena, from ethnological speculations, from social theories, and from the marvels of revived necromancy. The questions at issue are not with regard to the validity of this or that description of testimony, but with regard to the competency of any testimony to substantiate either the facts of sacred history or the truths which they imply. It is with reference to these questions that the discourses before us were prepared. The subjects were so distributed as to give to the work all the coherency of a continuous treatise, with the advantage of securing for the discussion of each separate topic the services of the divine whose habits of mind or course of study best fitted him to take cognizance of it. The discourses are not mere harangues designed for pulpit effect, but solid treatises, adapted to meet the objections and obviate the difficulties of philosophical inquirers, and to be the most efficacious with minds of superior strength and culture. We have been particularly impressed with Bishop Potter's Lecture on the "Immutability of Natural Laws," which places the Divine Providence in the same position in the philosophy of the universe which it occupies in the faith of the Christian. We would also direct attention to Bishop Burgess's Lecture, entitled "The Modern Necromancy no Argument against the Gospel," in which the writer, without defending any particular theory as to (so-called) spiritual intercourse, discusses the bearings of each of the several tenable theories upon the Christian evidences, and shows that neither of them casts the shadow of a doubt on Christianity.

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8. — *Outlines of Lectures on the Neurological System of Anthropology, as discovered, demonstrated, and taught in 1841 and 1842.* By JOSEPH R. BUCHANAN, M. D. Cincinnati. 1854. 16mo. pp. 400.

WE can best define Dr. Buchanan's theory by saying that it is Phrenology applied, not to the brain alone, but to the entire nervous system. The organs which Spurzheim packed into the cranium are dispersed over the whole body. They may be identified by the impulse given to the corresponding sentiments or emotions by the imposition either of the individual's own or of another's hand. The power of psychometry after this wise exists in a large portion of the human race, and needs only experiment and use in order to its full development. This psychometric faculty, in its higher and rarer forms, can become intuitively conscious, not only of the hidden or remote present, but often of the past, which has helped to constitute the present, and of the future, the germs of which are of course already in existence. Another modification of the

same faculty is that which, from the mere handling of a letter, can read the character and history of the writer. According to this system, education ought to consist in great part in the stimulation of the organs most essential to the well-being and success of the subject, and scientific *shampooing* might well alternate with academic exercises. The book before us is certainly indicative of great ability and industry, no less than of sincerity, on the part of the author. His system, too, has the merit of embracing within its scope many of the abnormal modes of consciousness and experience, from the simplest phenomena of *mesmerism* to the boldest reaches of *clairvoyance* and *prevoyance*. It is impossible to deny that well-established facts of this kind transcend the generally recognized laws of consciousness and communication. They are at present to a great degree the province of charlatanry and superstition, but should not remain so. They are undoubtedly abnormal only because our science is too narrow, but are in reality as strictly normal as the common operations of the organs of sense. They are marvellous, and seem preternatural, only because they occur under laws that have not been identified and registered; but are really no more strange than the instantaneous passage of thought on the telegraphic wires that stretch across a continent. We are by no means satisfied with Dr. Buchanan's philosophy, for it savors too strongly of materialism; yet we cannot doubt that his book will be of value as a pioneer essay on the ground which psychology and the science of mind must occupy, or else become inadequate and obsolescent.

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9.—*Sermons*, by THOMAS T. STONE, of Bolton. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 356.

THESE Sermons occupy a very elevated plane of contemplation, are rhapsodies rather than discussions or homilies, and breathe at once the spirit of lofty poetry, sincere devotion, and love and hope for man. Some of them are prose hymns of the highest inspiration, and flow in an unstudied rhythm which the artificial constraint of measured verse could hardly make more musical. They are redolent of the bracing air of the Delectable Mountains, and are as tonics to faith, trust, and the religious sentiments and affections.

10. — 1. *Empirical Psychology ; or, The Human Mind as given in Consciousness.* By LAURENS P. HICKOK, D. D., Union College. Schenectady : G. Y. Van Debogert. 1854. 12mo. pp. 400.
2. *The Elements of Intellectual Philosophy.* By FRANCIS WAYLAND, President of Brown University, and Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy. Boston : Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 426.
3. *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind.* By DUGALD STEWART. *Revised and Abridged, with Critical and Explanatory Notes, for the Use of Colleges and Schools.* By FRANCIS BOWEN, Alford Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in Harvard College. Boston : James Munroe & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 490.

DR. HICKOK's aim in his new work is to present an *empirical* in contradistinction to a *rational* psychology, — to exhibit the unquestioned facts of consciousness, and not to determine the *a priori* principles on which they are conditioned. His analysis is accurate and exhausting ; his arrangement natural and self-justifying. His criterion is the common consciousness of mankind, and he therefore enters into no discussion of abnormal, solitary, or doubtful modes of consciousness or experience. His treatise embraces the consideration, not only of the mental powers, but of the affections, the religious susceptibilities, and the will. It is characterized throughout by clear thought ; but is disfigured by a Kantian phraseology, which the reader is obliged to translate for himself into the vernacular.

Dr. Wayland's book also avoids disputed ground, and is concerned only with the admitted facts of intellectual science. It contains the substance of his University Lectures, and is written, as such lectures should be, in a simple, unambitious style, with an affluence of familiar illustration. It is of unequalled merit as an introductory text-book in the department to which it belongs, but would need to be followed by others, which should present the points at issue in speculative philosophy and the history of opinions.

Professor Bowen has issued, under the above-named title, an abridgment of Stewart's "Elements," with many valuable additions, principally in the form of notes, by the editor. His work is performed with consummate care, judgment, and taste.

11. — 1. *The Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi. A Series of Sketches.* By JOSEPH G. BALDWIN. Ninth Thousand. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1854. 24mo. pp. 330.
2. *Party Leaders; Sketches of Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, John Randolph of Roanoke, including Notices of many other distinguished American Statesmen.* By JOSEPH G. BALDWIN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 369.

THE first of these books contains a series of pictures, for the most part intensely comic, yet hardly overdrawn, of life and manners in the Southwest, when life in that region was new, and manners in the Chesterfieldian sense were not. If they are fancy paintings, still they have enough of verisimilitude to assure us that the outlines were copied from life. But in our judgment the best part of this volume is that which is wholly free from the grotesque element. Of eloquent and life-like characterization we can hardly point to a richer specimen than Mr. Baldwin's sketch of Hon. S. S. Prentiss, or that of equal merit, which, under the fictitious name of Hon. Francis Strother, describes, as is intimated to the reader, an eminently gifted, upright, and patriotic living statesman of Alabama. In the "Party Leaders" the author has virtually dramatized the portions of our political history of which he undertakes to portray the central personages. We are not certain that he adduces any new facts or anecdotes; but he writes as if he had participated actively in all that he describes. His plan implies the grouping of incidents and subordinate agents around the master-spirits of the times, and by a similar grouping around momentous crises in public affairs, he combines with each portion of his narrative the unity of time with that of action. We trust that the stamp of public approbation, which we have quoted from the title-page of our copy of "The Flush Times," will be equalled — it deserves to be surpassed — by the general appreciation of the later work.

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12. — 1. *Poems.* By THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1854. 16mo. pp. 189.
  2. *Poems of the Orient.* By BAYARD TAYLOR. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855. 16mo. pp. 203.
  3. *The Bells: a Collection of Chimes.* By T. B. A. New York: J. C. Derby. 1855. 24mo. pp. 144.

THE first of these books displays more culture than enthusiasm, — more of the poetic art than of poetic fire. Its author shows a rare

wealth of resource, derived equally from study and from travel, — from classic fountains and from the literature and life of the present day. His versification is smooth and harmonious. The poems that will do the most for his reputation are certain demi-burlesque epistles, addressed, under the assumed character of an Englishman in America, to Rogers the poet, Charles Kemble, Moxon the publisher, and Walter Savage Landor.

Mr. Taylor's volume contains a large amount of healthy, manly sentiment, such as does credit to his mental and moral nature ; and yet we a little doubt whether he is a born poet. But however this may be, the book is entirely free from pretension and extravagance, and if it does not enhance, it will not impair, a literary reputation nobly earned and richly merited.

"The Bells" is a first publication by a very young man, who has much yet to learn as regards the art of versification, but who gives tokens of genuine poetic feeling, and will win, in process of years, an enviable reputation, if these windfalls are a presage of the fruit that is yet to ripen on the same tree.

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13. — *The Hearth-Stone: or Thoughts upon Home-Life in our Cities.* By SAMUEL OSGOOD. Fifth Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1854. 24mo. pp. 290.

WE ought not to have waited for a *fifth* edition to bear our grateful testimony to the worth of this book. Its endeavor is to infuse a religious spirit into the relations, occupations, and amusements of "home-life in our cities." This aim is pursued with a sacred singleness of purpose, with an attractive grace of style, and on that elevated ground of supra-sectarian and practical Christianity which must secure for the work equal favor and like opportunity of usefulness with readers of every denomination.

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14. — *Ida May: a Story of Things Actual and Possible.* By MARY LANGDON. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 478.

It tells much for this story that its authorship should have been very generally attributed to Mrs. Stowe. We did not for a moment think it hers. It displays a more careful and uniform artistic elaboration than "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but falls far short of it in power of delineation, and in its hold on the sympathies. It will follow in the wake of its predecessor, and keep the furrow open where that parted the waters ; but

had it taken the lead, as the other did, prior to the transactions of the last winter and spring, it could have produced no more than a slight surface-swell on the then almost universal indifference and apathy.

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15. — *Photographic Views of Egypt, Past and Present.* By JOSEPH P. THOMPSON. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 358.

THOUGH very many books, and parts of books, have of late been written about Egypt, we are not certain that the place which this work fills is otherwise supplied. It is the simple, journal-like narrative of what was seen, experienced, and ascertained in Egypt, by one who, as a man of taste, a scholar, and a Christian, knew how to observe and what to look for, who carried his humane sympathies everywhere with him, and whose "Views" are literally "photographic," at once in their manifest fidelity to fact, and in the genial light with which they are suffused from his own sunny temper and cheerful religious faith.

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16. — *Nature in Disease, illustrated in various Discourses and Essays, to which are added Miscellaneous Writings, chiefly on Medical Subjects.* By JACOB BIGELOW, M. D. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1854. 16mo. pp. 391.

MANY diseases are self-limited, and, though their severity may be mitigated, their course cannot be shortened, by medical treatment. Where there is no organic lesion, and the vital functions have not yet yielded to natural decay, the tendency is toward recovery, not death. In these cases the *vis medicatrix* of nature is the wise physician's chief ground of confidence, and he aims rather to subsidize than to supersede its operation. Such, in brief, is the thesis maintained, with conclusive reasoning and affluent illustration, in the portion of this volume which furnishes its general title. The remaining papers are on a wide range of subjects, are in themselves deeply interesting, and bear a value greatly enhanced by the grave authority which sustains their statements, opinions, and arguments. Had the book appeared earlier in the quarter, our veneration for the author, our sympathy with him in his detestation of the current forms of quackery, and our unshaken confidence in the legitimate medical faculty, in which he has so long borne a leader's staff, would have led us to furnish an elaborate review in place of this hurried notice.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

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The Relation of Divine Providence to Physical Laws. A Discourse delivered before the Porter Rhetorical Society, at Andover Theological Seminary, August 1, 1854. By George I. Chace, LL.D., Professor in Brown University. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1854.

History of the Epidemic Fever at New Orleans, La., in 1853. By E. D. Fenner, M. D. New York. 1854.

A Look towards the Future of the British Colonies. Two Letters addressed to the Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon, K. G., one of Her Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State. By C. D. Archibald, F. R. S., F. S. A. London : Edward Stanford. 1854.

Servetus and Calvin : Three Lectures on Occasion of the Three-hundredth Anniversary of the Death of Michael Servetus, who, on the 27th of October, 1553, was burned alive for Heresy, at the Instigation of John Calvin. By J. Scott Porter. London : Edward T. Whitfield. 1854.

An American View of the Eastern Question. By Wm. Henry Trescott. Charleston : John Russell. 1854.

Ignes de Castro : a Tragedy in Five Acts (as contributed to Hood's Magazine). By the Author of "Rural Sonnets." Second Edition. London : H. Hurst. 1846.

The True Principle of Education. The Law of Nature, the Law of Mental Development. A New View of the End of Juvenile Culture, especially as regards the Female Mind. By E. A. Beaman, Principal of a Young Ladies' School, Temple Place, Boston. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854.

Abstract of the Returns from Banks, and from Institutions for Savings, in Massachusetts, August 13, 1854. Prepared from Official Returns, by Ephraim M. Wright, Secretary of the Commonwealth. Boston. 1855.

Paganized Ecclesiasticism, the Chief Antagonist of the Modern Missionary. An Address before the Society of Inquiry, in Andover Theological Seminary, July 31, 1854. By Joseph P. Thompson, Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, New York. Andover. 1854.

The Congregational Union of England and Wales, and the Common School System of the United States of America. By the Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, Congregational Minister, New York. Manchester. 1854.

Proceedings of the Historical Society of New York, October, 1853. Ruins of Tenampua, Honduras, Central America. New York. 1854.

Second Annual Report of the Trustees of the Public Library. Boston. 1854.

Third Annual Report of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, presented October 18, 1854. With the Charter, By-laws, Names of Officers, and Life-Members. Boston. 1854.

Sequel to the Law of Human Progress. By James C. Halsall. Richmond. 1854.

Influence of the History of Science upon Intellectual Education. A Lecture before the Royal Institution of Great Britain. By William Whewell, D.D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1854.

Library of Select Novels. No. 193. The Young Husband. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1854.

Martin Merrivale, his Mark. By Paul Creighton. Illustrated. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. Nos. 11 - 15.

New and Elegant Edition of the Holy Bible, according to the Douay and Rhemish Versions; with Haydock's Notes complete. New York: Dunigan and Brother. Nos. 31 - 36.

Harper's Gazetteer of the World. Nos. 4 - 7.

Heartsease: or, The Brother's Wife. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 24mo.

The Divine Character vindicated. A Review of some of the Principal Features of Rev. Dr. E. Beecher's recent Work, entitled "The Conflict of Ages; or, the Great Debate on the Moral Relations of God and Man." By Rev. Moses Ballou. New York: Redfield. 1854. 24mo. pp. 412.

Life's Lesson. A Tale. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1854. 24mo. pp. 398.

Memorable Women: The Story of their Lives. By Mrs. Newton Crossland. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1854. 16mo. pp. 355.

The Plurality of Worlds; with an Introduction by Edward Hitchcock, D.D. A new Edition, to which is added a Supplementary Dialogue, in which the Author's Reviewers are reviewed. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1855. 24mo. pp. 368.

A Practical and Commercial Arithmetic: containing Definitions of Terms, and Rules of Operations, with numerous Examples. The whole forming a Complete Treatise for the Use of Schools and Academies. By Gerardus Beekman Docharty, LL. D., Professor of Mathematics in the New York Free Academy. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1854. 24mo. pp. 266.

The Mothers of the Bible. By Mrs. S. G. Ashton. With an Introductory Essay, by Rev. A. L. Stone. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 335.

The Know-Nothing (?). Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 347.

The Deck of the Crescent City: A Picture of American Life. By William Giles Dix. New York: George P. Putnam & Co. 1853. 16mo. pp. 120.

Lord Bacon and Sir Walter Raleigh. By the late Macvey Napier, Esq. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1853. 16mo. pp. 273.

Memories of a Grandmother. By a Lady of Massachusetts. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1854. 12mo. pp. 141.

The Meaning of Words : analyzed into Words and Unverbal Things, and Unverbal Things classified into Intellections, Sensations, and Emotions. By A. B. Johnson. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1854. 24mo. pp. 256.

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Leaves from the Tree Igdrasyl. By Martha Russell. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 348.

# NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CLXVII.

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APRIL, 1855.

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- ART. I. — 1. *Histoire de la Révolution de 1848.* Par DANIEL STERN. Paris. 1850.
2. *Histoire de la Révolution de 1848.* Par M. DE LAMARTINE. Paris. 1849. 2 vols.
3. *Pages d'Histoire de la Révolution de Février.* Par M. LOUIS BLANC. Bruxelles. 1850.
4. *Les Confessions d'un Révolutionnaire.* Par M. PROUDHON. Paris. 1850.
5. *Mémoires de M. CAUSSIDIÈRE.* Paris. 1849. 2 vols.

FRANCE is incredibly rich in the materials of history. The diligence and exactness with which the official records of all public transactions are made up and preserved, would have sufficed to secure such a result. But the actors in French history have done their best also to bring it about, and France possesses, in her political autobiographies, a treasure, perhaps not so attractive, but certainly as valuable, as the collection of autographic portraits which is so charming a feature of the Florentine Gallery.

One climacteric has barely elapsed since the "Monarchy of July" ran away in a cab; yet all the leading performers in the drama then commenced have already given to the world their own notions of the play, and of their respective parts therein. In the list which we prefix to this article will be found the titles of the most remarkable of their productions. The work

of M. de Lamartine is probably familiar to many of our readers, since it has been published in an English translation at London, and we believe at New York also. The orator-poet writes his commentaries, like Cæsar, in the third person, and seems in doubt which most to admire, the magnetic power of M. de Lamartine's genius, or the exquisite grace of M. de Lamartine's person. Louis Blanc demonstrates with less vanity, but with greater confidence, in page after page of vivid and brilliant eloquence, the extreme fatuity of all his colleagues. M. Proudhon, one of the most powerful of living French writers, sketches the progress of affairs with a strong and steady hand, unmasks, with a mockery as impartial as it is stern, both imbecility and hypocrisy, and gives us, if not the fairest, certainly the most vivid picture of his times which has yet been drawn. The Memoirs of Caussidière are as boisterous, as resolute, and as absurd as himself. Besides these "personal narratives," we have a number of works devoted, like that of M. Stern, merely to the collation and recital of facts.

Differing *toto cælo* in all other respects, the writers on the Revolution of February agree in the confession, that it has become a matter of history. It is as such that we propose to treat it.

Two years ago the French Revolution of 1848 reached its final term. The picturesque and exciting pageant which had attracted all eyes, and moved so many hearts, passed away for ever. The uproar of the assembly, the clamors of the public square, were stilled. The legend prophetic of a new-born era gave place, on the walls of theatre and fortress, of printing-house and police-office, to the dynastic insignia of an empire which all men had thought defunct. The streets took their old names once more. The trees of liberty were cut up into firewood, and the Genius of the Past warmed his withered hands at the blaze of their burning. The *cheval indompté* of fiery Barbier, the untamed, bit-spurning horse, stumbled in the way, and the nimble nephew of the "lank-haired Corsican" sprang triumphantly upon the creature's head. Paris subdued, the provinces had no alternative but to submit. A fusillade in the fashionable quarters of the capital,

scores of deportations throughout the empire, and a general display of unscrupulous decision, awed France into quiet. The man who was thought to hold the poorest cards won the game, and the world, which worships success, began to read the history of Strasburg and Boulogne anew by the help of an imperial commentary. The present of France is Napoleon III. But to the past we may apply the geomancy of Zumrout, and we may draw from our facts inferences which may throw a little light on the dim future of that strange and glorious land.

The political revolution of 1848 is now, we believe, very generally admitted to have been an improvisation. Nobody expected it, nobody was prepared for it. The mean old monarch at his breakfast-table, the mad mechanic behind his barricade, were equally taken by surprise. The one stumbled into an abdication, the other into a victory, and that sober second-thought which found the *prolétaire* sorely puzzled about the disposition of the elephantine prize he had won, doubtless found the king not less confused by the check-mate which he had administered to himself. The history of those singular events, which seemed in the course of a few hours to have undone all that had been accomplished by eighteen industrious years of bribery and corruption, has a flavor of the East. As the little smoke issuing from an earthen jar swiftly rose, dilated, and grew into the overshadowing horror of a colossal Djinn, so, in the briefest time, the spirit of Revolution, emerging from the flesh-pots of a reform banquet, expanded, darkened, waved wide its menacing, shadowy arm, and threw all the shuddering bureaucrats of France into a fever of terror and despair. How exciting in its effect upon the minds of distant spectators was this application of the machinery of the Arabian Nights to modern history! How well do we remember the enthusiasm, the delight that thrilled us, when we read, in the uncertain twilight of a raw spring day, the huge-lettered posters which announced the breaking up of the political Neva; the overflowing of the popular tides, the flight of Metternich-Louis, the return of the Deluge! Through how many young hearts rang the clarion voices of a new era in that eventful spring! From the Vistula to the

Mississippi the souls of men were stirred with a common impulse. In a day, yes, in an hour, was revealed to the nations the hollowness of that long peace over which statesmen had exulted, as over the settlement of Europe. Surely *this* time old things must pass away, and all things become new! Alas for the budding hopes! Alas for the spring voices!

“They whispered of the glorious gods,  
And left us — in the mire!”

Not as the stately exhalation rose did it vanish from the earth. It did not disappear at once, but slowly, though soon, yet all too slowly faded,—passing off in ragged, sordid wreaths, in torn and dirty racks of common mist. We cannot regret that the illusions of 1848 were so early dispelled. We can only desire to understand clearly what these illusions were, and why they were. To enter fully and fairly into the history of the revolution of February is not our purpose here. That work demands an ampler space than we can now occupy. But we wish to set forth briefly the great characteristics of that most interesting history as they appear to us. For we cannot think that the nature of the great popular impulse of which the Parisian political leaders at that time availed themselves, has been appreciated calmly and with candor by the large majority of persons who have treated of the subject; and we are sure that very great injustice has been done to France in the estimates too commonly formed of her recent political history. It is astonishingly easy to crack witticisms at the expense of national or of individual character. It is wonderfully convenient to attribute the phenomena of revolution in France to the intrinsic levity of the French mind. Sir Oracle has but to propound, with a slight lifting of the eyebrows, and a curl of the nether lip, “The French are amateurs in revolution. They must have their excitements. To-day a dance on the ground, to-morrow a dance in the air,—anything will serve their turn!” And the dictum of Sir Oracle forthwith becomes a principle, the theme of grave discourses and of statesmanlike orations. In vain does one call the attention of Sir Oracle and of his hearers to the fact that France is a great and growing power;

that centuries of misgovernment, of tyranny, and of war have not crushed the vital energies of her people; that the sum of the national wealth has been steadily on the increase for two hundred years, in spite of the most egregious absurdities in the way of financial systems that ever cursed an intelligent people; that the colonies, the commerce, and the manufactures of this disorderly country challenge for her the second place among the industrious nations of the earth. Sir Oracle chooses to believe that one of the most laborious populations in the world likes to leave the labors which insure its daily support, takes pleasure in shooting and being shot, and is delighted with any uproar which annihilates trade, but promises an infinity of "spectacles." The zest with which a Frenchman enjoys an excitement is used to prove that he will sacrifice all that other men hold dear for the sake of procuring an excitement; and because the despotic governments of France so long kept before the world, as the representatives of the French people, a set of aimless, ill-starred debauchees, a profligate court, and an ambitious army, the commotions which in recent times have shaken the fabric of society are attributed to the prevalence throughout the body of the people of those traits of character which distinguish the conventional *abbés* and *mousquetaires*, the traditional *grands seigneurs* and *petits-mâtres*, of the novel and the theatre. The French are frequently charged (and there is certainly much ground for the charge) with being grossly ignorant of the true character and real capacity of foreign nations. But what sort of justice do foreigners in general render to the character and the capacity of France? "Fanaticism," says Coleridge, "always results from the observation of phenomena, without investigation into their causes." How fanatical then are the opinions which nations still entertain of one another! And the inhuman traditions of race-hostility have acted as a mordant upon the blackness of these fanatical opinions.

The cowardice, the stupidity, and the arrogance of the dominant classes threw the inevitable revolutionary movement of France, in 1792, into the hands of an unscrupulous and vindictive party. The Reign of Terror followed the Reign of Imbecility and Prescription. But neither the court

of the Bourbons, nor the Clubs, represented the French people. Voltaire stigmatized the judges of Calas as "tiger-monkeys," and foreign fanaticism, excited by the frightful massacres of September and by the follies of the Directory, affixes the opprobrious epithet to the whole of a humane and gallant nation. As justly might one damn the English people with that title of Butcher which a Jeffreys and a Cumberland so richly earned. The immense majority of the French people felt for the tyranny of the Clubs a loathing and abhorrence not less sincere than that which the majority of the English people entertain for the legitimatized massacres that followed the victories of Sedgemoor and Culloden. The history of the world hitherto has been almost exclusively the history of power. Power tends, it would seem, by an irresistible law of nature, to make those who hold it mentally or morally insane. And it is quite in vain to institute comparisons between the dynastic histories of different nations. Improvement, elevation of tone in the character of the national annals, must be sought in the social history of those nations in which power has been limited, controlled, tempered, by the ever closer and more efficacious contact of the general heart and will. We dare not judge even modern England and America by the history of authority. How then shall we venture to judge France by the history of her governments and misgovernments,—France, so long enslaved throughout the length and breadth of the land,—France, for whom every change which she has endeavored to make has only resulted in a change of masters? Authority in France, as everybody knows, has been centralized in Paris, and the fatal gift of power Paris puts instantly into the hands of every new government. France has never overturned a single government which modern England or America would have tolerated for six months. Whether hurled down by foreign bayonets or by domestic paving-stones, every dominion which has fallen in France, from the decaying and pestilential despotism of the Bourbons, and the military tyranny of Napoleon the First, to the lying and trafficking monarchy of Louis Philippe and the bewildered charlatanism of February, deserved, and thoroughly deserved, its doom. That these successive dominions should

be successively overthrown was an absolute necessity. The means by which they perished were such as accident supplied, or such as the political condition of France compelled Frenchmen to employ.

Moreover, the secret of that deep-seated popular dissatisfaction which has made every *status* of society in France so unstable, is to be sought out of the domain of politics. It is of course difficult, nay, impossible, quite to isolate any part of the great drama of history from its connection with the whole. But it cannot be doubted that the central interest of that drama belongs to the evolution of the fortunes of humanity in the aggregate, — to the developments and modifications of the relations between man and man, — of the relations which determine alike the destiny of the individuals of each successive age, and the character of the race itself as gradually wrought out under the controlling guidance of Him whose spirit pervades and directs the whole. The imagination delights in the picturesque details of history, the heart attaches itself to the adventurous career of individuals or of nations, but the reason and the soul find no peace till they begin to penetrate beneath the golden or the gloomy surface of the past, to the vision of that interior history which the chronicler and the romancer have but unconsciously revealed. When we have drawn in faithful lines the contrast between the political systems of Victoria and of Elizabeth, we have but entered upon an inquiry which deepens in interest as we approach the more vital and essential contrast between the condition and the relations of English humanity in the sixteenth and in the nineteenth centuries.

What relations do the different classes of society in France sustain to one another? This is the important question in regard to that country, as in regard to all countries. To talk about the success or failure of the attempt at republican government in France, without a previous investigation of this matter, is to talk wide of the mark.

The revolution of 1848 has been styled "the revolution of contempt." The name is apt. The government of Louis Philippe was founded upon a system of compromises in which all moral interests were sacrificed to material interests.

It was purely a business operation. What could be more absurd than the idea of a "monarchy surrounded by republican institutions"? What could be more demoralizing than a system of administration conducted on one principle only, — the detestable maxim of Walpole, that "every man has his price"? The famous warning of old General Dubourg soon faded from the recollection of the king of the moneyed classes.\* Louis Philippe knew that the people had only been the tools of the *bourgeoisie*, used by them to topple down the *rococo* sovereignty of the Jesuits and the Faubourg St. Germain. He cared nothing for the people while he could buy up bayonets enough to keep them in order. And he relied upon the seductions of self-interest for that firm adherence of the *bourgeoisie* to his throne which should secure him the where-withal to provide his bayonets. He cared for no party aside from the pockets of the moneyed classes, and he found when the day of trial at last came, and his courage deserted him, that a party without a heart must also be a party without a head. Never did a monarch fall more ignominiously. But who had won the victory? It really was not easy to see. The *bourgeoisie* had undoubtedly done the work, — but to what end? Some character the Revolution must take. What decided that character? The acts of the extemporized government give us the answer. The proclamation guaranteeing the "Right to Labor" revealed the pressure of the great social suffering which had long before begun to make itself felt as the most terrible reality in the heart of France. And it was with good reason that Europe and the world recognized in that proclamation the most significant, the historical feature of the events of February, 1848.

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\* "When he arrived at the Hôtel de Ville the Duke of Orleans was received by General Dubourg. M. Viennet read the declaration of the Chamber of Deputies, conferring the regency on the Duke. The prince confirmed in a few words the promises made in that declaration, and then it was that General Dubourg said, turning to the prince: 'You have just taken certain engagements; I charge you to keep them, for if you forget them the people here upon the Place de la Grève will know how to remind you of them.' 'Monsieur,' answered the regent, 'you do not know me; I am an honest man; in a question concerning my duty, I am neither to be won by prayers nor alarmed by threats.'" Had General Lafayette possessed the insight and the resolution of General Dubourg, how different might have been the history of the Revolution of July!

The social question did not *make*, but it *mastered*, the Revolution of February. But for the social disorganization of France, that revolution could never have been accomplished, and the Provisional Government found itself lifted into power by an impulse which it was incompetent either to satisfy or to control. The constitution of this Provisional Government is the most terrible of commentaries upon the political system of Louis Philippe. So sedulously had the honor and the honesty of France been excluded from political life, so completely had cunning been exalted over character, and venal ability over high-minded statesmanship, that, when the prize of power was flung out of the windows of the Tuilleries, there were none who dared to pick it up, or who would have been permitted by the people to touch it, but the most inexperienced of speculative statesmen, or the wildest of churchmen. Mirabeau might have saved the liberties of France. But there was no Mirabeau at hand. And so the members of the Provisional Government were flung head-foremost into the vortex of affairs, and they seem never to have regained their feet. A more incongruous body of men never assumed the direction of the interests of a great nation. Every member of the government,—unless we ought to except M. de Lamartine, who seems to have regarded the Revolution as the splendid *mise en scène* of an historical drama, whereof he himself should be the hero,—every member had his own theory, and the constitution of the government allowed every man full liberty to act out his theory as well as he could, with or without his colleagues. MM. Arago, Marie, and Dupont de L'Eure were parliamentary constitutionalists. Ledru-Rollin was a theatrical tribune of the people, who dreamed of the classic days of 1792. Louis Blanc was a socialist, theoretical and practical, who had made up his mind to remodel everything. These last two were by far the most influential and the most important members of the government, and its history is the history of their antagonism and of their mutual destruction.

Ledru-Rollin, a republican of yesterday, as he was called, insisted that the Provisional Government should consider themselves merely as trustees of power, and looked forward to a Constituent Assembly upon which the old republican

tendency should be impressed, and which should revive the military traditions of the French Republic. Paris was to retain the executive of France, but the *legislative* functions of government were to be divided among a multitude of Provincial Assemblies, which were to decide by yeas and nays upon all measures proposed in the Assembly at Paris. For socialism Ledru-Rollin entertained a thorough contempt, and he seems to have been indifferent how soon the outcries of the suffering classes might be drowned in the roar of artillery and the shouts of republican victories all over Europe.

Louis Blanc, on the other hand, a man of extraordinary ability, at once the coolest of theorists and the most passionate of orators, wished the Provisional Government to enter instantly, in a dictatorial way, upon the settlement of the great social question. His political programme embraced many most judicious and sensible propositions, such as the complete enfranchisement of the press, the general control of official authority by popular elections, communal independence in communal matters, the arming of the citizens at large, and the reduction of the army to the force necessary for the defence of the frontiers and the colonies.

But his vision was keener for the future than for the present. He could see what it was desirable should be done, but not what it was necessary to do just when he was called upon to act. Moreover, he exhibited a phenomenon by no means uncommon. He combined with the largest faith in the people *abstractly*, an instinctive distrust of the people *concretely*. He believed the people fit to enjoy a well-made republic, but unfit to make one.

The conflict between the parties of Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc was rapidly developed. On the 17th of March, the friends of Louis Blanc took the field publicly, at the head of a grand "demonstration." The socialist chief was seized with a sort of panic at this movement. "I could not believe," he says, "that more than 150,000 workmen could traverse the streets of Paris without causing disorder, or giving rise to agitation!" Could a "constitutional minister" have spoken otherwise? But the demonstration took place. The corporations of the Faubourgs defiled through the Place de

la Grève towards the Hôtel de Ville. The members of the Provisional Government, showing themselves in the historical window, awaited the approach of the multitude. All this was in support of Louis Blanc. But this leader did not even so well as Louis XIV. on the occasion of that memorable passage of the Rhine, when, as Boileau assures us,

"Louis, les animant du feu de son courage  
Se plaint de sa grandeur, qui l'attaché au rivage !"

for instead of bewailing the inconvenient grandeur which kept him at the window when the people wanted him in the Place, Louis the Corsican thrust forward Lamartine and — Ledru Rollin! to throw cold water upon his own followers. The truth was that Louis Blanc had caught sight of Blanqui and other dangerous democrats among the crowd, and it probably dawned upon his mind that he had evoked a demon he might find it hard to lay. The mob was dispersed, and the government was rescued by the splendid eloquence of Lamartine.

But the 17th of March really marked the first stage in the downward career of the extemporized government of February. Instead of adopting measures which should command public confidence, the Provisional Government, haunted by a dread of seeming to disregard the claims of labor, and yet perfectly incapable of putting matters in such a train that these, with all other claims, should be assured of legitimate hearing, set itself to work to amuse the people, by a series of exhibitions which could have no other result than to complete the panic of the middle classes and to disorder the minds of the multitude. To say nothing of Festivals of Fraternity, which eclipsed the fascinations of Asnières and the Chateau Rouge, every day brought its own delightful or magnificent event. The people were successively treated to the abolition of titles of nobility, to the impeachment of Guizot and his colleagues, to a new arrangement of the tricolor, and to a general erasure of monarchical symbols from all public edifices, and the substitution everywhere of the pompous inscription, "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité." The very streets became chronicles of republican progress. The daily changes in their nomenclature must have driven hackney-coachmen frantic. One can form some notion of the state of Paris

during that jubilee of nonsense, by imagining Boston in the protracted enjoyment of a Fourth of July as long as a polar day.

All this time, as Lamartine eloquently expressed it, "the gates of liberty stood open." Instead of entering those gates, the patient and believing people were detained outside by a grand Bartholomew Fair, in which, with all his sincerity and all his genius, Lamartine himself was but the most respectable and most attractive performer. Meanwhile the army was greatly increased. Such tricks were played with the finances as throw the imaginations of Lippi Toppo quite into the shade. The conduct of the Provisional Government, in short, amounted to this; they identified themselves so far with the social reforms demanded in February, as to make it certain that whatever odium they might bring upon themselves would attach to these reforms also. They evaded all practical dealing with the reforms, and buried the whole question of the Right to Labor in the abyss of a committee-room. And they manifested such an utter incompetency to the management of state affairs, as to affect the general elections in the most unfavorable manner; while, by strengthening the military power of the government, they kept the means of repression ready for the use of any designing men who might succeed in getting possession of the helm of state.

Within two months the Provisional Government had become a *caput mortuum*. The socialists, in committee, sat like Patience, as described by Rogers, "beside the bottomless pool of despondency, angling for impossibilities." The chiefs of the moderate party wrung their hands in silent despair. The ultra-republicans of yesterday chafed at the fading away of the prospects which for a moment had blazed with the lurid light of other days. On the 16th of April another grand *demonstration* took place, which ended like that of the *bonnets-à-poil* on the 17th of March, by giving a new impulse to what has been called the Reaction. The occasion of this demonstration was an election of officers in the National Guard; and the demonstration itself was probably arranged by the partisans of Louis Blanc, at the Luxem-

bourg, with a view to overawe the democracy of yesterday, and the communists, represented by Cabet and Blanqui. At all events, the movement began, as Louis Blanc could have wished, with a demand for the immediate organization of labor. But it soon felt the pressure of the Clubs, which declared themselves *en permanence*, appointed a committee of public safety, and prepared either to exalt or to crush Louis Blanc, as might seem best. The procession defiled before the Hôtel de Ville, and the dictatorship seemed for a moment within the grasp of the ardent Corsican. But we must do Louis Blanc the justice to say, that we believe he never aspired to such an office, and never would have held it. He disavowed the movement. By order of Ledru-Rollin the *rappel* was sounded, and the National Guard appeared under arms. From that moment the star of Ledru-Rollin was in the ascendant.

On the 15th of May a third *demonstration* completed the Reaction. Universal suffrage had done its work, and the fatal results of the preposterous conduct of the Provisional Government had been made visible in the character of the Executive Committee appointed by the Assembly to succeed the departing rulers. That committee contained no representative of socialism as a political body. Ledru-Rollin alone of the government of February retained a place in the new Executive. The 15th of May was the day fixed for the discussion of the Polish question in the Assembly. On this question the party of Ledru-Rollin hung their hope of committing France to their policy. Though the proposition for an intervention in behalf of Poland contained no hint of socialism, yet they thought it must command the support of the socialists, who insisted upon the doctrine of the *solidarity* of the nations, while the conservatives in the Assembly would be puzzled to find a pretext for opposing a measure seemingly so purely political, and so perfectly consistent with the traditionary policy of republican France. A general European war, too, would at least postpone the terrible question of the organization of labor.

But another *demonstration* came down like a shower upon the kindling hopes of the democracy. Within the Assembly

things went on very well. M. Wolowski, the friend of Odillon Barrot, and the brother-in-law of Léon Faucher (the railway-king of France, and afterwards the financial adviser of the President Louis Napoleon), inspired by the grandeur of the proposition to re-establish Poland, supported it in a most impassioned speech. "I will do no man," he cried, "the injustice of supposing him not warmly devoted to the cause of Poland." He thought that France, "the heart of the world," might compel respect for her will, without the use of force, but that, if need be, she must *force* the Northern powers to restore Poland, "the France of the North," to her just rank. M. Bastide, Minister of Foreign Affairs, had ventured to remark, that the restoration of Poland was a European question, and that France ought not to attempt to settle such a question alone. Not so thought M. Wolowski. He, and the majority of that Assembly were probably with him, — he thought it the mission of France to civilize the earth, *victorque volentes per populos dare jura*, and while he urged this view in high and glowing language within the Assembly, the shouts of the populace without echoed the cadences of his oratory. Louder and deeper grew these echoes, till, with one deafening roar of "Vive la Pologne!" a tide of *blouses* swept into the hall, and all was confusion. The orator left the tribune. Blanqui, borne on the popular wave, appeared in his place. His wild, strange harangue revealed to the affrighted Assembly the future hidden in the propositions they had just been debating. He spoke of everything but Poland. Barbès followed, striving to outbid him for the Dictatorship, which seemed to be then and there in the market. Barbès's highest offer was the suggestion of a tax of ten millions of francs to be laid "on the rich," for some indefinite purpose. All this while the surges kept beating into the house. Many of the members had made good their escape, when, a sudden inspiration filling Huber, a leader of the Clubs, he leaped upon a seat, declared the Assembly dissolved, and proclaimed Barbès chief of the new government! The retiring flood of the mob carried with it the wreck of the Assembly. Barbès and his friends hurried to the Hôtel de Ville. Blanqui and his friends withdrew in disgust. The *demonstration* was over.

After much beating of the *rappel*, the National Guard came to the aid of the Assembly, and dislodged the Government-Barbès from its quarters at the Hôtel de Ville, that breathing-place of ambition, that lodging-house of so many travellers between obscurity and disgrace. The sky now became dark with clouds. Punishment for political offences was revived. Blanqui, Barbès, Huber, and a host of others, were sent to Vincennes. The ill-odor of their enterprise and their failure affected the propagandist republicans, Ledru-Rollin, Flocon, and the party of the *Réforme*. France fell again into the hands of the old political gamblers, and the hope of establishing healthy popular institutions faded quite away.

The Reaction had its stern triumph in the days of June. We will not recapitulate horrors that must be fresh in the minds of all who read and think and feel; but we must linger long enough over this part of our sketch to do what we esteem to be justice to the insurgents in that fearful strife. The humane, but most unwise, institutors of the national workshops, and those self-styled friends of order who, equally inhuman and injudicious, insisted upon the destruction of the workshops, are, in our opinion, the parties really responsible for the misery which preceded, accompanied, and followed the contest of June, 1848. "We have three months of misery at the service of the Republic," cried the people in February. Instead of replying that the true Republic had no need of such a sacrifice, and could not be served thereby, the incapable regenerators at the head of affairs in France cajoled the people into the belief that their government could reorganize the whole disjointed fabric of society for them, and, as a specimen of the good times coming, permitted the establishment of the national workshops. Doubtless this was a measure of self-preservation in the then condition of the government. The three months had passed by, and the people had no work. The "masses" were clamorous, and reasonably enough, for they were starving. But to gather one hundred thousand men into workshops when there was no work for them to do, was to maintain an army without discipline, and to organize the distress of laboring France into a salaried convention.

When the Executive Commission took the reins of power, after the 15th of May, the question of the national workshops was the most urgent problem laid before them for solution. How did they solve it? The Minister of Public Works, Trélat, a man of character, courage, and humanity, at once undertook the difficult charge of arranging the unnatural relations which existed between the government and the workmen. Appointing a committee to investigate these relations and the financial resources of the country, he drew up from their reports several projects for the gradual dispersion and productive employment of the immense body of workmen concentrated in the unprofitable workshops. An extensive system of colonization in Algiers, the prosecution of various public works, the establishment of savings banks, and the encouragement of the manufacturing interests,—such were some of the propositions which he offered as indicating the way by which things might be gradually restored to a safer condition, without a sudden and terrible catastrophe. But there existed already in the Assembly a large party of men who abhorred the working classes, and who longed only to crush the *prolétaires* with the military force at the disposal of the government, in order that the old ways of political ambition might be opened afresh, and the old party game be recommenced, as if nothing had happened. These men had resolved upon the instantaneous dissolution of the workshops, at whatever cost. On the 23d of June, De Falloux read a report, advising the immediate discharge of the workmen, with an indemnity of *thirty francs* to each. This proposition had been preceded by a “project of a decree” for offering to all the workmen between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five the alternative of enlisting in the army or of being forthwith discharged.

Impoverished France was not too far impoverished to maintain and to augment the mass of unproductive and destructive activity, which any government, of whatever complexion, might wield, for whatever purpose of hostility to the rights and the interests of the governed. This was the short and easy way adopted by the majority of the Assembly for settling the demands of a body of men who, if they held a false

position, had certainly been led into that position by promises in which the leading members of that majority had openly or tacitly acquiesced. Can any one be surprised that the workmen undertook to meet injustice by violence? They believed themselves grossly cheated. They knew that they were enduring a sharp misery, from which no escape was offered them, but into a painful and fatiguing servitude. What wonder if they tried to right by force of arms the wrongs they blindly but bitterly felt? We have no false sympathy with irrational men in their excesses of passionate fury. We cannot believe it best that the lower should triumph over the higher orders of civilization. But the vanquished as well as the victors of June were *men*, and if the *bourgeoisie* fought for their homes and their present, the *prolétaires* fought for their lives and their future. And we think that no impartial man can read the debates of the 22d, 23d, 24th, and 25th of June, 1848, in the National Assembly, without feeling that a more unjust, sanguinary, and tyrannical spirit was never manifested by any body of civilized legislators, than that which burns and blazes in the speeches of the Right and the Centre then delivered. The raging of brute force behind the barricades was fearful enough. But more fearful by far was the raging of selfishness, crazed by terror, embittered by bigotry, inflamed by the lust of vengeance, within the walls that should have echoed only the sacred voices of wisdom, justice, and mercy. Every proposition tinged with the least dye of manhood or of faith was, so to speak, howled down. We think these debates more seriously discourage the hope of the speedy establishment in France of wise, liberal, and progressive institutions, than any other passage of modern French history. The demons of September reappear, clothed in purple and fine linen. The crossing of bayonets in battle need not make deadly the enmities of men. But the secret dispositions revealed in the moment of passion write their memory on the heart, and the revelations of *caste*-hatred made in these debates of June have done more to alienate the different classes of French society from one another than all the cannonading of Cavaignac's artillery. A Peterloo massacre or an Astor Place riot is of little signifi-

cance compared with a conflict of words which makes plain the deep-rooted distrust and scorn of class towards class. The knights who rode down with sword and lance the masses of the Jacquerie before Meaux, smote not so deep a wound into the vitals of France as the Baron de Sennecy inflicted with that pen which flouted with words of inhuman contempt the manly appeal of the Tiers Etat to the Noblesse.

The conflict provoked by the leaders of the Reaction in the Assembly soon took such a form that there was no safety left for civilization in Paris, except in the triumph of the troops and the National Guard. How that triumph was consummated, we all remember. Cavaignac, the instrument in the hands of the subtle plotters whose work had thus prospered, seemed to be master of affairs. But the honesty, the good intentions, the sincere republicanism of Cavaignac, made it certain that he was but the depositary of that power, the final disposition of which was in other hands than his. The monarchical parties in the state were now straining every nerve to outwit each other, and that miserable contest of small ambitions, of vulgar aims, of treachery, dishonor, and chicanery, began in earnest, which was brought to an end only in December, 1852, when the man whom the most cunning politician of France had hoped to use as his convenient puppet, with one blow of a firm and fearless hand, swept from place and from power the whole assembly of plotters, and poltroons, and hucksters, and with them what small remnant of sincere and right-minded lovers of liberty still lingered in the legislative halls.

The *coup d'état* of December 2d brought to a fitting close the disgraceful history of the National Assembly. If the President of the Republic violated then his pledged faith, he but did what the most respectable members of the majority had been doing for months before. No man who ever attended the sittings of the French Assembly during the three years of its existence could have failed to be struck with the open contempt manifested by the majority for the government and the constitution which they were sworn to support. The President of the Assembly, M. Dupin, was a mere bandog of his party. We have seen that officer applaud, with nods and

smiles, speeches made on the Right, in which the idea of the permanency of the Republic was treated as simply ridiculous. Did a member of the Mountain, or even of the lower seats of the Left, rise in reply, his first extravagance of word or gesture was the signal for a presidential interference, which not unfrequently took the form of personal impertinence. On the 17th of July, 1851, for instance, the question of the revision of the Constitution being under discussion, Victor Hugo took the floor (as we should say) and made one of his most able and eloquent speeches. The interruptions of the Right becoming perfectly intolerable, the President was repeatedly requested to restore order, but in vain, till Victor Hugo himself, pausing, exclaimed, "Is the liberty of speech, then, to be denied us here?" "Ah!" answered the President, "the Assembly is the same always; the orators are different. Royer-Collard himself said to certain desperate orators, '*Compel* the audience to hear you!' I declare that I cannot secure the same silence for all orators, since they are so different from one another!" We have purposely selected here one of the least offensive instances of this sort of conduct on the part of M. Dupin which recur to our remembrance; but the reader, habituated to the quiet impartiality of the speaker's office in Anglo-Saxon assemblies, may infer from this slight trait the character and tone of a deliberative body in which such things were not only tolerated, but applauded. Had our own forefathers in the infancy of the republic acted in such a spirit, what would have been the destiny of the newly formed government? There were many men then in public life, and among them men whose names America delights to honor, who seriously distrusted the capacity of the people for self-government, and who were alarmed at the power given to the democratic element in the constitutions of the States and of the Union. But when these men had acquiesced in the government as established, they held themselves bound in honor to work for the good of the nation as they understood it, within the limits of the government, and in all good faith. The personal honor of the Anglo-American leaders guaranteed to the Anglo-American government a fair and unembarrassed trial. It is a severe sentence to pronounce, but one of the most em-

inent of living Frenchmen, M. de Tocqueville, has not hesitated to pronounce it, and the history of the Legislative Assembly forces us to confirm it;—the personal bad faith and the political treachery of the French legislators denied to the experiment of the Republic in France the first conditions of success. It is not merely the disappointed republican who will turn away in indignation from the records of the falling Republic of 1848; the instincts of the gentleman and the man of honor revolt from that long-continued exhibition of falsehood, meanness, and treachery. The Republic cannot be established in France, forsooth! Of course it cannot be, if those who are chosen to administer the laws of the Republic, if those who are sworn to carry out the principles of its constitution, determine, before taking their seats, that the Republic *shall not be* established, and, with perjury on their lips, and passion in their hearts, devote themselves to the task of beating down with the force of the government all that the government is bound to foster and to serve.

What was the work which the National Assembly of the French Republic really accomplished during the period of its existence? A great orator, in a speech to which subsequent events have given almost a prophetic character, has thus truly sketched it: “All the liberties of the citizen, one after another, ensnared and stifled, universal suffrage betrayed, bound, and mutilated, — socialist promises turning into a Jesuitical policy, — for the executive an immense intrigue (history perhaps will style it a *plot*), — an indescribable secret understanding which makes the Empire the object of the Republic, and converts five hundred thousand functionaries into a kind of Bonapartist freemasonry in the midst of the nation, — every reform deferred or flung aside, — all manner of unequal and onerous taxes re-established, — five departments in a state of siege, — the amnesty refused, transportations multiplied, deportation voted by law, — groanings in the Kasbah of Bona, and tortures at Belle Isle, dungeons where mattresses must not be flung to rot, but where men may lie, — the press dogged and spied upon, — the juries packed, — too little justice and too much police, — misery below and anarchy above, — absolutism, compression, iniquity! Beyond our borders, the corpse of the Ro-

man republic, — the gallows, — Austria bestriding Hungary, Lombardy, Venice, — Sicily given up to military executions, — the hope all nations had put in France destroyed for ever, — everywhere right trampled under foot, from the North to the South, from Cassel to Palermo! . . . . France may hang her head for shame, Napoleon may tremble with indignation in his grave; but five or six thousand blackguards may cry, ‘Long live the Emperor!’” Here the orator was interrupted by a member, who is now *a senator of the Empire*. “The Empire! nobody thinks of it!” “Ah! nobody thinks of it? What then is the meaning of these hired shouts of *Vive l’Empereur*? Who pays for them? What mean these words of M. Thiers, ‘The Empire is created’? What means this mendicant petition for the prolongation of the presidential powers? — What is this prolongation? It is the Consulate! And whither leads the Consulate? To the Empire! Let us pour in the daylight on this matter! *France must not be taken by surprise, and some fine morning find herself an Empire, she knows not why!*”

Eighteen months passed away. France awoke one fine morning and found herself an Empire, she knew not why! The selfish politicians of all hues, who had been content with anything which thrust the sacrilegious hands of the people farther away from the sacred ark of power, — the politicians who had evoked the Afrites of the empire to do their work, — suddenly found themselves mastered by their terrible servants. Napoleon triumphed, and France, harried by the conflict of partisan ambitions, welcomed as a relief the ambition of one man. The new sovereign, who must have been watching with ineffable delight, for three years, the assiduity and blind zeal which the Assembly displayed in digging their own graves, had the tact and the skill to avail himself of their worst errors. They had laughed to scorn the idea of popular sovereignty, and had attacked it openly in its forms. Napoleon at once restored these forms, and appealed from the parties to the nation. To be sure he brought his suit in the old Highland fashion, and asked the consent of the heiress after the knot was tied. But it was something that he made this appeal. Moreover, in those exhibitions of tyrannical power by which he demonstrated his ability to seize that for which he peti-

tioned, Napoleon took care that his sword should fall most heavily on the middle classes. His drunken dragoons, his maddened musketeers, were let loose upon the Boulevards, and the populace of the Faubourgs for the first time found themselves the spectators rather than the sufferers in one of those grand displays of fury with which governments have been in the habit of inaugurating the reign of order. Cardinal Dubois held the evidence of strength in a government to be its license to go into bankruptcy whenever it liked. In modern France, it would seem that the license of massacre is regarded as the evidence of governmental vigor! According to the report of the chief of the Bureau of Health, 191 civilians were killed on the 3d, 4th, and 5th of December. How many more died of their wounds can never be ascertained, nor yet how many were slain whose deaths did not come under the registration of M. Tréluchet. But of this confessed number of 191, the following classification may be made; and certainly it would seem to support the view which we have taken of the character designedly given to those atrocious massacres. The places where the dead fell are named in 64 cases. Out of these, 52 fell on the Boulevards. The occupations of 146 are named. Of this number 87 belonged to the upper or middle classes; 10 were women and children; 49 may be considered as belonging to the class of small tradesmen, mechanics, and laborers. A more full account of the *places* where these men fell would probably demonstrate what all impartial and competent witnesses have affirmed, that the barricades in the Faubourgs, if not actually made to order, served as the merest pretext for the fusillades on the Boulevards. All the subsequent proceedings of the new Dictator exhibited the same determination to overawe the *bourgeoisie*, and to court popularity with the people at large. His financial arrangements were evidently suggested by this determination, and, looking at the whole tenor of Louis Napoleon's government, we do not think it can be denied that he has administered the affairs of France with vastly more regard to the interests of the whole people than has been shown by any preceding government of that country. We are aware that this seems high praise, but we are not disposed to qualify the

statement, though we know too well how many men there are, even in our own country, who will consider that, in admitting this of the government of Napoleon III., we concede its claim to be considered legitimate, and indorse it as the most desirable of political objects that the new Emperor should continue to wear his crown.

The deepest need of the French people is social regeneration. The fabric of society is giving way, and men, encumbered by the falling masses, choked up in the stifling galleries, starving and wasting away in the pent-up cellars of the crumbling edifice, demand, above all things, light and air, and the liberty to erect a more commodious and more wholesome abode. The government of Louis Philippe and of the pseudo-Republic laughed at their cries, hurled them back when they struggled upward, proclaimed to them that for them there should be no change. These governments fell without a hand to stay them, or a sigh of requiem. The government of Louis Napoleon speaks respectfully of the people, makes fair promises, and seems to adopt a policy tending to the relief of the social wants of the nation. But what is it in itself? Is it not a government of repression and of chicanery after all? An army of soldiers covetous of glory and of pay, careless of human rights, — an army of functionaries covetous of gain and of place, — are not these the eagles which, on either hand, guard and adorn the throne of the third Napoleon? It is the same old story over again. France is to be saved by a government; the responsibilities which God by the eternal ordinance of nature has laid upon the free thought and effort of a whole race, are to be assumed and discharged by a handful of self-seeking office-holders.

We regard the government of Napoleon III. as destined to fall, not because its tyranny has weighed most heavily upon that selfish, timid, and low-minded middle class which had alienated itself from the body of the French people almost as completely as did the aristocracy of the *ancien régime*, but simply and inevitably because its constitution is radically inconsistent with the free and quiet development of those great ideas of social reform which are daily born, in new shapes, of the long travail and ceaseless throes of society in France.

Nothing can be more true than that modern governments are strong just in proportion to their weakness. The repressive and the expansive forces of society cannot be safely delegated to any agency ; and where they are violently assumed, there, be the feast of Belshazzar never so gorgeous and never so protracted, the coming of the Mede is but a question of time. England and America exhibit no such spasms of governmental life as France, and why ? Because the governments of these countries are the least centralized and the least repressive in the world. Certainly not because the social changes which are going on in France are not busy within the existing world of human relations in England and America.

We have been "talking prose" for years without knowing it. In innumerable forms the English and the American mind have been occupied with those very ideas which smite so fearfully on English and American ears, in the programme of the *République Démocratique et Sociale*. The word Socialism has a talismanic power over the nerves of many excellent people. Visions of Parisian barricades in Regent Street and Broadway, of universal brigandage and license, of confusion worse confounded, of chaos come again, that unlucky word has power to summon up before the eyes of men who have never given themselves the pains to find out what the sum and substance of the matter are, or who lack the courage and the patience to pass through the barren or the offensive trash of many socialist writings, in search of whatever just and valuable thought may have been evolved by men who have honestly given long years to the study of the relations of human society.

Yet why is this so ? Either the present relations of human society are such as the beneficent Creator intended they should be, or they are not. Either our present social state does reveal in its constitution all the laws which should regulate the relations of man with man, or it does not. Those who hold the affirmative of these propositions can justify, from their own standpoint, their hostility to every attempt at developing new ideas where they think none remain to be developed, or at establishing new relations in a world whose order they re-

gard as final. But how is it with those, who, recognizing in history the great successive eras of social formation which we track through all the past by the fossils of man's mental and material life, and admitting the imperfection of an actual society, have still no eyes for the possible wisdom, but only loud and angry tongues for the positive follies, of the thinkers who attempt to discover the laws and the tendencies of humanity as a whole?

France has furnished the largest contributions of thought concerning the social condition and prospects of man, and undoubtedly much of it has been in the last degree crude and worthless. But is it therefore to be assumed that no ripe and worthy thought on these subjects has been published to the world? The political circumstances of France have forced some of the social thinkers of France into positions of practical activity which they were unfitted to fill, and which they sadly misused. Does it therefore follow that those thinkers, in their appropriate work, have accomplished nothing that deserves our attention? The social disorders and distresses of our time have been more aggravated in France than in any other country equally enlightened. Ought we not therefore to expect from the scientific observers of France the most important pathological information in regard to modern society? And can we afford to neglect or undervalue this information? Those needs of social reform which are every year more widely and deeply felt in France, — needs which the extravagances of the St. Simonians and the Icarians may caricature, indeed, but can hardly exaggerate, — are they not felt by us too, in our measure?

"It is the same thing," says one of the Hindoo sages, "to a man whose feet are well shod, as if the whole world were covered with leather." We know how hard it is for a man whose ambitions and desires have gradually conformed themselves to the circumstances which surround him, to judge these circumstances impartially in regard to their intrinsic fitness or unfitness. To Mr. Layard's optimist Cadi, in his little village of Asia Minor, it seemed an idle thing to inquire into what had been or might be. Whether stars in the heavens, with tails or without, went and came again, or

stayed unreturning in some limbo of space, concerned him not. And it is the evident will of God that the immense majority of men should fill their spheres of action without too much of searching criticism or profound reflection. But there must be moments when every thoughtful man, in reviewing his own history, and in studying his own character, feels how much he has suffered externally and internally from the neglect or the vicious influences of the society that nurtured him, and of which he now forms so busy a member. And the few whose powers and whose mental predilections or predispositions lead them to devote their intellectual energies to social studies, must feel upon these subjects with an intensity which may well excuse much extravagance of language and of suggestion, even in regard to the condition of the most highly-favored inhabitants of the freest lands. In regard to the *laboring classes* of all countries, what man, admitting the doctrine of human progress and of human equality in rights and hopes, can overstate the short-comings and deficiencies of their manner of life, relatively, that is, not to the past, but to the future? In such a country as France, the multitude lead a life which nothing but the firmest faith in immortality can reconcile with a belief in the goodness of God. The religion of Jesus indeed teaches us that the consolations of God are not temporal only, but eternal, and pours upon the darkened and writhing masses of human misery, despair, and sin, the glorious light that streams through the opened portals of the grave. But the religion of Jesus has its inspirations as well as its consolations; its mission of immediate mercy and of temporal justice, as well as its mission of earthly patience and of heavenly hope. The social significance of the principles of Christianity is still far from being fully and generally understood; and how far from being translated into the facts of heavenly intercourse!

What mighty revolutions have already been wrought in the social relations of mankind! The Christian family of the nineteenth century is held together and nurtured upon principles utterly unlike those which organized the Christian family of the Middle Ages. The relative duties of parent and child, of husband and wife, of landlord and tenant, of prince

and subject, of buyer and seller, of priest and people, have been remodelled so completely, that it is not easy to imagine a social system, for some future age, more widely different from that in which we live and move, than is our own from the order of things which the barons of William the Norman upheld, and for which the clergy of Odo of Bayeux returned fervent thanks to God.

The enthusiast of social science chants to us the pæan of an age to come, which shall see refinement and intelligence far more widely diffused than are now the common decencies of life, — when the peasant shall dine with the poet, and the son of the porter lead the merchant's daughter to the dance; when gifted men of genius, like Castor and Pollux, shall alternately pass from the painter's easel to the hackney-coachman's box, and sailors on the sea shall while away the midnight watch with the strains of Mozart and Rossini; when there shall be no more rich to exult, and no more poor to envy; when the arts that are now the pride of a few shall have become the delight of all; when the triumphs of labor shall be the passion of the young, and the growth of knowledge shall be the joy of the old. We listen in scorn or in mirth; for how vast is the multitude of the poor, and how great is their ignorance! and how shall these things be? But five short centuries ago the sun of chivalry was in its zenith. The laws of knighthood had been elaborated and perfected; continual war had educated generation after generation of warriors, till the gentlemen of Europe had become the nuisance of the world; and the courts of Christendom were thronged with nobles, whose talk was all of "bloody noses and cracked crowns," of Milan armor and of Norman horses. There were minstrels, too, then, and poets, such as they were; and doubtless, to the highborn of the day, the world seemed, on the whole, a very fit and proper world. With what rage and incredulity would a right noble baron of Edward III., or a reverend clerk of William de Wykeham, have listened then to a prophetic anticipation of our own days! "There shall come days," it might have been sung, "when the tillers of the earth and the base mechanics of the town shall outvote the barons of England in the councils of the nation; when the prisons

of criminals shall be more splendid and more comfortable abodes than are now the palaces of princes; when the trader, journeying for his traffic, shall sit side by side with peers of the realm, in vehicles more elegant than the litter of an empress, and shall be transported at a speed which the wealth of the East cannot now procure; when the heirs of the haughtiest names that William the Conqueror mustered beneath his banners shall sue for the hands of the daughters of Saxon serfs and Flemish weavers;—days when all that nobles now count most honorable shall be regarded with loathing; when the hard heart and the red hand, which now win vair and coronet, shall be rewarded with chains and the felon's cell; when kings shall seek peace as assiduously as monarchs now seek for the glory of war, and barons shall be more learned in books and fonder of letters than are the monks of our day; when priests shall be married, and shall live with their people in their homes, and shall reject the spiritual sway of Rome as sternly as sovereigns now contend against her temporal rule." Is it difficult to imagine the reception which baron and bishop would have given to such words as these? Yet how tamely do they express the real change, the new order which has supervened upon the eternal foundations of human nature! Put Conway Castle beside Millbank Penitentiary, the cavalcade of the Canterbury pilgrims beside the express train to Birmingham, the *Chronicles of Froissart* beside the *Times* newspaper; bring the Black Prince into the Crystal Palace, William de Wykeham into Exeter Hall, Chief Justice de Cavendish into the meetings of the Law Reform Association and the Prison Discipline Society; and then reflect, that all these contrasts but suggest the immense alteration of the whole fabric of society, an alteration amounting to a general reconstruction, the result of the gradual victory which the law of love and of justice has been winning over the law of force and of fear.

If, leaving Europe, we turn our eyes to the society of America, we shall see such an order of things as the very wildest European imagination could not have figured forth even three centuries ago,—an order of things, the importance of which, in the world's education, Europe at this hour can

hardly estimate. The inhabitants of the United States are descended, almost without exception, from the lowest orders of the old European society; by which we mean, that five centuries ago the ancestors of the free and prospering millions within the bounds of our own republic alone groaned and drudged their lives away in abject, slavish, hopeless misery, — bought and sold, and driven, like cattle, to labor.\* In the mercy of God, this vast multitude of the human race has been redeemed from the ancient degradation. And how? Not merely because God has given to them a new continent, with its boundless tracts of virgin soil, affording ample scope and verge for all. No; for there was always land enough, and more than enough, for the races of men all over the world. But because God revealed to some of our forefathers new ideas of the relations of man to man; because he enabled them to reap new harvests in the broad, exhaustless domain of the soul and the intellect, from those divine seeds which Jesus planted there eighteen centuries ago. Without the opportunities of the New World, indeed, the ideas of human rights and liberties our ancestors brought here must have been slower in coming to harvest; nor had the harvest waved so richly all around us now. But without those ideas, how worthless had the opportunities been! With those ideas, we see how prolific of better things the more restricted, choked, and stony field of England has become. Without those ideas, the gorgeous, teeming valleys of the Orinoco and the Amazon, of the Volga and the Hoang-Ho, are — what they are.

The history of the past bids us beware of believing that our wisdom has drawn down into the legislation of human

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\* As we are aware of the great respect which the sciences of heraldry and genealogy command in this country, where a pedigree is as precious as a pair of spectacles in Thibet, and as dignifying to the fortunate possessor, we think it proper, in mitigation of the wrath which the above sentence may excite in the heart of any well-named gentleman who may honor these pages with his perusal, to suggest here that five centuries is a long time, and that the blackest peasant's blood very soon begins to assume the right aristocratic azure hue, under the influence of good living and cleanliness. Moreover, it is a further consolation that Debrett himself is apt to grow misty and vague when he steps from beneath the blaze of the first coronet into the dim, untitled past of the lordliest house of England. When we get back into the fifteenth century even, genealogy degenerates into a mere scramble for ancestors, in which Percys and Smiths, Howards and Joneses, must all take their chance.

life all the wisdom of God which he will vouchsafe to impart to man for his guidance here, and for the disposition of the world's affairs. The history of the past bids us respect all thinkers. It teaches us that within the most fanciful calyx, within the driest and most repulsive husk, of human speculation, God often hides a seed of his own thought.

There were men once who regarded the plague and the Black Death, conflagrations and famines, as permanent ordinances of Heaven. Nay, there are doubtless many men still who so regard these things. For such as these we do not write. But we address ourselves to all candid readers, who believe that a divine instinct urges men to the mitigation of human suffering, the improvement of human capacity, the multiplication of human resources, the indefinite increase of human happiness. And of them we ask that, when they would inform themselves of the political condition and prospects of such a country as France, they will not suffer themselves to be deterred from a faithful investigation of all the elements that enter into the consideration of the question, by the bad names with which this or that element has been branded.

In 1851 there appeared at Paris a book called "*Le Spectre Rouge de 1852*," by M. A. Romieu. This book ran through several editions, and had a vast sale. A more atrocious book has not been published within the memory of man. The author had been a functionary of the government, and the work was written in the Bonapartist interest. Its object was to fan in the hearts of the upper classes that flame of ferocity which springs from fear. Vain, vulgar, and vindictive, this writer calls upon the higher orders to admit the supremacy of the bayonet, and warns them that their choice lies between despotism and a *Jacquerie*. "The word *Right*," says this prætorian ex-prefect, "has no meaning for my mind." He quotes Mézerai's frightful account of the *Jacquerie* of 1358, and bids gentleman and burgess expect from the people who in February, 1848, abolished the death penalty for political offences, and carried in triumph the statue of Christ, "the same horrors" which were perpetrated by the ignorant, tortured, and enslaved masses of the Middle Ages. He applauds the *de-*

cision with which the *seigneurs* of old France put down the miserable *canaille* of their times, and finds in the policy which "cut the scoundrels to pieces, and slew them like cattle, so that in one day there fell more than seven thousand, without counting the inhabitants of the nearest town, *who were burnt alive in their houses because they were of the party of Jacques*, a good precedent, worthy to be imitated in the struggle of modern times. "The cannon alone can settle the questions of our century," he adds, "and the cannon *shall* settle them, *though it should come from Russia*"! "I despise," he says, "the word Progress. I should even say, I hate it, could one hate a word"! "Man here below has but one right, *the right to die*"! "The feudal system was the best the world has ever known." We may question whether the ancestors of M. Romieu, who may or may not belong to the Breton family, would have quite agreed with their descendant in this matter. It is indeed by no means inconceivable that the possible serf Romieu of 1358 may have been one of that defiling mass upon whose *purgation* by the Regent and De Coucy Prefect Romieu of 1851 so approvingly dwells. "Suffer," says he, kindling into an evangelical ardor, "suffer! that is the true key to happiness and to the most consoling and attractive programme of life!" To an ascetic of such lofty strain, how intolerable must have been the rich uniforms, the elegant balls, and the *recherché* dinners which all mortal prefects are forced to endure! Yet, with a strange inconsistency, this holy man regrets the abolition of lotteries and gambling-houses, as having taken away from the suffering classes that "terrestrial hope" which would keep them quiet under their misery!

In all sadness and seriousness this book of the "Spectre Rouge" is of the most melancholy import. That a book so full of stupid historical blunders, so vile in spirit, so brutal in tone, should have had a considerable influence (as it undoubtedly had) among the upper classes of French society, is a proof that the ignorance, the cowardice, and the selfishness so frequently charged upon those classes do really exist among them to a much wider extent than it is at all pleasant to believe. It should be an evidence, also, of the fact that all

representations, proceeding from these classes, of the character and the intentions of the body of the French people, ought to be received with excessive caution.

The names of Louis Blanc, of St. Simon, of Fourier, of Proudhon, are the bugbears of polite society. It requires but the very slightest acquaintance with the writings of any of these men, to make one smile at the horror which their names excite. In our own country it is astonishing to witness the absurdities into which writers are led by downright ignorance on these subjects. Not long ago we chanced to see in one of the most respectable journals of New England a paragraph headed "Fourierism in the West." On reading the passage, we discovered it to be an account of a flagitious attempt made by certain Germans, in Milwaukee, to obtain a repeal of the Sunday laws! The intelligent editor might with equal propriety have invited attention to the quarrel between the Greeks and Armenians, over the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, by the caption, "Calvinism in the East!"

St. Simon, a single-hearted enthusiast, who drew his first notions of a new social order for Europe from his observations of society in America, and whose system was pervaded in every part by a spirit of theosophic mysticism, is railed against as a designing and luxurious communist, without religion and without respect,—a kind of democratic Attila, thirsting for the blood and the plunder of all who are well fed and well to do in the world. Fourier, a man of science, of whom the orthodox Mr. Morell, in his *History of Modern Philosophy*, says that "he merits the title of great genius and great philanthropy,"—whose pages present the general appearance of a treatise on conic sections,—whose social theories are imbedded in the substance of a vast, incomprehensible theory of universal nature,—is really believed, by many intelligent and well-educated men, to have been a kind of aggravated Tom Paine, a furious demagogue, who wore a red cap and worshipped the guillotine. Men who merely shake their heads at Milton's doctrine of divorce, and shut their eyes to the actual moral corruption of modern society, talk most edifyingly of those abominable theories of Fourierism which rest on the same fundamental positions with Milton's doctrine, and have

no words to express the impurity of a man whose whole heart and soul cried out against the poison which profligacy carries into every nook and channel of the social order! And as for Proudhon, his best-known proposition has certainly produced upon the world the effect which he intended. "In the uproar of modern times," he says, "I was forced to fire a pistol in order to attract attention." The aphorism, "Property is robbery," certainly startled mankind egregiously, and it has procured for the industrious Proudhon the reputation of being an Ishmaelite indeed,—the most dangerous Bedouin of modern times. His able defence of the Sabbath; his earnest, almost puritanic morality (for in the constitution of his spirit, as well as in the character of his mind, Proudhon offers us a singular combination of John Calvin with Rabelais); his searching and remorseless criticisms of St. Simonism, Fourierism, Communism, and the democracy of the old school, have availed him nothing. "I have become," he says, "according to one of the papers, *the Man of Terror*. I have been preached against, cheated, sung, placarded, *biographied*, caricatured, blamed, outraged, accused; I have been pointed out for contempt and hatred; handed over to justice by my colleagues; accused, tried, and condemned by those who had elected me; suspected by my political friends; spied upon by my fellow-laborers; denounced by adherents; denied by my fellow-worshippers; anonymous devotees have menaced me with the wrath of God; pious women have sent me medals blessed by the Pope; prostitutes and galley-slaves have addressed me complimentary letters, full of obscene irony. When God gave Satan permission to torment Job, he said to him, 'I give thee power over his body, but not over his soul.' But I have been worse treated than Job. My word, which is my soul, has been traduced, parodied, vilified."

We do not mean to say that the writings of all these men, or of any of them, may not or do not contain things false, absurd, or detestable. But we do say, that it is no more just or wise to throw the blame of the political catastrophes of France upon the thinkers who have been hard and honestly at work to discover law in the chaos of human social relations, than it is to throw that blame upon the intrinsic levity of the

people who suffer in that chaos. Neither is it fair to conclude, from the political incapacity of such men as Louis Blanc and Lamartine, against the fitness of "thinkers and theorizers" for the conduct of public affairs. It is one of the worst effects of such a triumph as that of Louis Napoleon in France, that it strengthens the materialistic spirit in men, and induces an aggravation of that disregard of the higher intellect, which grows up so easily in what are called the "practical" occupations of life. We must remember that, but for the *moral* incompetency of the "practical" government of Louis Philippe, the revolution of February would never have occurred, and that it was not the indications of intellectual theorizers, but the unspeakable selfishness and treachery of the politicians,—of the National Assembly,—which threw France finally into the hands of that extraordinary man whose imperial instincts had sustained his fanatical ambition through his long, weary wolf-gallop to the throne.

The *instruments* of the catastrophe of 1852 were undoubtedly the centralization of power at Paris, the extensive military organization of France, and those irrational fears of social conspiracies which the majority of the Assembly had been sedulously fostering for three years, and which, after furnishing a pretext for all the outrages perpetrated upon liberty by that majority, at last furnished the pretext of their own overthrow, "the engineer hoist with his own petar."

Now the din of arms resounds through Europe. The most military and barbaric power of Christendom has provoked a conflict, the issue of which, indeed, can hardly be considered doubtful, but which needs not the charm of uncertainty to chain the interest and the attention of all who love freedom and desire the growth of civilization. Far more than the independence of existing nations is at stake. The attitude of such a government as that of Russia is an eternal menace, not merely to the present of freedom, but to the future of progress, and the best hopes of the Muscovite and the Cossack themselves are fighting beneath the Western banners. For a while, how long no man can say, the great social question may seem to be set aside. But this is not so. When the sword shall have been sheathed, and the treaties shall have been signed, it

will be found that the great war of the Western Alliance itself has been but an episode of that silent, secret conflict of human passions, desires, and necessities, which is the world's war,—the war which began with the birth of thought, and shall end only with the triumph of reason.

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ART. II.—*The United States Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin. A Personal Narrative.* By ELISHA KENT KANE, M. D., U. S. N. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1854.

It is now nearly three hundred years since Master Martin Frobisher manned his “two barks, the Gabriel and the Michael,” the one of twenty-five, the other of twenty tons, and “one small pinnace, of ten tons’ burthen,” and set out upon his voyage of discovery to the Northwest. “Being thoroughly furnished of the knowledge of the sphere and all other skills pertaining to the art of navigation, and being persuaded of a new and nearer passage to Cataya than by Capo de Buona Sperança, which the Portugals yearly use; and knowing this to be the only thing of the world that was left yet undone, whereby a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate,”—he procured friends and funds, not, however, without difficulty, and “departed upon the said voyage from Blackwall, the 15th of June, Anno Domini 1576.” Of sterner stuff than the fresh-water, and some salt-water sailors too, of our day, must the worthy captain have been made; for, with barks which they would hardly dare to use for a pleasure excursion, he did not hesitate to encounter the perils of an Atlantic voyage, and the storms of polar seas. With them, however, he did not succeed in reaching Cathay. Nor, on two subsequent voyages with larger vessels, did he penetrate farther than the sixty-first degree of latitude, entering a small strait, not yet explored to its end, running up into what is now called Cumberland Island. But nevertheless his were notable voyages, and by them Martin Frobisher made him-

self immortal. Fortunate in his enterprise he might not have been, — as some of his gold became black-lead on his arrival home, — but famous he certainly did become. Queen Elizabeth called his discovered land *Meta Incognita*, and “Frobisher’s Streights” still retain a place upon the map of North America. The man “of large corporature and of good proportion,” whom he carried home with him, must have caused some surprise among the gay gallants of the Virgin Queen’s court. The old woman whom the sailors caught, taking her “for a devil or witch,” and stripping off her buskins “to see if she were cloven-footed,” would mayhap have shocked the nerves of high-born ladies, had she been taken to England. But this much came of it, at least. Europeans found that there were tribes of men on the other side of the water, of whose existence they had not dreamed; and an interest was awakened to know more of *Meta Incognita* and its inhabitants.

Though the voyages of the Northmen to Iceland and the eastern coast of Greenland, at a much earlier date, are by no means to be forgotten, yet we must conclude that Frobisher’s voyages are the beginning of Arctic discovery. They stimulated the curiosity, and aroused the energy, of the hardiest nation in Europe. Other voyages followed, till, little by little, the passage to Cathay has been discovered — to be impracticable. Yet Nature has been conquered at last, and the Northwest Passage gained. After three centuries of effort, men have gone through Behring’s Strait, by way of Baffin’s Bay, to England; but have been compelled to leave their ship fast locked in the unyielding ice of the Arctic Ocean. But we will not anticipate.

Nine years after Frobisher’s first voyage, Master John Davis made his first attempt to find Cathay. Three times he ventured, with small, poorly equipped vessels of thirty or forty tons. He went beyond the point reached by Frobisher, and discovered the strait which now bears his name. Master Davis is described as of a brave but gentle nature, winning upon the affections of his men, while he commanded their obedience. And so completely did he impress his superiority upon them, that once, when a mutiny was preparing against him,

the mutineers cast silver bullets with which to shoot him, superstitiously supposing him invulnerable by baser metal.

After Davis followed Henry Hudson, who discovered Hudson's Bay, and was put on shore in 1611 by a mutinous crew, headed by one Green, who had been loaded with favors by the too confiding and generous master. Hudson's son John, and seven of the crew, who still clung to his fortunes, shared his dangers and his fate; for they were never heard of more. This same year Thomas Button was in Hudson's Bay, but made no new discoveries of importance. In 1616 William Baffin sailed farther north than any of his predecessors, discovered Baffin's Bay, and made a rude chart of the region.

Cathay was also sought by the way of the Northeast. Sir Hugh Willoughby, perishing on the coast of Lapland with seventy of his companions, is a sad instance of unsuccessful heroism. Sir Hugh's diary speaks of a land "now called Greenland, or King James his Land, and known to the Hollanders by the name of Spitzbergen," leaving us in doubt whether the honor of the discovery belongs to him or "the Hollanders," but giving us full assurance of his claim to be ranked among the most adventurous of Arctic explorers. Milton speaks of his enterprise as "almost heroic, if any other end than excessive love of gain or traffic had animated the design," though there is no proof of the implication of Willoughby in the sordidness of those who sent him.

But the most remarkable voyages accomplished in the earlier period of Arctic exploration, and unrivalled to the present day, unless it be by the recent exploit of Captain McClure, were those of Barentz, a Dutch navigator, who, in the years 1594, 1595, and 1596, went farther to the Northeast, off the coast of Russia, than any one before or since. He turned the northernmost point of Nova Zembla, and even succeeded in circumnavigating Spitzbergen. "There can be little doubt," says one of his eulogists, "but that Barentz, with the help of steam and modern appliances, would have accomplished the Northeast Passage." Barentz's last voyage was performed in a vessel of only fifty tons burden. On this voyage he spent ten months among the ice, having—the first case on rec-

ord — wintered in the Arctic regions. He returned with his crew in open boats, suffering the utmost hardship, and bravely overcoming the most obstinate difficulties. This was, however, too much even for him. He fell a victim to his heroism, dying just before he reached his home.

These were the most famous of “ye Arctic voyageres” of the olden time. They furnish examples of what can be done in the strength of a resolute will and a determined purpose. They show how men’s hearts can be so warmed to generous and lofty feeling, as not even to be chilled by the freezing atmosphere around them. God indeed helped them, as they all aver, sometimes lifting up the mist, sometimes breaking a way for them through the ice, sometimes sending them a calm, and bringing them “all together upon their knees, to give God humble and hearty thanks, for that it had pleased him from so speedy peril to send such speedy deliverance.” These were the men who were the pioneers in the great movement of Northern discovery. Their names, as they deserve to be, are imperishably fixed upon the regions of land and sea which they so daringly explored.

The spirit of the old voyagers lives in the new. The same unconquerable persistence, the same lofty courage, the same undeniable heroism, are still in active life in the Arctic explorers of the present. Parry, the two Rosses, Back, Richardson, Rae, McClure, Franklin about whose probable fate now gathers such a mournful interest, with their gallant companions, will leave bright names for history. If those are honored who fight against their fellows, —

“Seeking the bubble reputation,  
Even in the cannon’s mouth,”

they certainly acquire a greater glory who contend against unkindly Nature, and overcome her where she is most completely fortified. Acts of heroism there may be on the battlefield. Acts of heroism there are on the icy sea. So it is an open question whether Winter Harbor is not as glorious a name for England as Waterloo; Point Turnagain as Trafalgar; Boothia Felix as Badajos.

Our national pride is gratified by the knowledge that we now share with England the honors of discovery at either

pole, and that we can add the names of De Haven and Kane to the list of Arctic navigators. Their voyage is certainly as notable as those of any of their predecessors, and the results of it as valuable to science. Carried, though unwillingly, farther north than any who had been before them in time, they have experienced as many privations, have been exposed to as many dangers, have been victorious over as many difficulties. The remarkable drift to which they were subjected is almost unparalleled in Arctic annals. Dr. Kane writes : —

“Mount Raleigh, named by sturdy John Davis ‘a brave mount, the cliffs whereof were as orient as golde,’ shows itself still, not so glittering as he saw it two hundred and sixty-five years ago, but a ‘brave mount’ notwithstanding. No Christian eyes have ever gazed in May-time on its ice-defended slope, except our own. Yet there it stands, as imperishable as the name it bears.

“I could fill my journal with the little histories of this very shore. The Cape of God’s Mercy is ahead of us to the west, as it was ahead of the man who named it. The Meta Incognita, farther on, is still as unknown as in the days of Frobisher. We have passed, by the inevitable coercion of the ice, from the highest regions of Arctic exploration, the lands of Parry, Ross, and Franklin, to the lowest, the seats of the early search for Cathay, the lands of Cabot and Davis and Baffin, the graves of Cortereal and Gilbert and Hudson, — all seekers after shadows. Men still seek Cathay.” — p. 370.

The most remarkable voyages by recent navigators to find the Northwest Passage are those of Parry in 1819–25; of Sir John Ross in 1829–33; of Sir John Franklin, in 1845, from which there has been no return; and the Searching Expeditions, fitted out in England and America in the years 1847, 1849, 1850, and 1851. Expeditions by land have been undertaken by Sir John Franklin in 1819–22, and 1826–27, by Sir George Back in 1833, by Sir John Richardson in 1848, and by Mr. John Rae in 1846–47, 1851, and 1853–54. We have little or nothing to say of Sir John Ross’s voyage in 1818, as its results were of slight value, and many of the commander’s conclusions erroneous. Whale Sound he declared not to be navigable, Smith’s Sound he did not examine, and Lancaster Sound he overlooked. By his want of

success, he came near losing his reputation as a sailor. We therefore pass over this unlucky adventure, in calculating the results of the several expeditions.

At the beginning of the present century very little was known of the Northern coasts of North America, or of the singular people who inhabited them. True, Hearne and Mackenzie in the latter part of the preceding century had found rivers running into a Northern sea, and had followed and explored them to their mouths. Behring's Strait had been discovered in 1722, and Cook had reached Icy Cape in 1776; but beyond that, little had been done on the West. On the East the coast and water line remained very much the same as it had been left by William Baffin in 1616. Indeed, the line which he had marked had been expunged as fictitious. No new discovery of any importance had been made. Hudson's Bay had indeed been entered, but the great passage — what afterwards became the Arctic thoroughfare — of Lancaster Sound was unknown, and almost the whole northern portion of the map of North America was to be constructed. It is to the intrepid sailors whom we have mentioned, that the world is indebted for its knowledge of the geography of those regions.

Franklin's expeditions by land were entirely successful, so far as they extended. Though pursued under extreme privations and hardships that wellnigh caused the death of the whole party, they were thorough, complete, and in every way satisfactory. The Northern Ocean was found, and ascertained to be navigable, though with exceeding difficulty, and the coast line was traced very nearly from Mackenzie's River to Point Turnagain. Franklin, with his company, among whom were Back and Richardson, suffered incredibly. They were without animal food for weeks together, and were compelled, in order to sustain life at all, to eat old leather, shoes, deer-skins, and a bitter moss which grew scantily upon the rocks on their way. Old bones, used before and thrown away at Fort Enterprise, one of their wintering places, had to do double service, being boiled and boiled again, that by chance some small portion of their nutritious qualities which had previously escaped the persuasive properties of the fire might

be secured. To such extremity were Franklin and Richardson once reduced, that, had it not been for the opportune arrival of Back, who had been sent on before for help, the brave seamen would never have survived, to claim and receive, in after years, the sympathy of mankind. In these journeys, a distance, in all, of more than five thousand miles was travelled, and obstacles were overcome which would have appalled hearts less stout and strong. But Franklin, Back, and Richardson were men not easily discouraged, as their subsequent efforts have abundantly shown; and before them, as before every resolute soul, difficulties vanished.

While these brave men were battling with cold, starvation, and death upon the land, Parry was engaged on the sea in rough encounter with the hostile elements. He sailed from England on the 8th of May, 1819, with two vessels, the *Hecla* and the *Griper*, successfully entered Lancaster Sound on the 1st of August, and on the 3d of September crossed the meridian of  $110^{\circ}$  west longitude. On the 19th of October his vessels were made fast in Winter Harbor, Melville Island, to spend the first winter ever passed by civilized man in high polar regions on the American hemisphere. The long polar night, without a sight of the sun from November 16 to February 3, the brilliant aurora, the anomalous refraction of light peculiar to their position, and the various phenomena of the region, must have been strange things for men to observe, who had had no previous experience or knowledge of such wonders. We can well imagine how their curiosity must have been excited, and what a prolific theme for reflection and conversation was thus given them. Still the winter wore off wearily, and the ship's school, theatre, and newspaper scarcely helped to vary the monotony. On the 1st of August, 1820, the ships were released. Parry sailed west, as far as  $113^{\circ}$  west longitude, where he was stopped by ice, when he retraced his course, and arrived home safely on September 30th.

This first voyage of Parry was one of the most successful voyages ever made in this direction. Favored by the season, he passed farther west with his ship than any navigator before or since, and made extensive discoveries. Lancaster Sound, Prince Regent's Inlet, Barrow's Strait, Wellington

Channel, the Parry Islands, and Banks's Land, attest his good fortune and his industry. His second voyage was made in 1821-23, when he passed up Hudson's Strait, and, sailing northward as far as Fury and Hecla Straits, made numerous discoveries. His third voyage was in 1824-25, when he passed up Prince Regent's Inlet, and, in the summer of 1825, lost one of his ships, the *Fury*, which necessitated his return home, where he arrived about the middle of October. Thus, as to discoveries in the geography of this section of North America, Parry must always stand in the front rank of Arctic voyagers. Notwithstanding the failure of his attempt to reach the Pole by way of Spitzbergen in 1827, he was a most successful navigator, as all will readily concede. Circumstances favored him, it is true; yet most of his results were accomplished by his indomitable energy. The season of his voyages was eminently propitious to his purposes. — The great disruption of ice, which cleared the polar seas in 1815 and the two following years, caused, as is supposed, by some physical change of the earth's surface in that quarter, gave him abundant opportunity, and conduced to the fortunate issue of his endeavor; but it must be confessed that it is greatly to his credit that he used the opportunity so well, and achieved his honors so perfectly.

Sir John Ross's voyage in 1829-33 was a most notable voyage, whether we consider the sufferings to which his party was subjected, and the fortitude with which they were borne, or the scientific results which he reached. True, he did not find the Northwest Passage, as he confidently hoped to do, but he at least ascertained, most decisively, that it was not where the general opinion of seamen and others had placed it. This was something. It effectually put an end to all attempts to reach the western sea by way of the southern part of Prince Regent's Inlet. Ross sailed from England, May 24, 1829, passed Cape York, at the entrance of Prince Regent's Inlet, August 9, found the *Fury's* stores at Fury Point in a state of excellent preservation after four years' exposure, August 14, and was finally stopped by ice near the southern extremity of the inlet, September 30. The ship was housed in, October 27, and the usual preparations made for winter. The

following summer he succeeded in advancing only about three miles, when he was again compelled to make ready for winter, after indulging in some speculation as to the time required to make the Northwest Passage at his rate of travelling. In the summer of 1831 he sailed four miles further. On Christmas day of that year, he informs us that the cabin dinner consisted of a "round of beef, which had been in the *Fury's* stores for eight years, and which, with some vegetables and veal, was as good as on the day on which it was first cooked." Early in the next season, it became apparent that the voyage could be prosecuted no longer, and that the ship must be abandoned. Early in April, accordingly, stores were pushed forward in the direction of *Fury Point*, by means of sledges, with immense labor, and on the 29th of May, 1832, the colors were nailed to the mast, and the *Victory* was abandoned. *Fury Beach* was reached, July 1, and after building a house, and allowing the men a rest of a month, the boats of the *Fury* were taken, and an attempt made to escape from the long imprisonment. The 31st day of August found the party at *Barrow's Strait*, stopped by the ice, which was one solid mass. Nothing remained but to return to the house on *Fury Beach*, where they arrived, October 7, and prepared for another winter. This last winter was one of exceeding dreariness. The men were dispirited, the want of occupation and the general monotony of their life induced sickness, and the opening of spring was impatiently looked forward to. At last, on the 14th day of April, 1833, a beginning of exertion was made, by sending supplies forward. The boats were found where they had been left the preceding year, thirty-two miles from *Fury Beach*, covered with snow. This was on the 24th of May, and after several journeys between this point and the wintering station, for the purpose of bringing on supplies, all the members of the party were assembled at the boats on the 12th of July. After waiting till the 15th of August, they got under way, reached *Barrow's Strait* the next day, were fortunate enough to find a lane of open water, through which they sailed, and were picked up by the *Isabella* whaler on the 26th. Poor, starved, unshaven, ragged as they were, they presented an appearance of exceeding wretchedness. By the

generosity of their brother sailors, they were provided with all things needful, and though they were at first "too comfortable to sleep," yet they soon resumed their accustomed habits of life, and thankfully rejoiced that there was once more an assurance of home and friends. On the 18th of October they landed on their native coast.

On this voyage, attended as it was by so much suffering, it is somewhat remarkable that very little sickness was experienced. The scurvy, that scourge of a long sea voyage, was kept off for two years, and during the whole time, out of a crew of twenty-three persons, only three died, and but one of those from diseases induced by the climate. This fortunate state of things was undoubtedly brought about by the systematic precautions adopted by the commander. Ross himself attributes it to the provision made for securing dry apartments on board the ship, plenty of exercise, good spirits, and particularly to *abstinence from intoxicating drinks*. It has been supposed that sailors, more than all others, need the stimulation of spirituous liquor; but Ross's evidence on the point entirely dispels this idea. His words are so explicit in regard to this matter, as to deserve quotation. They have the more weight, inasmuch as they are written by one who disclaims any respect for temperance in the abstract, and who indulges in the fashionable sneer at "paltry, pretending, fantastical ultra-philanthropy." He says:—

"It is difficult to persuade men, even though they should not be habitual drinkers of spirits, that the use of these liquors is debilitating instead of the reverse. The immediate stimulus gives a temporary courage, and its effect is mistaken for an infusion of new strength. But the slightest attention will show how exactly the reverse is the result. It is sufficient to give men under hard and steady labor a draught of the usual grog, or a dram, to perceive that often, in a few minutes, they become languid, and, as they term it, faint; losing their strength in reality, while they attribute that to the continuance of their fatiguing exertions. He who will make corresponding experiments on two equal boat's crews, rowing in a heavy sea, will soon be convinced that the water-drinkers will far outdo the others.

"It is not that I am declaring myself an advocate for temperance societies, whatever may be their advantage, nor that I am desirous of

copying a practice lately introduced into some ships, under whatever motives; but were it in my power as commanding a vessel, I would exclude the use of grog on the mere grounds of its debilitating effects, and independently of any ulterior injury which it may do; reserving it for those cases alone in which its use may be deemed medicinal, or for any special reason useful."

Ross elsewhere speaks of the use of "grog" as causing inflammation of the eyes, and as aggravating snow-blindness, and of abstinence from its use as a preventive of scurvy. And this is pretty good evidence, coming as it does from one who had then seen forty years of service.

Sir John Ross was most ably seconded on this expedition by his nephew, James Clark Ross, from whom we shall hear again by and by. It is to this gentleman's energy and ability that we are indebted for the valuable scientific results of the voyage. In his expedition in the spring of 1830, he thoroughly explored the neighboring country to the west. He found a large peninsula making up northward, to which the name Boothia was given, (in honor of Mr. Felix Booth, who furnished the necessary funds for the voyage,) and which was joined to the mainland by a narrow isthmus. A series of small lakes lay between the inlet and the western sea. Following these, James Ross traced the line of King William's Land to a point distant from Point Turnagain but 222 miles. Perceiving the dip of the magnetic needle to be very nearly  $90^{\circ}$ , he wisely conjectured that the north magnetic pole could not be far distant. In the following summer he verified the conjecture, and had the satisfaction of standing on the spot, planting on it the English flag, and naming it the "Magnetic Pole of William IV." It was found to be in latitude  $70^{\circ}$  North, longitude  $97^{\circ}$  West. We believe that the place is variable, and that Commander Ross only determined its position at that particular time. Scientific men in Europe had already calculated where it should be. Commander Ross confirmed their calculation by actual experiment. But to him, more than to any one else, belongs the honor of the discovery. By a comparison, too, of his meteorological observations (which were very full and complete) with others, the pole of maximum cold was found to be in  $73^{\circ}$  north latitude,

100° west longitude, or about 3° north of the north magnetic pole.\*

Ross's long absence occasioned much anxiety in England, and in 1833 Captain Back was sent by land in search of him. He of course did not find Ross, who had already started for home, but he discovered and traced to its mouth the river bearing his name, near which the catastrophe supposed to have overtaken Sir John Franklin's party must have occurred. The mouth of this river, as nearly as we can ascertain, is in latitude 67° 11' North, longitude 94° 30' West: Captain Back's second voyage to Repulse Bay, in 1836-37, was an entire failure, his ship having been caught in the ice and driven about for ten months.†

In the same and the two following years, Dease and Simpson traced the coast from Point Turnagain to Akkolee, thus completing the discoveries of Franklin and Ross.

We come now to the most interesting period of the Arctic search,—that occupied by Sir John Franklin, and by those who went not so much to find the Northwest Passage as to seek for a lost companion and fellow-sailor. Franklin, having been knighted after his return from his second expedition in 1827, and having been on command in the Mediterranean in 1830, was afterwards appointed Governor of Van Diemen's Land. Recalled from this post in March, 1843, he was intrusted, in 1845, with the command of an expedition then fitted out to 'renew the search for the Northwest Passage. This expedition consisted of two ships, the *Erebus* and the *Terror*,—names now familiar to all the civilized world,—which had already braved the winters of the southern pole, and thus enjoyed the prestige of success. Two distinguished officers, Captain F. R. M. Crozier and Commander J. Fitzjames, accompanied him as coadjutors. An able corps of

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\* It is a little singular that to the same enterprising officer belongs the honor of discovering the south magnetic pole. In 1839, a voyage to the Antarctic regions was arranged by the English government, and Sir James C. Ross was placed in command. In the course of this voyage he succeeded in discovering the south magnetic pole, in latitude 70° South, longitude 162° East.

† In 1824, Captain Lyon, in the *Griper*, attempted the same voyage, but after narrowly escaping shipwreck was compelled to give it up, by the inclemency of the season and the unseaworthiness of his vessel.

subordinates, sixteen in all, and one hundred and thirty seamen, made up the complement of the two ships. The vessels sailed from England on the 19th of May, 1845, were at Whale Fish Islands on the 4th of July, and were last seen in Melville Bay on the 26th of the same month. This was the latest known of them till the investigations of the searching expeditions of 1850–51 made it evident that Franklin and his party, with their ships, had wintered at Beechey Island, at the entrance of Wellington Channel, in 1845–46.

Franklin's instructions, dated May 5, 1845, directed him to "proceed with all despatch to Lancaster Sound, and, passing through it, to push on to the westward, in latitude  $74\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , without loss of time, or *stopping to examine any openings to the northward*, until he reached the longitude of Cape Walker, in about  $98^{\circ}$  west. He was to use every effort to penetrate to the *southward and westward* of that point, and to pursue as direct a course to Behring's Strait as circumstances would permit. He was cautioned not to attempt to pass by the western extremity of Melville Island, until he had ascertained that a permanent barrier of ice or other obstacle closed the prescribed route. In the event of not being able to penetrate to the westward, he was to enter Wellington Sound in his *second summer*." He was also to throw overboard daily, after passing longitude  $65^{\circ}$  west, a copper cylinder, containing a paper showing the position of his ships. Communication was to be opened with the natives of the American coast and the Hudson's Bay Company, if possible. His vessels were strengthened with the utmost care, and by all the means then afforded. The only failure, if any, was in the quality of the provisions with which the expedition was supplied, — revelations having been afterwards made in England which engendered a suspicion that the preserved meats and vegetables were of the poorest kind. When the expedition was last heard from, the officers and men were in the best spirits, and highly elated at the prospect of success. Sir John writes to Lieutenant-Colonel Sabine, July 9, 1845: "I hope my dear wife and daughter will not be over-anxious if we should not return by the time they have fixed upon; and I must beg of you to give them the benefit of your advice and experi-

ence when that time arrives, for you know well that without success in our object, even *after the second winter*, we should wish to try some other channel, if the state of our provisions and the health of the crews justify it." On the 12th of July, he writes to the Admiralty that "the ships are now complete, with supplies of every kind, for three years." He also speaks of "the energy and zeal of Captain Crozier, Commander Fitzjames, and of the officers and men with whom I have the happiness of being employed on this service." Lieutenant Fairholme of the *Erebus* writes: "On board we are all as comfortable as it is possible to be. I need hardly tell you how much we are all delighted with our captain. He has, I am sure, won, not only the respect, but the love of every person on board, by his amiable manner and kindness to all. He has been most successful in his selection of officers, and a more agreeable set could hardly be found. Sir John is in much better health than when we left England, and really looks ten years younger." Letters from other officers are of the same tenor. Thus happily and harmoniously, and with excellent prospects, the ill-fated expedition began.

It was not till January, 1847, that any apprehensions for the safety of Franklin and his crew began to be felt in England. Then Sir John Ross stated his conviction that the ships were frozen up at the western end of Melville Island. Sir W. E. Parry was of opinion that Franklin would attempt to go southward "before he approached the southwestern extremity of Melville Island, that is, between the 100th and 110th degree of longitude." He also thought that "an attempt might be made by them to fall back on the western coast of North Somerset." Sir James C. Ross's opinion was as follows: "It is far more probable, that Sir John Franklin, in obedience to his instructions, would endeavor to push the ships to the south and west as soon as they passed Cape Walker; and the consequence of such a measure, owing to the known prevalence of westerly winds, and the drift of the main body of the ice, *would be their inevitable embarrassment*; and if he persevered in that direction, which he probably would do, I have no hesitation in stating my conviction, that

*he would never be able to extricate his ships, and would ultimately be obliged to abandon them.* It is therefore in latitude  $73^{\circ}$  North, and longitude  $135^{\circ}$  West, that we may expect to find them involved in the ice, or shut up in some harbor." Sir John Richardson coincided with the views expressed by Sir J. C. Ross, and added the opinion, that Franklin and his party "would make either for Lancaster Sound to meet the whalers, or to Mackenzie River to seek relief at the Hudson's Bay posts."

The English Admiralty, acting upon these advices, determined to send out three expeditions, having for their object the exploration of the sea or land southwest of Cape Walker. One was to proceed, under the command of Sir James C. Ross, to Lancaster Sound; another, down Mackenzie River, under Sir John Richardson; and a third, through Behring's Strait, under Captain Kellett. Ross's command consisted of two ships, the *Enterprise* and the *Investigator*; and his instructions were to search Lancaster Sound, Barrow's Strait, and the coast between Cape Clarence and Cape Walker, to secure winter quarters for one of his ships near Cape Rennell, and to winter with the other, if possible, at Winter Harbor, Melville Island, or some harbor on the coast of Banks's Land. From these two points parties were to be sent southward and southwestward, from the first ship, to explore the west coast of North Somerset and Boothia, and from the second, to communicate with Richardson, on the Coppermine or in Wollaston and Victoria Lands, or with the Hudson's Bay Company's post, Fort Good Hope, on the Mackenzie. Richardson was to examine the coast between the Mackenzie and the Coppermine, and the passages between Wollaston and Victoria Lands and Banks's Land. Kellett with the *Herald* and the *Plover* was to proceed, through Behring's Strait, "along the American coast, as far as possible consistent with the certainty of preventing the ships being beset by the ice." Had these expeditions been able to carry out their instructions, Franklin and his crews would, in all human probability, have been saved, if he followed the course which his instructions directed, and which recent intelligence renders it almost certain that he did.

Sir James C. Ross, provided, in addition to two ships, with a steam-barge for making the necessary explorations, left England in the spring of 1848, reached Possession Bay, at the entrance of Lancaster Sound, August 26th, and arrived off Cape York on the 1st of September. Hence proceeding across Barrow's Strait, he attempted to reach Cape Riley at the opening of Wellington Channel, but was prevented by the ice. An attempt to reach Cape Rennell on the south side of the strait also failed, from the same reason. Having no other alternative, he made for Port Leopold at the western opening of Prince Regent's Inlet. Here, on the 12th of October, the ships were hove into their winter quarters. Travelling parties during the next spring explored the western side of Prince Regent's Inlet and the western coast of North Somerset, but were unable to reach Cape Riley and Beechey (whether island or cape is matter of discussion), on account of the hummocky state of the ice in Barrow's Strait. The ships were not released from the ice till the 28th of August, 1849. For the third time, Ross attempted to reach Wellington Channel, and for the third time he was unsuccessful. The land-ice was so fast as to prove an effectual bar to his progress. On the 1st of September his ships were caught in the ice, were completely beset, and were helplessly drifted into Baffin's Bay. The season was too far advanced for further search, and Ross was compelled to return to England. This was an exceedingly unfortunate expedition, in whatever aspect it is viewed. Had Ross succeeded in reaching Beechey in the winter of 1848-49, he would doubtless have found the traces of Franklin's encampment of 1845-46, and probably some indications as to his subsequent route. Or had he thought that Franklin was probably wintering, at the same time with himself, near Cape Walker, or just beyond, as has been conjectured, not without reason, he would unquestionably have made extraordinary efforts to reach those points. As it was, his parties must have been within fifty miles of Franklin's. Or had he escaped the drift, and succeeded in pushing westward to the sea beyond Cape Walker, in 1849, as he intended, he might have communicated with Franklin, and thus have been the instrument of his salvation.

It is a melancholy reflection, that never had an expedition so wisely planned failed so signally. And that too, not by any fault or remissness of Sir J. C. Ross. His energy, courage, and perseverance are well known. Whatever man could do, he doubtless did. It was an inscrutable, but, we trust, an all-wise Providence, that alone frustrated his noble exertions.\*

On the land side, Richardson was able to carry out but half his plans. He accomplished without much difficulty the descent of Mackenzie River, arriving at its mouth on the 3d of August, 1848. Thence he coasted along the shore with his boats, three in number, till he reached a point eight miles from Cape Kendall, latitude  $67^{\circ}$  North, longitude  $115^{\circ}$  West, on the 1st of September. Here the party were compelled to abandon their boats on account of the ice, and to make the journey overland to their winter quarters at Fort Confidence on Great Bear Lake, where they arrived, September 15th. At no time during this season was Richardson able to cross from the mainland to Wollaston or Victoria Land. The state of the ice in Dolphin and Union Straits rendered them entirely impassable. The task of examining Wollaston and Victoria Lands was unavoidably postponed to another season, which it was hoped would be more favorable. This was intrusted to Mr. John Rae, who was Richardson's most efficient coadjutor upon this expedition. To no better hands could it have been given. Mr. Rae had already established his reputation for intrepidity and perseverance by an exploration which he had conducted, in the summer of 1846 and the spring of 1847, in Prince Regent's Inlet. Supplying himself with provisions by his own skill as a sportsman, he had passed the winter on the desolate shores of Repulse Bay, and in the following spring had completed the survey of the inlet on foot. This energetic officer left Fort Confidence, with a boat's crew of six men,

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\* Ross had intended to send one of his ships home, that he might continue the search for a longer period with the other. The Admiralty, however, judged best to send him a supply of provisions for both ships. The *North Star* was sent out in 1849, but did not go farther than Holstenholme Sound. The next year she went to Navy Board Inlet and left her stores. Sir Edward Belcher was directed to take them in 1852, but could find nothing whatever on the spot.

early in June, 1849, arrived at the Coppermine on the 21st, and reached the sea, July 14th. On July 24th he reached the place where the boats had been left in the preceding autumn, and found them nearly destroyed by the Esquimaux. On the 30th he reached Cape Krusenstern, and waited for a favorable opportunity of crossing the strait to Wollaston Land. Anxiously did he watch the strait, but only once was there any opportunity of crossing. His own despatch describes his detention as "most tantalizing to all the party." At last, on the 19th of August, an opening appeared. Eagerly the party took to the boat. But again they were doomed to disappointment. Having rowed seven miles, they encountered, as he says, "a stream of ice, so close packed and so rough, that we could neither pass over nor through it." They were compelled to return as best they could to the mainland. Having arrived there safely, Mr. Rae, on the 22d of August, ascended a hill, from which a fine view was obtained of the surrounding region. "As far as I could see with the telescope," he says, "in the direction of Wollaston Land, nothing but the white ice forced up into heaps was visible, while to the east and south-east there was a large space of open water, between which and the shore a stream of ice, some miles in breadth, was driving with great rapidity toward Cape Hearne and its vicinity." All hopes were now given up of reaching Wollaston Land, and Rae returned with his party to Fort Confidence, where he arrived, with the loss of one man, on the 1st of September.

Here was another most unfortunate failure. Could Rae have reached the wished-for shores of Wollaston and Victoria Lands during this season, he would have been able, it may be, to communicate with Franklin, who was probably at that time (if Rae's recent report is correct) off the northern or northeastern coast of Victoria, or perhaps on the land itself. But here again was the same obstruction which baffled Ross,—ice, impassable ice. In 1851 Rae succeeded in exploring the eastern shore of Victoria Land as far as 71° North, without, however, finding any traces of the missing party. Then it was too late to furnish assistance. He also engaged an Esquimaux chief to occupy stations between Bear Lake and Kendall River, a branch of the Coppermine, in

the summer of 1850, for the purpose of relieving any whites that came that way. But this arrangement was to no purpose. Richardson returned home in 1849, landing at Liverpool, November 6th. Rae wintered at Fort Confidence and went east in 1850.

Meanwhile Kellett's expedition, by way of Behring's Strait, met with no better success. Kellett in the *Herald* visited Kotzebue Sound, repassed the strait before the *Plover* appeared, and wintered at some port to the southward. The *Plover* did not sail from England till February, 1848, and did not reach the strait at all in 1848. She wintered at a port on the Asiatic coast, just outside of Behring's Strait. In the spring of 1849 she passed with the *Herald* into the Arctic Sea, and Lieutenant Pullen succeeded with two of her boats in reaching Mackenzie River. This he ascended as far as Fort Simpson, where he spent the winter. During the following summer (1850) he made an attempt to reach the sea. He proceeded eastward as far as Cape Bathurst, was there stopped by the ice, and was compelled to return to the Mackenzie. The *Herald* passed the winter of 1849-50 at Mazatlan; the *Plover* at Chamisto Island in Kotzebue Sound, where she was to remain as a store-ship.

We have two significant facts here made prominent. There were no expeditions in the Arctic Sea, in the winter of 1849-50, except Franklin's. Ross had been drifted into Baffin's Bay, and had returned to England. Richardson was also safe at home. Rae was at Fort Confidence, Pullen on the Mackenzie, Kellett at Mazatlan, and Moore at Kotzebue Sound. If this was the time of Sir John Franklin's greatest need, we have the sorrowful fact, that the best-devised expeditions for his succor had all failed, and there was no possibility of his relief. Then, too, all accounts agree that the season of 1849 was an exceedingly close one. Ross and Rae could do nothing on account of the ice; Kellett and Moore report ice everywhere; and Richardson learned that "the Mackenzie did not break up at Fort Simpson till the 23d of May, being fifteen days later than Mr. McPherson had known it during twenty years' residence on its banks." "It is appointed unto all men

once to die," and we cannot but sadly feel that Franklin's time had come.

The British government, with a most commendable zeal, did not allow itself to be disheartened by these repeated failures. Another expedition was organized in the spring of 1850. Two ships, the *Resolute* and the *Assistance*, with two steamers as tenders, the *Pioneer* and the *Intrepid*, were fitted out and placed under the command of Captain H. T. Austin. These were to continue the search through Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait. To this expedition was added another, consisting of two vessels, the *Sophia* and the *Lady Franklin*, which were placed in charge of Captain Penny, an experienced whaler. Besides these, public subscription furnished a vessel, the *Felix*, for the veteran Sir John Ross, and *Lady Franklin* equipped a small schooner, the *Prince Albert*, which was placed under the charge of Commander Forsyth. These vessels left England in April and the beginning of May, and almost simultaneously entered Lancaster Sound early in August. Mr. Henry Grinnell of New York fitted out an expedition consisting of two vessels, the *Advance* and the *Rescue*, under the command of Lieutenant Edwin J. De Haven, U. S. N., to act with the English expeditions in this cause of humanity. The American expedition sailed from New York, May 22d, and reached the entrance of Lancaster Sound, August 19th. A week later, the searching parties, American and English, were all together in the neighborhood of Cape Riley. At this point commenced the real work of the searching fleet. On the 23d of August, Captain Ommaney of the *Assistance*, and Mr. Griffin, the commander of the *Rescue*, landed at Cape Riley, and had the satisfaction of finding the first indications of Franklin's party. Traces of an encampment were clearly to be seen. A large cairn, one or two tent-places, pieces of wood, bones of birds, meat-cans, and other articles, were found here and at Cape Spencer, proving conclusively that both sites had been temporarily occupied by parties from Franklin's ships, whether shooting parties, travelling parties, or otherwise. What put this beyond a doubt, was the finding on the spot of "scraps of newspapers, bearing the date of 1844; a paper fragment with the words 'until called' on it,

seemingly part of a watch order; and two other fragments, each with the name of one of Franklin's officers written on it in pencil." But what was found at Beechey was the most conclusive evidence of all, that Franklin had made his first winter-quarters at that point. Three graves were discovered by one of Penny's men, with head-boards attached, on which were inscribed the names of two seamen of the *Erebus*, and of one who had died "*on board* of H. M. ship *Terror*." The earliest date was "January 1, A. D. 1846," the latest "April 3, 1846." Franklin had spent the winter of 1845-46 at Beechey, and his ships were not then wrecked. Besides these were found a piece of wood which had evidently been used for an anvil-block, a series of mounds, shavings of wood, "a deposit of more than six hundred preserved-meat cans," "fragments of canvas, rope, cordage, sail-cloth, tarpaulins, clothing, paper," "in a word, the numberless *reliquiæ* of a winter resting-place." "With all this, not a written memorandum, or pointing cross, or even the vaguest intimation of the condition or intentions of the party. The traces found at Cape Riley and Beechey were still more baffling. The cairn was mounted on a high and conspicuous portion of the shore, and evidently intended to attract observation; but, though several parties examined it, digging round it in every direction, not a single particle of information could be gleaned." Traces of sledge-parties were plainly to be observed to the north, indicating that a systematic exploration had been made towards the upper part of Wellington Channel.

These discoveries terminated the work of the season of 1850. The *Prince Albert*, after searching Regent's Inlet to Fury Beach, returned home, arriving on the 22d of October. The *Felix*, with Penny's and Austin's squadrons, went into winter-quarters near Griffith's and Cornwallis Islands about the last of September. The American expedition, agreeably to positive instructions, which enjoined upon Lieutenant De Haven "to return to New York in the fall," started for home, September 13th. The next day both vessels were caught in the ice, "literally frozen tight in the mid-channel of Wellington Straits." The winter experience of the party was a strange one. By no means could the vessels be extricated. On the

15th of September an extraordinary drift to the northward commenced. It continued, with a variation of drift for a few days to the southward, till the 2d of October, when the ships had reached a point in  $75\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  north latitude. From this time a southerly drift commenced. The vessels were carried, in spite of themselves, down Wellington Channel, through Barrow's Strait and Lancaster Sound, into Baffin's Bay, as far south as latitude  $66^{\circ} 33'$  North, till, on the 5th of June, 1851, the floe to which they had been so long fastened suddenly broke to pieces. The ships were now once more free, with the exception of the *Advance*, which remained cradled by the stern "in a mass of ice exceeding twenty-five feet in solid depth," and with an area of ninety by fifty feet, — a solid body of "108,000 cubic feet." Several days' labor of sailing, sawing, &c. at last freed the brig from her encumbrance, and on the 8th of June, she was again upon an even keel, much to the satisfaction of all concerned. Lieutenant De Haven, nothing daunted by his winter's hardship, during which the vessels and men were several times in the extremest peril, resolved to continue the search through another season. The expedition proceeded to Melville Bay, but could go no farther. After several ineffectual attempts to pass through the bay, on the 19th of August De Haven resolved to return to New York. The *Advance* arrived home on the 30th of September, and the *Rescue* on the 7th of October, "with grateful hearts from all on board to a kind and superintending Providence for our safe deliverance from danger, shipwreck, and disaster during so perilous a voyage."

We return now to the English expeditions, wintering at Griffith's Island. The searching parties for the spring were admirably organized. Penny was to go up the shores of Wellington Channel; Lieutenant Aldrich was to go up Byum Martin Channel to the west; Lieutenant McClintock, to proceed to Melville Island; and Captain Ommaney, with Lieutenant Osborn, to cross Barrow's Strait to Cape Walker and the land adjoining. All these plans were faithfully executed. Penny went up Wellington Channel till stopped by open water, near Cape Beechey, on the 30th of May. Returning to his vessel, he procured a boat, and, dragging it to the

water by the 17th of June, was there baffled by contrary winds, and obliged to return once more. Aldrich went as far as the west coast of Bathurst Island, latitude  $76^{\circ} 15'$  North, finding reindeer there in April, and seeing large flocks of wild fowl winging their way northward. McClintock reached the western extremity of Melville Island on the 27th of May, and made out the coast of Banks's Land in the distance. He found the traces of Parry's encampment in 1820, and brought away with him part of the wheel of a cart, used by Parry for his travelling parties. At Winter Harbor distinct traces of Parry's visit were to be observed. At this place a white hare, so tame as almost to allow the men to touch her, entered the tent. McClintock says in his report: "I have never seen any animal in its natural state so fearless of man; and there cannot be a more convincing proof that our missing countrymen have not been here." This enterprising officer travelled eight hundred miles in eighty days, and found on the island deer, musk-oxen, bears, and numerous birds. Ommaney and Osborn examined Cape Walker, and the western coast of Prince of Wales Land, Osborn proceeding as far south as nearly to latitude  $72^{\circ}$  North. He says that the appearance of the ice indicated "the accumulation of many years, and bore, for some forty miles, a quiet, undisturbed look. Then we passed," he says, "into a region with still more aged features: there the inequalities on the surface, occasioned by the repeated snows of winter and thaws of summer, gave it the appearance of a constant succession of hill and dale." It is needless to say that no one of these parties succeeded in finding any traces of Franklin's party. And the results to which they came were, that Sir John had not passed to the westward of Parry's Island, had not been at Cape Walker, nor upon the land to the south and west of it, but must have gone up Wellington Channel. With this opinion Dr. Kane fully concurs. That passage into what is supposed to be the Polar Sea was found to be open ten miles above Barrow's Strait a full month earlier than the strait to the south of it. Yet, strange to say, when the open season came on, as it did by the 1st of August, the English expeditions made no attempt to go up Wellington Channel. True, the mouth was

closed by a barrier of ice, and they knew nothing of De Haven's drift. But, provisioned, as they were, for three years, there was no sort of risk in waiting where they were till a favorable opportunity for exploration presented itself. On the contrary, they all returned to England, arriving there early in the fall of 1851.

During this time explorations were carried on at the west with like fruitless results. Mr. Rae, as we have said, visited Victoria Land in the summer of 1851, but found nothing. Many parties of Esquimaux were seen, but they had no information. This exploration finished the survey of the American coast from Behring's Strait to Hudson's Bay. Besides this journey of Rae, an expedition had been sent to Behring's Strait, leaving England in the winter of 1849-50. It consisted of two vessels, the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, the former under Captain Collinson, the latter under Captain McClure. They sailed January 20th, 1850, communicated with the *Herald* and the *Plover*, the former of which was ordered home, and safely entered Behring's Strait. The *Enterprise* could not get through the ice, and was forced to go south. She wintered at Hong Kong. The *Investigator*, being a better sailer, left her consorts in the rear, and was last seen from the west, August 4, 1850, entering the pack under full sail to the eastward, in latitude  $70^{\circ} 44'$  North, longitude  $159^{\circ} 52'$  West. McClure is a true specimen of the Arctic voyager. Nothing can exceed his persistent perseverance. He wrote to the Admiralty, that, "should he find no navigable channel after pushing ahead for two seasons, he intended to desert his vessel on the third, and start on foot for Melville Island and Leopold Harbor." McClure continued his voyage to the eastward as far as Cape Parry, when he bore to the northward. After sailing about sixty miles, he discovered land, which he named Baring Island. Passing up a strait between this island and Prince Albert Land, he reached latitude  $73^{\circ}$ . Here the ice stopped his further progress, and being afterwards drifted southward, his ship was ultimately frozen up in latitude  $72^{\circ} 40'$  North, longitude  $117^{\circ} 20'$  West, where he passed the winter of 1850. His travelling parties discovered much new territory, but found no traces of their missing countrymen. On the

14th of July, 1851, the ship was released, and McClure made another attempt northward, but was met by an impenetrable pack of ice in latitude  $75^{\circ} 34'$  North, longitude  $115^{\circ}$  West. Not discouraged, he retraced his way, proceeded round the southern extremity of Baring Island, and sailed with great peril up its western coast, till he reached latitude  $74^{\circ} 6'$  North, longitude  $117^{\circ} 12'$  West. At this point the ship was again frozen in, September 24, 1851, and there she still remains, unless broken up by the moving of the ice. The winter of 1851–52 was passed in active explorations. Travelling parties reached Melville Island, and deposited a record, stating their position at Winter Harbor, just a year after McClintock's visit. The following year must have worn gloomily away. The ship was fast in the Bay of Mercy, the officers and men dispirited and sick. Another winter with its cold and storms came and went, and still no relief. At last, in April, 1853, the looked-for succor arrived. Lieutenant Pim, of Kellett's ship, with a party from Melville Island, succeeded in reaching McClure's position, and communicated with the gallant sailor. We give the account of the meeting in the words of Captain Kellett, who was then at Melville Island in the *Resolute*:—

“McClure and his First Lieutenant were walking on the floe. Seeing a person coming very fast toward them, they supposed he was chased by a bear, or had seen a bear. Walked towards him; on getting onwards a hundred yards, they could see from his proportions that he was not one of them. Pim began to screech and throw up his hands (his face was as black as my hat); this brought the Captain and Lieutenant to a stand, as they could not hear sufficiently to make out his language.

“At length Pim reached the party, quite beside himself, and stammered out, on McClure's asking him, ‘Who are you, and where do you come from?’ ‘Lieutenant Pim, Herald, Captain Kellett.’ This was the more inexplicable to McClure, as I was the last person he shook hands with in Behring's Straits. He at length found that this solitary stranger was a true Englishman,—an angel of light. He says: ‘He soon was seen from the ship; they had only one hatchway open, and the crew were fairly jammed there in their endeavor to get up. The sick jumped out of their hammocks, and the crew forgot their despondency; in fact, all was changed on board the Investigator.’”

No time was lost in transferring the crew of the Investigator to more comfortable quarters. By the 2d of May they were all at Melville Island. *The Northwest Passage had at last been discovered.* To Captain McClure belongs the honor of the discovery.

Collinson, in the *Enterprise*, after leaving Hong Kong in May, 1851, followed close upon McClure's track, having reached that officer's winter station of 1850-51 only four days after it had been left. Failing in a passage northward through the same strait in which McClure failed, Captain Collinson sailed southward again, and wintered (1851-52) in Walker Bay, in Prince of Wales Strait, latitude  $71^{\circ} 35'$  North, longitude  $117^{\circ} 35'$  West. In the following summer he pursued an easterly course through Dolphin and Union Straits, and passed the winter of 1852-53 in Cambridge Bay, Wollaston Land, latitude  $69^{\circ}$  North,  $105^{\circ} 30'$  West. He then proceeded westward on his voyage, and passed the winter of 1853-54 in Camden Bay, latitude  $70^{\circ} 8'$  North, longitude  $145^{\circ} 30'$  West. Released again on the 15th of July, 1854, the *Enterprise* left Camden Bay, and arrived at Point Barrow, August 9th. Port Clarence was reached, August 21st. Collinson immediately left this point in pursuit of the Plover, which had sailed for San Francisco. The *Enterprise* was to proceed to Hong Kong. On this long and dangerous voyage but three men out of sixty-two died. The remainder, when last heard from, were in excellent health and spirits. What follows is taken from the San Francisco Herald, as reprinted in the New York Weekly Tribune of November 4th:—

"The *Enterprise* found traces of the navigator's\* passage in many places, and went within ninety miles of Winter Harbor, but, not being able to proceed farther on account of the ice, went up Wollaston Strait, and there fell in with traces of Dr. Rae's searches.

"In the spring of 1852, travelling parties were despatched over the ice, one of which reached Melville Island after great hardships. The natives met with during the voyage were of a peaceable and kind disposition, ready at all times to be of assistance in any manner in their power."

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\* We presume this a misprint for "Investigator," though it may refer to Franklin, of whom the Herald had just spoken.

To return to the year 1851. Much importance had been attached to the search up Prince Regent's Inlet. A large portion of the *Fury's* stores yet remained in an excellent state of preservation, and it was possible that Franklin might have made for them, as Ross did, in the event of his shipwreck. As soon, therefore, as the *Prince Albert* returned, in 1850, Lady Franklin decided to send her again, to continue the search in that quarter. Accordingly, Mr. William Kennedy was appointed to the command of the little vessel, and she sailed from Aberdeen, May 22, 1851. The *Prince Albert* wintered in the inlet at Batty Bay, from which point Mr. Kennedy made a series of valuable explorations. In the course of a journey of ninety-seven days, he passed, with sledges and dogs, over a distance of eleven hundred miles, in all the time having no shelter by night except snow-houses, such as are used by the natives, which his men soon learned to build. He passed southward, along the eastern coast of North Somerset, till he reached Brentford Bay, when he struck to the west. Crossing Peel's Sound, to the south of which he saw open water, which is supposed to be the Victoria Strait of Rae, he continued his course westward, as far as longitude  $100^{\circ}$  West; then, turning to the north, he came to the coast explored by Ommaney and Osborn; thence, going east and north, he reached and examined Cape Walker, and then returned to his vessel by the north coast of North Somerset. In all this journey he found no traces of Franklin. He was even unable to find the deposits made by Ommaney at Cape Walker the year previous. Arriving at Batty Bay, May 30, 1852, he was obliged to remain till August 6th, when he was released, and immediately sailed for Beechey, where he arrived, August 19th. Departing thence, he arrived at Aberdeen, October 7, 1852. He found the *Fury's* stores, at Fury Beach, untouched, and speaks of them as "much superior in quality, after thirty years of exposure to the weather, to some of the *Prince Albert's* own stores, and those supplied to other Arctic expeditions." They were of great use to him in his sledge parties.

The reports carried home by the expeditions of 1850 were of such a nature as to induce the Admiralty to send out another

expedition in the spring of 1852. Five vessels, the Assistance, Resolute, North Star, and the Pioneer and Intrepid steamers, were fitted out, put under the command of Sir Edward Belcher, and sailed from England, April 21, 1852, for the purpose of exploring Wellington Channel. Two, the Assistance and the Pioneer, were to proceed directly up the channel, under Belcher's own command. Two others, the Resolute and the Intrepid, were to go to Melville Island, under Captain Kellett, to co-operate with Collinson and McClure; and the North Star was to take post at Beechey as a store-ship. Lady Franklin was also in the field once more. The screw-steamer Isabel was despatched to Baffin's Bay to investigate a story told by an Esquimaux, that Franklin had been murdered at Holstenholme Sound; as also to ascertain the truth of a report that two vessels were seen stranded on an iceberg in the North Atlantic. This vessel was absent four months, and ascertained that there was no foundation for either statement. The season of 1852 was an open one, and Sir Edward Belcher's squadron was enabled to follow the instructions of the Admiralty to the letter. Belcher succeeded in passing up Wellington Channel as far as latitude  $76^{\circ} 52'$  North, longitude  $97^{\circ}$  West, and wintered in Northumberland Bay, near Cape Sir John Franklin. Kellett proceeded to Melville Island, where he wintered, and the North Star was stationed at Beechey. Kellett's winter and spring parties succeeded in communicating with McClure, as we have said, and also found abundant traces of the Enterprise, while Belcher did but little. The following season was very unfavorable. Belcher could go only thirty miles through the whole summer, and that in the wrong direction, as he had determined to return to Beechey. Kellett could do little more. Another winter, that of 1853 - 54, was passed in very nearly the same positions as before. So far, all was as well as could be. But late advices from England have brought the disagreeable intelligence that Belcher had ignobly abandoned four of his vessels, and, with the North Star and the Phoenix, which latter vessel went out in 1853, under Inglefield, to reinforce the squadron, returned with McClure, Kellett, and all the survivors of the different crews. The English journals intimate

that disputes with his officers were the cause that induced such an inglorious issue of the undertaking. The appointment of Belcher was undoubtedly unfortunate. All his acts, so far as known, publish his incompetency. He was unable to find the stores left, in 1850, at Navy Board Inlet by the *North Star*. His exploration of Wellington Channel was very imperfect. A single winter drove him to retreat, and two winters completely discomfited him. Four fine ships, thoroughly equipped, well supplied, and fully available for further operations, have been left to their fate by his orders. When compared with the conduct of the daring McClure, the measures of Belcher savor strongly of timidity, if not of downright cowardice.\*

By way of Behring's Strait, the *Rattlesnake* was sent, in 1853, to relieve the *Plover*. She succeeded in reaching Port Clarence and wintered there. After cruising near the edge of the pack through the summer of 1854, and communicating with the *Enterprise*, she repassed Behring's Strait, and arrived at San Francisco on the 25th of last September.

Meanwhile our own countrymen were not idle. By the munificence of Messrs. George Peabody of London, and Henry Grinnell of New York, a second American expedition was fitted out. The brig *Advance* was completely equipped and provisioned, and given in charge to Dr. E. K. Kane, who superintended in person every preparation for the voyage. The *Advance* sailed from New York, May 31, 1853. Dr. Kane had fully made up his opinion with the English officers in 1850, that Franklin had passed Wellington Channel. He also had decided that Smith's Sound, in the upper waters of

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\* Belcher, McClure, Kellett, and the other officers were court-martialled after their arrival in England. McClure and Belcher's subordinates were honorably acquitted, and in each instance the sword was returned with a complimentary remark. In Belcher's case, the verdict was "acquitted." The word "honorably" was omitted, and his sword was returned to him in silence.

We cannot pass over without mention a sad event connected with the last English expedition. M. Bellot, a young French officer, who had joined the expedition through a love for the service and a desire to encounter the dangers connected with it, was lost from an ice-floe during a severe gale. M. Bellot had endeared himself to all his companions by his generous and warm-hearted character, and was already known to Americans by the high appreciation of Dr. Kane. As a scientific man, too, he had laid the foundation of a lasting reputation.

Baffin's Bay, was the best opening into the sea where he expected to find the missing expedition. His plan was to explore this passage by means of sledges dragged by dogs, and of boats which he had constructed for the purpose. Once having arrived at his winter-quarters, he was to push on his travelling parties as far as possible, to prepare a depot of provisions for spring use, and then to return to the vessel during the polar night, using for shelter snow-houses, to be built as required. In the spring of 1854 the real work of the expedition was to commence. Parties, travelling as lightly as possible, were to explore in every direction thought necessary. If possible, the brig would doubtless go farther on, though it was the Doctor's intention to return during the summer of 1854. That these plans are feasible, and, if carried out, effectual, the experience of McClintock, Kennedy, and Meecham, of Kellett's ship, has abundantly proved. Dr. Kane has a picked crew, and a strong vessel, and has made a complete preparation. Filled with the spirit of adventure and of courage, he has infused it into his companions, and he departed sanguine of success. If Sir John Franklin was to be found in that direction, Kane was the man to find him. The expedition reached the coast of Greenland, June 27, 1853, touched at Fiskernaes on the 29th, at Sukertöppen soon after, and was at Präven on July 20th. When last heard from, the little brig was just entering the Devil's Trap, at the most northerly portion of Baffin's Bay. There is hardly a doubt that the gallant adventurers reached their destination in season for procuring a good wintering station. The season of 1854 was an unusually close one, according to the reports of the whalers in that region, and this explains the fact of the non-arrival of the expedition. It is possible, too, that the adventurous sailor has passed into the open sea supposed to exist around the pole, and it is not beyond the bounds of probability that he may return by way of Wellington Channel, and, if so, may fall in with Belcher's squadron, and bring home with him one or more of the good ships, from which he might take his choice. If he really knew how the case stood, might it not be a very good Yankee speculation?

We do not feel as yet any apprehension for the fate of the

American expedition. We know the ability, the skill, the fearlessness, of its leader. We have full confidence in his plans, and believe that all which can be done will be done. There may be no cause of fear respecting his fate. Still, we are glad to find that Congress, at its late session, has determined to fit out an expedition to search for him during the coming summer. The act is approved by the whole nation, and we await its issue with hope. The British government has never been unmindful of the condition of its servants. Already it has expended the immense sum of eight hundred thousand pounds sterling in the search for Franklin; and intelligence has lately reached us, that another expedition is to start overland in the spring of 1855, under the direction of Mr. John Rae, to King William's Land and the North American coast adjoining. Generosity on our part towards Dr. Kane is nothing more than justice.

The drama is fast drawing to a close. The last melancholy act is to be played out. It has, we fear, become a most sorrowful tragedy. The Arctic search, begun in buoyancy, hope, cheerful anticipation, ends in darkness, heaviness, disappointment, death. Mr. Rae, of whom we have made frequent mention, has at last found the clew which will lead, undoubtedly, to a complete knowledge of the fate of Sir John Franklin. The mystery will soon become clear, the problem solved. In his explorations during the last spring and summer, he reached Pelby Bay on the 17th of April. This place is on the western side of the Gulf of Boothia, in latitude 68° North, longitude 90° West. Here he met with some Esquimaux, who said that a large party (at least forty persons) had perished from starvation, some ten or twelve days' journey to the westward. The substance of their information, as reported by Mr. Rae, is as follows:—

“In the spring, four winters past, (spring 1850,) a party of white men, amounting to about forty, were seen travelling southward over the ice, and dragging a boat with them, by some Esquimaux who were killing seals on the north shore of King William's Land, which is a large island named Kei-ik-tak by the Esquimaux. None of the party could speak the native language intelligibly, but by signs the natives were made to understand that their ships or ship had been crushed by

ice, and that the 'whites' were now going where they expected to find deer to shoot. From the appearance of the men, all of whom, except one officer (chief), looked thin, they were then supposed to be getting short of provisions, and they purchased a small seal from the natives.

"At a later date, the same season, but previous to the disruption of the ice, the bodies of about thirty white persons were discovered on the continent, and five on an island near it, about a long day's journey (say 35 or 40 miles) to the northwest of a large stream, which can be no other than Back's Great Fish River (named by the Esquimaux Out-koo-hi-ca-lik), as its description, and that of the low shore in the neighborhood of Point Ogle and Montreal Island, agree exactly with that of Sir George Back. Some of the bodies had been buried (probably those of the first victims of famine), some were in a tent or tents, others under a boat that had been turned over to form a shelter, and several lay scattered about in different directions. Of those found on the island, one was supposed to have been an officer, as he had a telescope strapped over his shoulder, and his double-barrelled gun lay underneath him.

"From the mutilated state of many of the corpses, and the contents of the kettles, it is evident that our miserable countrymen had been driven to the last resource — cannibalism — as a means of prolonging life.

"There appears to have been an abundant stock of ammunition, as the powder was emptied in a heap on the ground by the natives, out of the kegs or cases containing it, and a quantity of ball and shot was found below high-water-mark, having been left on the ice close to the beach. There must have been a number of watches, telescopes, compasses, guns (several double-barrelled), &c., all of which appear to have been broken up, as I saw pieces of these different articles with the Esquimaux, and, together with some silver spoons and forks, purchased as many as I could obtain. A list of the most important of these I inclose, with a rough pen and ink sketch of the events and initials on the forks and spoons. The articles themselves shall be handed over to the Secretary of the Hon. H. B. Co., on my arrival in London.

"None of the Esquimaux with whom I conversed had seen the 'whites,' nor had they ever been at the place where the dead were found, but had their information from those who had been there, and those who had seen the party when alive."

The pieces of plate which are mentioned were inscribed with the crests and initials of some of the officers of Sir John's party. "H. D. S. G." are the initials of Goodsir, the Surgeon

of the Erebus ; " A. McD." are those of McDonald, Assistant Surgeon of the Terror ; " C. A. M." of Second Master Maclean, of the Terror ; " J. F." of Fitzjames, commander of the Erebus ; and " J. S. P." of Surgeon Peddie, of the Terror. A small silver plate which was found bears the inscription in full, " Sir John Franklin, K. C. B."

We have tried to disbelieve this story of Rae. All our calculations had pointed to Wellington Channel as Franklin's route, and this information comes from an unexpected quarter. We have considered that the story comes to Rae at third hand. We have remembered that, in the time of Ross, the natives of King William's Land were a peaceable, kind, and generous people, and would have willingly helped a white party in distress. We have remembered, too, that Rae himself was on the coast of Victoria Land, directly opposite, in 1851, and could find no traces of the expedition ; that Osborn was on the shore of Prince of Wales Land in 1851, and could find no traces ; and that Kennedy had examined the southern coast of North Somerset, next north of King William's Land, and could find no traces. How could it be possible for Franklin with forty persons to have passed along these very coasts, it may be, and left no sign ? McClure and Collinson find nothing in their explorations farther west. We have thought, too, of the fact, that the whole thing is unprecedented in Arctic annals. If the ships had been abandoned to the west, McClure must have found them. If they had been nipped, some relic, a spar, a piece of cordage, — something must have been left. Why, too, should not Franklin have made for Fury Beach where were stores in plenty, instead of the American coast, where he wellnigh perished in 1821 ? Why be short of provisions at all ? True, his ships were provisioned for only three years, but at Beechey and at Melville Island animal life abounds, and he might have replenished his stores. We have thought of all this, and tried to reason ourselves into a disbelief of the report. But here are these articles in the possession of the Esquimaux. They evidently belonged to Franklin and his party. They could not have come into the possession of the natives till after the death of the owners, as they would not have been given in payment for pro-

visions. The irresistible conclusion is, that Franklin and his men must have suffered terribly, and that their sufferings were terminated only by their death. We see no way of escape. We must be allowed, however, to doubt the statement as to their cannibalism. That is too monstrous for belief. We know how little dependence can be placed upon the words of these Indians. It may be — horrible as the suspicion is, it is not unreasonable — it may be that the natives of the mainland committed murder and fabricated the story to cover their crime. There may have been some truth in Back's statement, after all. Still Rae is thoroughly experienced in all these matters, and would be likely to state nothing without good reason for believing it reliable. We anxiously wait for the result of his visit to the scene of the alleged disaster during the coming season.

With regard to the route pursued by Franklin, we are not left wholly to conjecture. It is now certain that he did not go up Wellington Channel. The traces of his encampment at Beechey threw the explorers entirely off his track. He did not go to the westward of Melville Island. This is McClintock's positive assurance. He did not go in the direction of McClure's route, where that officer's ship was last frozen in. He did not go up Prince Regent's Inlet. He probably obeyed his instructions, and went to the southwest, either through Peel's Sound, and so into Victoria Strait, or through the sea seen by Ommaney and Osborn to the west of Prince of Wales Land. This is, doubtless, the sea which McClure attempted to penetrate; but failing, he was driven back to the southward of Baring Island. In this sea, not yet examined, so far as we can learn, he was, in all probability, wrecked. By one of those sudden movements of the ice to which all the searching ships have been exposed, the *Erebus* and *Terror* may have been crushed. The American expedition was in danger of this very calamity several times during its fall and winter imprisonment. Officers and men were all ready to leave the vessels, and anxiously expected to be compelled to take to the ice. What they escaped may have been the doom of Franklin and his men. The region between latitude  $70^{\circ}$  and  $71\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  North and longitude  $105^{\circ}$  and  $115^{\circ}$  West has not

yet been explored. Somewhere in this region Franklin either abandoned his ships or lost them. He was not probably wrecked in Peel's Sound; for had he been, he would doubtless have made for Fury Beach. After the calamity which overtook him by sea, he probably made his way, in the winter of 1849-50, — or it may be in the preceding summer, — to Victoria Land, and thence attempted to cross to the main. Perhaps Rae and himself might have been simultaneously watching, from nearly opposite points, for an open passage across the strait. Foiled in this, Franklin's party may have crossed Victoria Strait, (the open sea seen to the southward by Kennedy in 1852,) near the northwest shore of King William's Land, proceeded southward, succeeded in reaching the mainland, and there have been murdered by the natives or perished from starvation. Against these very Esquimaux Back was warned, in 1833, as being treacherous and cruel. It is possible, also, that the party divided, a portion going westward towards the Mackenzie, by way of Prince Albert Land and the neighboring strait, and suffering the same fate with their countrymen at the eastward. McClure tells the following story: —

“He states that, during his intercourse with the natives, he only once met with any hostile demonstrations. This occurred at Point Warren, near the Mackenzie, where, on attempting to land, two natives with threatening gestures waved them off. It was not without much difficulty that they were pacified, and then they related that all their tribe but the chief and his sick son had fled on seeing the ship, alleging as a reason that they feared the ship had come to revenge the death of a white man they had murdered some time ago. They (through the interpreter) related that some white men had come there in a boat, and that they built themselves a house and lived there; at last the natives murdered one, and the others escaped they knew not where, but the murdered man was buried in a spot they pointed out. A thick fog coming on prevented Captain McClure from examining this locality, which is much to be regretted, as here is the probable position where a boat party endeavoring to return by the Mackenzie would have encamped.”

This was in the summer of 1850. We give it as we find it in Inglefield's despatch of October 4, 1853.

And now, *cui bono*? Of what benefit and to whom is all this? The Northwest Passage has been found, and found to be impassable. South of latitude  $76^{\circ}$ , the Polar region, with the exception of the space we have mentioned, has been quite thoroughly explored, and found to be filled with impenetrable ice and uninhabitable islands. It can never be opened as the pathway of civilization, and from it commerce can reap no gains. It has been found to be, alas! the destruction of noble ships, the grave of heroic men. Henceforth let it rest in its gloomy solitude.

True, there are other results, scientific, geographical, and these are valuable. The Pole of maximum cold has been found to be farther south than was generally supposed. The human frame has been discovered to be capable of enduring in safety the rigors of a temperature sometimes so low as  $70^{\circ}$ . The existence of an open sea around the Pole is supposed to be proved by the migrations of animal life thitherward, by the direction of oceanic currents in that region, by the course of the polar drift-ice, and by the observations of Barentz, Wrangell, and others. Animal life has been found in great abundance during the warm season. Mineralogy has had several hundred specimens added to its list. Much additional information has been gained respecting the northern part of our continent. But Cathay has not yet been reached, and it is a serious question to consider, whether the expense of the long undertaking, in treasure, and, more than all, in human life, has not largely overbalanced the value of the returns.

- ART. III.—1. *The Elements of Political Science*. In Two Books.—Book I. *On Method*.—Book II. *On Doctrine*. With an Account of ANDREW YARRANTON, the Founder of English Political Economy. By PATRICK EDWARD DOVE, Author of “The Theory of Human Progression.” Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter. 1854.
2. *The Theory of Human Progression, and Natural Probability of a Reign of Justice*. Boston: Benjamin B. Mussey & Co. 1851.

WHEN Axel Oxenstiern, that most enlightened of Swedish statesmen, was sending forth his son to mingle in the confusion of foreign courts and the contentions of diplomatists, he bade him observe with how little wisdom the world was governed; and that there was as much of truth as of irony in the old Chancellor’s insinuation may be inferred from the fact, that it has become in subsequent times a trite and familiar aphorism. It is still true, yet not, we hope, to the same extent, that wild caprice, irrational empiricism, or superstitious credence forms the basis of political action; and though the age in which we live may justly boast of its social culture and scientific progress, that highest and noblest of arts, the art of legislation, is still involved in the doubt of tentative hypothesis rather than the certainty of perfected theory. But that legislation as an art should have thus preceded politics as a science affords no matter of surprise, when we consider the relations of science and art in almost every department of human activity and enterprise; for if the latter reached its perfection only by the aid of the former, it is equally true that the former has most frequently found its first hint in the essays of the latter. There is no art, however, (be its manipulations as rude as they may,) which does not involve a theory of some kind, and it is not until this theory is disengaged by the reason, that we have the matter or the method of a science whose didactic forms and amended rules may react on the art to which they relate.

Some have questioned whether a science of politics be possible of discovery, and still more have questioned whether,

if discovered, it is capable of substantiation in the actual figure of society. The author of the works before us purposes to answer both of these questions, and ventures to answer them in the affirmative. The name of Mr. Dove will, perhaps, be a new one to some among our readers; but many are, doubtless, familiar with his earlier work on the "Theory of Human Progression," for, though issued anonymously, it soon attracted the attention of studious and inquiring minds, by the boldness, the grandeur, and the originality of its speculations. His writings evince a wonderful acumen of intellect in the apprehension and analysis of truth, while his perfect mastery of logic enables him to condense and evolve the abstractions of his reason in processes of thought which seem resistless and irrefragable in their separate steps, even when we shrink from the destination and landing-place to which they inevitably conduct us. Mr. Dove is an inexorable *ergo-ist*. In this respect he might, perhaps, be more appropriately called the slave of the syllogism than its master, since he does not seem so much to drive it as to be driven by it. He advances with unflinching and unfaltering steps to conclusions, however startling, when he has once convinced himself that they result from the premises posited by his reason. He is eminently a logician as distinguished from the mere dialectician.

It is this trait of his mental organization which fits him for the task he has assumed. His postulate is, not only to exhibit the science of politics, but first to discover the science itself, much as Nebuchadnezzar exacted of his magicians to tell him both his dream and its interpretation. An intellect at once acute and subtle is of the first importance in all political investigations which have for their object the evolution of a science. To pass from the known to the unknown is the highest achievement of mind. The veriest drudges and pedants of the schools may master the *Cogitata et Visa* of a Bacon, but it needs a Bacon to have thought and observed before them. A multitude shall be found to occupy and settle new worlds of science, which only a Columbus was able to discover, without, perhaps, being able to explore them. With these preliminary observations, we proceed at once to a consideration of the volumes before us.

That there is such a body of truth as that involved in a theoretical science of politics, must be apparent to every rational mind, from the absurdity to which the contrary hypothesis conducts us; for, as Mr. Dove correctly argues, if there is no truth and no falsehood, no right and no wrong in political conduct, then every man may do what he lists if he only has the power. For if there be no difference between good and evil antecedently to all laws, there can be no reason why any laws should be made, since all things must be naturally indifferent. But if there is a truth and a right in politics, they may be investigated, it would seem, on the same principles as any other science. It remains, therefore, for man to educe these principles, not only in order to incorporate them into a dogmatic system of truth, but as the antecedent step necessary for their embodiment in the organization of states.

But what do we mean by a *science*? The beautiful definition of Sir William Hamilton is adopted by Mr. Dove, and we know of none better. "A science is a complement of cognitions, having in point of form the character of logical perfection, and in point of matter the character of real truth." The sciences are divided into the *abstract* and *experimental*, or the *deductive* and *inductive*. The abstract sciences depart from certain primordial notions of necessary truth which are combined by the deductive reason into a body of doctrine; the experimental sciences collect facts and make observations in the realm of nature, in order to infer by the inductive reason the general law to which certain orders of phenomena are uniformly subject. The former are cognizant of necessary truth, the latter of general truth; the former derive their substratum from the constitution of the mind, the latter are founded on the arrangements of the physical world; the former converse with axioms which the reason accepts as true *a priori*, the latter deal with positive facts and the laws by which they are generalized *a posteriori*. It is important, however, to observe that the abstract sciences are capable of verification in the domain of nature, and may be illustrated by experiment, though their truth is seen to be wholly independent of the actual arrangements of the physical world; and it is also worthy of remark, that the sciences which are *inductive* in the

processes which lead to their discovery become *deductive* after their ordination into a body of generalized truth. Or, as Mr. Dove states it, in his fondness for the syllogism, the abstract sciences start from the major or minor premise to find the conclusion, while in the physical sciences we have the minor premise and conclusion given to find the major premise; but so soon as the major premise is clearly made out, we can reason deductively, as in the mathematical sciences, merely substituting the generalized law in the one case for the necessary cognition in the other.

What, then, are the fundamental cognitions which constitute the body of political science? Every science has its *object-noun*; this object-noun has its forms; and these forms have their relations, which it is the province of the reason to discover and classify. Thus, the object-noun of geometry is *space*, and its forms are comprised by lines and surfaces, straight lines and curves, squares, parallelograms, and circles. These forms have their relations, which may be deduced by the axiomatic reason.

"But," says Mr. Dove, "propositions can be connected through axioms only by making one proposition a major premise, another a minor premise, and the third that results from them a consequent. In the abstract sciences the propositions given are the major premise (axioms) and the minor premise (the form of the object-noun), and the proposition required is the necessary consequent that results from these two. In the inductive sciences, the propositions given are the consequent (namely, the observed phenomenon considered as *an effect*), and the minor premise (namely, the *conditions* of matter), and the required proposition is the major premise, — namely, any such general proposition as will complete the syllogism, and make the consequent follow logically from it and the minor premise. Viewed in this light, the necessity of *observation* in the inductive sciences, and its non-necessity in the abstract sciences, become immediately apparent."

In order, therefore, to construct a science of politics, we must inquire what is its object-noun, what are the forms into which this object-noun may be classified, and what are the constituent propositions which compose the "complement of its cognitions," — the body of its doctrine.

It is evident that the science of politics, whatever may be

its form and method, treats exclusively of men and of the relations between them; but relations in what? In religion, in benevolence, or in benefit? In none of these, for they each involve a series of categories peculiarly their own; but *in relations of equity*. *Equity* is the noun-substantive of politics. It is necessary distinctly to ascertain and settle the *position* of politics as a science before we proceed to an investigation of its principles; for this position must determine the fundamental ideas of the whole system of truth to which it relates. Love, benevolence, charity, and fraternity, though beautiful and beneficial in the intercourse of society, are not the nouns-substantive of which political science discourses. The laws of benevolence, of charity, and of love, whatever they are, do not become appreciable, or even intelligible, until inflexible justice has clearly defined the distinctions between *meum*, *tuum*, and *suum*. Equity, which has its foundation in the reason, must be substantiated in society before generosity, which has its impulse in the heart, can be intelligently or virtuously practised. The laws of benevolence, therefore, lie without the sphere of political science, and must, in their full development, be *posterior* to it. But *anterior* to the formal and perfect establishment of the maxims of justice, certain social arrangements may be instituted for the common welfare and benefit. So far as these interfere, if at all, with the equitable rights of a single individual, they fall within the scope of political science; but so far as they involve considerations of *benefit*, they belong to the inductive science of *political economy*, as distinguished from the abstract science of politics.

In order that the laws of political economy may have their full and distinct development, it is necessary, then, to separate them by a line of demarcation from the intuitive and axiomatic laws which govern the relations of men in equity; and in order that the laws of benevolence may be magnified and made honorable, they must be preceded by the laws of inexorable justice, as a necessary condition to their legitimate exercise. Now, the science which investigates, discovers, and co-ordinates the relations of men in equity is the science of politics; it has man for its subject, equity for its object, and

the equitable or inequitable relations of men for its factors. It presupposes man to be a moral being endowed with intellect, will, and passions, — an intellect which furnishes the idea or sentiment of justice, a will which renders him responsible for his actions in the figure of society, and passions which may impel him to the commission of political offences. It takes cognizance of political offences only as breaches of equity. The cognizance of *sins* it relegates to the law and tribunal of the Judge of all the earth.

The *method* of the science necessarily follows from the nature of its substantive principles; for if these consist merely in the classification of man's relations in equity, and if equity be an ultimate and primordial concept (axiom) of the human reason, it follows that the science of politics must be abstract in its maxims, and consequently *deductive* in the evolution of its constituent propositions. The science in its dogma is the definite statement of "the rational laws" which determine the equitable relations of men in society, and just so far it is abstract; but in its reduction to practice it consists in "the application of ascertained truth to the conditions of man on the globe," and just so far it is concrete. Regarded in its abstract aspect, the science of politics is comprised in a few axioms, with the application of those axioms to the mental concepts *duty*, *crime*, *right*, and *wrong*, as touching the *life*, *liberty*, *property*, and *reputation* of our fellow-men, from which application results the logical deduction of certain consequences, the truth of which is wholly independent of human volition or of the actual state of society. But regarded on its concrete side, the rational law of the science is transformed into an objective rule of political action, for the restraint and guidance of "the millions of moral beings associated together on the earth."

"The terms *duty*, *crime*, *right*, *wrong*, and *property*, taken as substantive concepts of the intellect, are simple, incapable of analysis, and consequently incapable of definition. But they may be viewed in another light. The general form or abstract concept is incapable of real definition, but the concrete form or particular case is capable of *determination*; otherwise a practical rule of action could not be evolved. We must consider, therefore, not what concepts *compose* duty and crime in

the abstract, (they being not compound, and consequently indecomposable,) but what characteristics of an action *constitute* it a duty or a crime. We have, therefore, to unite the abstract concepts and principles, which belong exclusively to the reason, with the concrete characteristics of an action, which are derived exclusively from observation, and the question presents itself in this light:— Given, the concept equity, with its axioms, and the physical characteristics of an action, to determine whether it be a duty or a crime, or neither.”

Since the rights of men are founded on the assumption of a moral law apprehended and sanctioned by the intuitive reason, and since this moral law is universal, (for every axiom that relates to equity must be universal with regard to all forms of equity, just as every axiom which relates to space is universal with regard to all forms of space,) it necessarily follows that the universality of the law is subtended by an equality of natural rights; for the law which imposes on all men the same duties, demands for all men an equality in the rights which are the correlatives of these duties.

Having thus ascertained the nature, the position, and the method of political science, as developed by Mr. Dove, we proceed to give a succinct statement of the axioms and constituent propositions by which it is evolved. We quote and condense from our author.

*Axioms relating to Human Freedom in Relations of Equity.*

1. No man has a right to *originate* an interference with another man.
2. A just interference (of one man with another) must be based on a reason sufficient in equity. An interference that has not a reason sufficient in equity is not a just interference.
3. All just interference of one man with another man must be based on the fact that this other man has originated an interference with ourselves or others.

*Axioms relating to Property in Relations of Equity.*

1. An object is the property of its creator.
2. Right should lead to possession.
3. A proprietor may give his right.
4. A proprietor may lend his right.

5. He who receives a gift from the proprietor becomes the proprietor of the gift.

6. He who rents an object from the proprietor becomes just lessee of the object.

7. A proprietor may justly defend his property.

8. A proprietor may justly recover his property.

### *General Axioms.*

1. *Politically*, a man may do what he pleases with his own powers or property, provided he does not interfere with another man. [That is, whatever a man does, without *interfering* with another (by force, fraud, or defamation), does not come within the limits of *politics*. His personal actions belong to personal, not to political morals.]

2. A whole is equal to its parts; a whole can contain nothing but the aggregate of its constituent parts.

3. All men are bound by the laws of justice.

4. Two rights cannot be contradictory.

### *Postulates.*

1. It is possible for men to act equitably or inequitably towards each other.

2. It is possible for men to possess portions of the earth equitably or inequitably.

3. Labor may create new value in raw material.

### *Propositions\* of the Science.*

*Proposition I.*—That all men are *equal* in natural rights.

*Proposition II.*—That a man has not a right to do everything.

*Proposition III.*—That men have a right to do something.

*Proposition IV.*—Problem: To find the equitable limit of political action. Demonstration: Seeing that men have a moral right to do something, but not a moral right to do

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\* We have not thought it necessary to give the formal demonstration of all these *theoretical* propositions, as they can be easily deduced by every reader from the axioms of the science. But the *Problem* enunciated in Proposition IV. may need a formal discussion, since it is the concrete application of this problem to actual society that constitutes the aim and end of political theory.

everything, it is required to find the general and abstract limitations which divide possible actions into equitable and inequitable. Let X and Y represent two men, equal in rights. X has a right to use his powers to a certain extent still undetermined; and Y has a right to use his powers to a similar extent. We say, then, that the limit of equitable action must be at the *point of interference*; because, if X has a right of interference with Y, Y has a corresponding right of interference with X, and each may appeal to force to carry his right into effect; but an appeal to force cannot be equitable *on both sides*, for two rights cannot be contradictory. But since in equity every man has a political right to use his powers or his property just so far as he can without interfering with others, and no farther, it follows that the *point of interference* is the equitable limit of man's action in the figure of political society.

*Proposition V.*—No majority of men may equitably interfere with a minority, or with a single individual.

*Proposition VI.*—Society can contain only those rights which belong to the individuals composing society.

Such are the theoretical principles of political science according to Mr. Dove. It will be observed that the "rational law" of equity which determines the science is essentially negative in its character. It forbids the *origination* of all primary interference of man with his fellows, and this restrictive law becomes positive in its tendency and working only by virtue of a prior act of interference which requires to be corrected. "The *theoretic truth* determines the relations of moral beings, and consequently determines what ought to be their conditions with regard to each other; the *practical rule* determines what man may, or may not, do *justly*, and consequently what the political construction of civil society ought to be."

Leaving in abeyance the application of these principles to the correction of particular social evils and inequalities growing out of political institutions, we turn to consider what probabilities there are that the science of politics, whatever it be, will eventually find its realization in the sphere of society; and in considering this branch of our subject we shall adopt

a classification somewhat different from that of Mr. Dove, though substantially identical with his.

We arrange these probabilities, then, under four distinct heads, which may be stated as follows :—1. Probabilities derived from the theoretical and chronological order of scientific evolution ; 2. Probabilities derived from the observed progress of human civilization ; 3. Probabilities derived from the identity or correlation of the subjective world of thought and the objective world in which man is located ; and 4. Probabilities derived from the tendencies of Christianity and the Scriptural predictions of its universal prevalence.

I. Cicero, in a familiar passage, declares that all studies which pertain to liberal knowledge are bound together by a certain tie of kindred. “Etenim omnes artes, quæ ad humanitatem pertinent, habent quoddam commune vinculum, et quasi cognatione quadam inter se continentur.” So too thought Leibnitz, of whom Fontenelle justly said, that he drove all the sciences abreast. Numerous attempts have been made to arrange the sciences in a scheme which should exhibit their genealogy and their ages,—the order and period of their development. Bacon and Vico have each thrown out suggestions on the subject ; Turgot and Condorcet still further essayed a formal classification of the various departments of knowledge ; and, in later times, the same task has been resumed by different thinkers in different parts of Europe,—by Hegel and others in Germany, by Auguste Comte in France, and by Mr. Dove in Scotland. It is interesting to remark that the logical conclusions of the three writers we have last named corroborate and verify one another,—the German idealist adopting substantially the same arrangement of the sciences as that of the French positive philosopher ; while the “Theory” of Mr. Dove—conducting him, as it does, to a scheme of scientific classification which, though pursued, we learn, without a knowledge of the previous labors of M. Comte, differs from *his* earlier solution of the problem only in being more exact, complete, and cogent—would seem to afford cumulative verification of the common truth which lies at the base of their respective systems. The fact that Leibnitz, in Germany, and Newton, in England, discovered the method

of Fluxions, each at about the same time and each independently of the other, instead of setting the English and French Academies at variance in a vain dispute as to the priority of discovery, should the rather have united them in the joint defence of a calculus whose verity was at first impugned, and whose "differentials" Bishop Berkeley, for instance, laughed at as "the ghosts of departed quantities."

The thread upon which is suspended the connection and interdependence of the sciences is to be sought in a consideration of the comparative simplicity or complexity of the phenomena to which they relate. The sciences which treat of phenomena that are complex and multiform must necessarily be evolved after those which are comparatively simple in their principles or general in their subject-matter, and this order of chronological development illustrates also the logical dependence of the respective sciences, as is remarked by both Comte and Dove. "This dependence manifests itself in the fact, that the one science applied to the forms of the fundamental noun-substantive of the next science, actually *becomes the next science*. Thus, logic applied to *number* becomes arithmetic; arithmetic applied to *quantities* becomes algebra; algebra applied to *spaces* becomes geometry; and geometry applied to *force* becomes statics." Classed according to the complexity of their phenomena, the sciences may, then, be arranged as follows: —

1. The *Formal Science*, or Logic, which is present in all science.
2. The *Mathematical Sciences*, divided into Arithmetic, Algebra, and Geometry.
3. The *Force Sciences*, comprising Statics and Dynamics, with their applications in Astronomy.
4. The *Matter Sciences*, organic and inorganic, involving the whole circle of the physical sciences, from Mechanics to Animal Physiology.
5. The *Man Sciences* of Political Economy and of Politics.

Here the one science must precede the other in chronological discovery, remarks our author, because it is requisite to render that other science discoverable. And the law of this dependence of one science on another is, that the truths of the antecedent science, which are the objects of research when we study that science, become subjective — that is, means of op-

eration — when we study the consequent science. Accordingly, it is by marking this law of intellectual development which is observed in the sciences already reduced to ordination, and which when projected into the future entitles us to predict that the progress of scientific discovery must also logically evolve the sciences which relate to man, that we infer the probability of their ultimate discovery in theory, and their actual realization in fact.

“If man progresses in knowledge from the more simple to the more complex, — and there can be no doubt that he does progress, according to this law, — it is plainly evident that *man*, being the most complex of all the objects that inhabit the earth, must be the *last* whose phenomena are subjected to analysis. Let the sciences be classed as they may, *man and man's functions* must always be placed at the extreme end of the scale of natural knowledge ; and, consequently, it is no wonder that man-science is not completed when men are only approaching the completion of matter-science.”

II. History also furnishes its contingent of probabilities in favor of political science. Time, said the old Greek philosopher, is the wisest of all things. The history of the race passed before the august mind of Pascal as the biography of an individual “who never dies and who learns continually.” The evolution of a political science may, therefore, perhaps be computable from a study of the past developments of human progress. History, it is to be remarked, has its dynamical phenomena as well as its statical, and these two orders of phenomena have their respective laws, which it is the province of *historical dynamics* and *statics* to discover and co-ordinate. History in the totality of its events is infinite and incomprehensible, and must be for ever unwritten ; in her mythical and ideal character the Muse Clio may be said to resemble the fabled goddess of Egypt, who bore on her marble front the inscription, “I am all that has been, is, or shall be, and none among mortals has hitherto taken off my veil.” Yet history may be studied to a certain extent in its minuter features and in its grander proportions ; we may read its lessons in the annals of a single age and nation, or rise to the study of those relations which bind together all ages and nations in the evolution of a rational aim and ultimate *status*. History,

in fact, implies a law of progress; for, as Schelling somewhere says, "There can be a history of such beings alone as have before them an ideal which can never be realized by the individual man, but only by the race considered as a whole," for this ideal it is which causes man, in his social activity, to differ from the irrational and instinctive creation. Creatures governed by instinct can properly have no history, because they are incapable of progress. The bee that hummed in the garden of Eden on the morning of creation built its waxen cells in hexagons precisely similar to those of the swarms which, centuries afterwards, dropped their honey in the carcass of the lion slain by Samson, or which, later still, robbed of their sweets the flowers of Hybla and Hymettus, or which in our own day store away their treasure in "patent" hives. The phenomena of the brute creation are all statical; but those of man evince a dynamic power which is constantly tending to lift the individual into a higher and still higher condition, and the race into a higher and still higher civilization. The working of this power we can distinctly perceive, though we may not be able to state the law of its action, or to point distinctly the teleological principle which directs its tendency.

Now, does the history of civilization warrant us in the attempt to compute the probable evolution of a science of politics? and if so, how are we to compute it? Vico, in his day, remarked that the "certitude of laws is nothing more than the obscurity of the reason enforced by authority"; that is, as we understand him, laws which are not manifestly just are still rigorously executed, in order to assert the sanctity and inviolability of law in the abstract. In modern times we have fallen upon a different plan for the establishment of this desirable certitude. It is deemed the first requisite of a law that it be just, and, as Mr. Dove well says, the vast changes which take place in human legislation, as a country advances in civilization, are nothing more than the slow and gradual transference of laws from the subjective will of the legislator to the objective principles of truth; the boundaries of legislation are undergoing a gradual but sure course of circumscription, and, as time rolls on, the approximation to equity becomes nearer and nearer; and hence it is that we venture to infer from the

past the future establishment of that science which seeks to discover and systematize the relations of man in equity. It is the past which has evolved the present, and the present is pregnant with the future. The principles of justice *are*, if they are not yet exemplified in the actual state of human society; *sunt, sed tempore absunt*, in the idea of Cicero.

Thus it is that history points us to the definite end of all political striving; for from the "concrete changes which have already taken place" we can infer the "abstract course of political change" in the general, or, to speak in the language of mathematics, the differential elements of consecutive ages enable us to integrate the formula of change according to which those differential elements have been generated.

III. We proceed, in the third place, to consider the logical grounds derived from the analogies of nature, upon which we may base the belief that political science is something other and better than a figment of the imagination. The term *science*, whenever employed, or embracing whatever category of facts or cognitions, always presupposes two things: an abstract or generalizing faculty of the mind, by which we are enabled to examine and pronounce upon the relations which it reveals between our facts or cognitions, and the actual existence, or possibility at least, of those relations in the realm of nature. The intellect of man and the constitution of external nature are constructed on a principle of reciprocal harmony. The microcosm within us corresponds, by a "pre-established harmony," with the world without us. It was not until Faust had opened the book of nature, and contemplated the sign of the Macrocosm, that he beheld nature working in his soul's presence, and saw how in the universe all weaves itself into the whole.

"Ich schau' in diesen reinen Zügen  
Die wirkende Natur vor meiner Seele liegen.

Wie alles sich zum Ganzen webt  
Eins in dem andern wirkt und lebt!"

And so it is not until we apprehend this original and con-natural adaptation of the human reason to the objective world, that we can understand man's position in the universe;

but if the same God is the creator of the mind within us and of the physical creation without us, then we may infer that what the reason apprehends "to be *true*, must, when reduced to practice, produce *good*, and not evil," for, says our author, between the intellectual reason of mankind and the operations of nature there is the most perfect parallelism; and this parallelism affords an undoubted proof of the objective veracity of the subjective convictions of the human mind.

" Truth and Good are one,  
And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her,  
With like participation."

Politics, it is true, is an abstract science, and its principles are wholly independent, in theory, of the existing relations of men in society. The duties it enjoins would remain right in theory if there was no world in which they could be illustrated; but, since they are the duties of men in their actual relations, these duties become actually obligatory upon all men in the figure of society. And since an amended order of thought never fails, sooner or later, to express itself in an amended product of human action, why may we not logically infer the final consummation of political progress from the practical operation of a perfected dogma of politics? If a political science be possible in theory, does it not become probable in practice, when we consider that an all-wise and beneficent Creator has made the reason and the external world each to tally with the other, and not the latter to mock and tantalize the former?

IV. The theological probabilities of a final reign of justice fill a large space in Mr. Dove's "Theory of Human Progression," and on this subject the mind of the reader cannot fail to be struck by the grandeur of his speculations, if it fails to be convinced of their truth. He undertakes to show that the history of man's progress in the past would, of itself, have afforded a rational presage of the *natural probability of a millennium*, even if such a period had never been predicted in Holy Writ. History is thus slowly, but surely, as he believes, working prophecy into fact, and the shadows as they fall on the dial of time are gradually marking out the cycle which is to usher in those "great months." The partial and inchoate

fulfilment of the good time promised is an earnest and pledge of its grand consummation.

"It is because God is in nature," says Cousin, "that nature has its necessary laws; and it is because Providence is in humanity and in history, that humanity and history have their necessary laws. This necessity, which the vulgar accuse and confound with external and physical fatalism, and by which they disfigure the Divine Wisdom as exemplified in the world, is the unanswerable demonstration of the intervention of Providence in human affairs, — the demonstration of a moral government of the world. Great events are the decrees of this government, promulgated by the voice of time. History is the manifestation of God's supervision of humanity." If, then, philosophy recognizes the Divine supervision and control of human events, we may learn from revelation, as Coleridge observes, the benignant scheme according to which that supervision is regulated; and this providential disposition of events by which the race is made to direct its march to one central point, the establishment of a universal Christendom, he justly pronounces "the most stupendous of miracles." Theology, however, does not merely foreshadow the prevalence of a "reign of righteousness"; it most powerfully contributes to the millennial result which it reveals, and towards which the wise and good in all ages have been straining their eyes. But it is no part of Scriptural truth to teach a dogmatic science of politics, though it paves the way to its acceptance and realization. The Teacher of Galilee did not communicate to Matthew, the tax-gatherer, the true theory of national revenue, any more than he indoctrinated Luke, "the beloved physician," in the true theory of therapeutics.

Having thus considered some of the probabilities which would seem to point towards the future construction of a political system which "shall involve no injustice in its theoretic constitution, and in its practical operation shall involve the minimum of political evil," let us next direct our attention to some of the doubts and difficulties which beset a portion at least of these arguments, if they do not rebut the conclusion to which they tend.

We remark, in the first place, that Mr. Dove, as it seems to

us, has overlooked a very important element in his scheme of scientific classification, considered as constituting of itself an inference in favor of the final evolution of a political science. We think that his tabular arrangement of the sciences not only illustrates the logical and chronological order of their evolution, but distinctly implies that this succession of the sciences is itself determined by a principle which may be stated in the following terms. *In proportion as natural phenomena become more and more modifiable by human intervention, they become less and less capable of reduction to a positive science.* We hold that this law not only graduates the degree of relative complexity in the phenomena considered by the several sciences, but determines also the relative certitude of which the several sciences are susceptible. The two great criteria of a science are, first, the completeness with which its phenomena have been co-ordinated, and secondly, as a consequence of this, the ability it affords us in the prevision and prediction of results. A science must exhibit a "complement of cognitions," and between these cognitions there must be the relations of "logical perfection." Now, in proportion as phenomena fall within the domain of human caprice and free agency, that is, become modifiable by man's intervention, they become, it appears to us, not only more complex and difficult of discovery, but less capable of the fixed and arbitrary objective laws of a didactic and formal science. It is remarkable that those phenomena which admit of a science the most complete in its cognitions, and the most exact in the perfection of its logical processes, are precisely those beyond all human control, as in astronomy. Those phenomena, on the contrary, which are measurably subject to our control, have not yet been reduced to a scientific ordination sufficiently exact to afford us the foresight and prediction of consequences, as in physiology, which will not enable us to foretell the state of our health to-morrow.

M. Comte, in his *Cours de Philosophie Positive*, has argued that, in every branch of knowledge, there exists a constant and necessary connection and harmony between the extent of our intellectual wants and the real compass of our knowledge. In the practical adaptation of inductive science to subserve

the needs of man in the physical world, this would seem to be true; but the principle has not the generality ascribed to it by the French philosopher, when he says that "since, on the one hand, we have only need of knowing what can act upon and affect us more or less directly, so, on the other hand, it necessarily follows from the operation of such influencing agencies upon us, that we are thereby sooner or later supplied with a sure means of knowledge"; for what "influencing agencies" act upon man more directly than those which determine the condition of his health, or those which, in tropical climates, produce the hurricane and the earthquake? Yet it is not found that man's "needs" have insured the discovery of a "knowledge" concerning these phenomena which has either the character or value of scientific certitude. But here the defect may reside in the unfinished state of our scientific researches, not in the nature of the phenomena themselves; and we have alluded to the imperfect condition of our knowledge respecting these "influencing agencies" only to rebut the general proposition asserted by M. Comte, and in order to show that an exact science may be wanting precisely where it would seem to be most useful.

A countryman and contemporary of Mr. Dove has developed this line of argument with much beauty and force.\* He attempts to show that there is a cause, independent of the nature of things, why the phenomena which are farthest removed from humanity should be the most simple, and why those which stand in the closest relations with man should be the most complex and difficult of exploration, and this cause he seeks in "the will of God." In phenomena beyond our control we have scientific certitude; in phenomena subject to our control we have not scientific certitude; and this converse parallelism of the two orders of phenomena he resolves into the Divine appointment, and derives from it a theological lesson: for while, in the one case, man is taught his impotence, he learns, in the other, the limitations of his knowledge, and thus gathers from both the great truth of his

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\* See "The Method of the Divine Government, Physical and Moral," by Rev. James M'Cosh, pp. 172-180. New York. 1854.

dependence on a Creator who is at once omnipotent and omniscient.

On examining the scheme of scientific evolution, the reader will not fail to remark that the abstract sciences of *number*, *quantity*, and *space* precede the inductive sciences, such as mechanics, chemistry, and physiology. This suggests the inquiry why the abstract science of politics (if it be abstract) was not also discovered before the physical sciences. If its truths reside wholly in the rational intellect, and are independent of the actual relations of society, why were not these truths apprehended as early as the rational and axiomatic principles of mathematics?

This query is to be answered by referring to a fact which Mr. Dove recognizes in both of his works, but to which, as we think, he fails to give its proper position in his calculus of probabilities as to the final discovery and adoption of political science. It is not alone, as he would seem to argue, the complexity of the phenomena involved in politics which hinders the evolution of a positive science; nay, more, we venture to intimate that this is not even the chief obstacle, great as it is admitted to be. Man, as Mr. Dove postulates, is capable of acting equitably or inequitably towards his fellows. That he has acted, and does still act, inequitably in his civil relations is the burden of Mr. Dove's writings. Now, if equity be an abstract and primordial intuition of the mind, why all this organic injustice in the framework of society? In seeking the solution of this question, our opinions have room to oscillate between two alternative suppositions; either man's sense of equity has been obliterated by some great moral catastrophe which has perverted his intuitions in the relations of equity, or else these divarications of man's moral sense are to be explained by resolving them into the perturbations which are inseparable from so sensitive an agent, poised on the pivot of free agency, and acted upon by so many influences which *may* cause him to swerve from the fixed poles of right and duty. Without turning aside from our purpose to establish either of these propositions to the exclusion of the other, we may make the general assertion, that no moral questions can admit of an absolute necessity

which is incompatible with human freedom of will, and that responsibility which it involves. In this moral nature of political action, as well as in the complexity of its phenomena, consists, as we think, one of the causes why men did not sooner discover a science of politics, and, *a fortiori*, why they have not carried it into execution.

The cynical Hobbes remarked in his day, that even the axioms of geometry would be disputed if men's passions or interests were implicated in them; and the sting of the satire is in its truth. Mathematical science makes its abstractions in the world of *being*, and develops truth that *is*; thus, "In any right-angled triangle, the square described upon the side subtending the right angle *is* equal to the squares described upon the sides which contain the right angle." Political science makes its abstractions in the realm of *moral action*, and develops truth that *ought to be*; thus, "No man has a *right in equity* (i. e. *ought*) to originate an interference with his fellow-man." Mathematical truth appeals only to the intelligence of men; political truth appeals to their intelligence and volition,—to their intelligence for its subjective apprehension, and to their volition for the translation of this subjective law into an objective rule of life. Mathematical truth may test the acuteness and discernment of the intellect; political truth is the touchstone of morality in man's civil relations. Mathematical truth, considered in its relation to the percipient faculty, is what a man *knows*; political truth converses, not only with what a man knows, but with what he *ought to do* or *not do*. Mathematical truth, when reduced to scientific statement, determines the belief of the mind from the very necessity of its constitution; but political truth, though as immutable as the mathematical in its subjective maxims, cannot by its scientific statement determine the belief and actions of men from any imperious necessity of man's nature, for his moral being obeys a law which lies outside of the rational intellect; else what would become of man's moral probation? And without moral probation virtue becomes impossible.

Political science, therefore, demands, for its establishment in the concrete figure of society, intelligence on the part of all the citizens *to know* what is right and just, and an equal

virtue that shall incline them *to do* what is right and just. And when that happy period arrives, we shall behold a political society involving no injustice in its theoretic constitution, and exhibiting in its practical operation the minimum of political evil; but not till then. The science, so far as it is abstract, merely plants the goal towards which society should tend; it does not insure the progress of society towards that goal. But here it is that political economy becomes the handmaid of political science; for since men are, in the mass, found to be influenced by the argument derived from *the profitable*, though they may be long unmoved by the voice of equity, the political economist seeks to demonstrate the economical evils which flow (and they always do flow, sooner or later, else the harmony of the universe becomes discord) from every infraction of justice. But when political economy shall have completed the "summation of evil consequences," it will avail only to show that man's interest as well as morality is involved in political equity, and it still is not until a virtuous public spirit becomes universal, that the theoretical science will be instaurated among men.\*

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\* In classing, as he does, political economy *before* political science in point of logical order and chronological development, Mr. Dove, as it seems to us, is partly right and partly wrong. Agreeing with him, as we do, in the line of demarcation by which he separates the province of political economy from that of political science in their respective theories, (though it is evident that in practical legislation they must each impinge upon and overlap the other, until each respects the other's boundaries,) we nevertheless think that he has fallen into something like a confusion of ideas in stating the order of their scientific evolution. He sometimes gives to political science the precedence of political economy, and at other times we find him speaking of the former as posterior to the latter, and at still others he speaks of them as if they were synchronous in their development. All very true, but not very clearly defined. The definite statement of their relations to each other seems to be as follows. Legislation, which is politics (of some sort) reduced to practice, must constantly determine politico-economical results. If this legislation is equitable, it will produce good fruits; if inequitable, evil consequences will ultimately arise from it. Of these results political economy takes note, not because they are right or wrong in equity, but because they are beneficial or injurious in point of utility. Thus, political economy does, it is true, dictate the abrogation of all injustice, not, however, because it *is* injustice, but because it *is* prejudicial. And until political science is practically embodied, all questions of positive legislation will be more or less *mixed* questions of political science, on the one hand, and of political economy, on the other. Not until the science of politics is practically established will political economy have

The doctrine of man's free agency, as held by some, leads them also to doubt the reliability of all predictions based on the generalizations of the historical philosopher; for, since history is evolved in the sphere of human freedom, its orbit, they argue, must be infinitely variable, and they are inclined to say, with Kant, that, even if we find humanity has been always advancing, no one can say but that it might to-day begin to retrograde; for, in human affairs, "we have to do with free beings, to whom we may indeed prescribe what they *ought to do*, but of whom we cannot predict what they *will do*."

Large abatements must also be made from the logical probabilities which Mr. Dove derives from the adaptation of man's rational intellect to the actual world. The science of politics, as he has defined and stated it, is the science of *man*, not of *men*. Of this he seems to be aware, for in a foot-note attached to one of his glowing pages he takes occasion to observe, that "political science is abstract; but the real substantive, man, is *concrete*, and his *conditions* must be considered in applying the science to his circumstances." Ay, there is the ultimate test of all political theories, when they come to be applied to the actual relations of men. The student in his "loophole of retreat" may construct a paper constitution for an ideal republic, which shall involve the *summum bonum* of political beatitude; but where shall we find the practical statesman to apply, or the people to receive, this theory? The question then comes, as Mr. Dove

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"ample room and verge enough" to fill up the measure of its influence, and accomplish its beneficial purposes.

While, then, both sciences are in their nascent state, the moral use of political economy is to rouse man's dormant, or cure his blinded, sense of equity. Thus far it may precede a part of political science in its evolution; but it is not until the economist's argument addressed to man's interests, combined with man's awakened sense of justice and moral right, shall have induced him to enforce the whole theory of political equity, that the economist's science will be capable of receiving its full and rotund development, unhampered by the organic wrongs of civil society. A perfect science of politics is, therefore, in theory, *anterior* to a perfected science of economy. That the science of economy is now ahead of the science of politics, is because men have studied the former more than the latter, and they have done so because the *useful* is more cogent, alas! than the *right*.

admits, clothed with reality, — teeming with hot life, — warm in the breath and blood of *men*.

Now, it is to be remarked that all the sciences, even the mathematical, are true and exact only in theory and on paper; when they come to be practically applied, they are subject to perpetual abatements and modifications, from the intractable nature of the materials with which they have to deal in the objective world. The theoretical formula which enunciates the law of equilibrium and of virtual velocities in a system of pulleys is constant only in the abstract, that is, as abstracted from the varying friction and flexibility of the ropes. And if this be the case in the application of rational truth to matter, with its fixed properties and qualities, how much greater must be the discrepancies when we come to apply a theoretical science to such complex and variable elements, conditions, and forces as are found in civil society! If in natural dynamics our mathematical formulæ are thus modified and distorted in actual operation, how much more might we expect the *lumen siccum* of the pure reason, as displayed in an abstract political science, to be refracted and scattered in its passage through a medium so “heterogene and dense” as that of actual society! Very true it is that man is endowed with a conscious power of originating, to some extent, the *conditions* necessary to meet the requirements of political science, and in this consists at once the incentive and the explanation of all political striving. But this advantage, which seems to exist in a higher degree in the social sciences than in the natural, is more than offset by the greater complexity of the phenomena embraced in the former than in the latter. For while it is true, as stated by M. Comte, that the phenomena of the several sciences are capable of more extended and varied means of exploration in proportion as they become more and more complex, — yet always so that the increase of our resources does not compensate for the increase of the difficulty in the discovery of any science, — it is equally true that man’s greater power of modifying phenomena in society than in the physical world does not compensate for the greater complexity which renders it more difficult, in practice, to adjust to the best advantage the actions of men

in the figure of the former, than it is found to be in the domain of the latter.

It is to be remembered, besides, that the science of politics, which is in theory negative and restrictive, becomes in operation, by virtue of established wrongs, positive and aggressive, in order to restore the relations of men to that condition in which they would have been had there been primarily no unjust interference of man with his fellow. The elements of society are nowhere found in an unformed and unfixed state, ready to receive shape and position beneath the plastic hand of the scientific statesman. The more a social polity needs such remodelling, the more inveterate shall we generally find its institutions to be, and the more stolid and indifferent its subjects to all measures of political melioration.

"Penitusque necesse est  
Multa diu concreta modis inolescere miris.  
Ergo exercentur poenis, veterumque malorum  
Supplicia expendunt."

And herein is to be seen the most detestable trait of tyranny; namely, that its long exercise over a people disqualifies and incapacitates them for the enjoyment of a rational liberty. A perfect political system without a people capable of fulfilling its conditions is as useless and inefficacious as a steam-engine before the rails are laid on which it is to run. Hence it is that "our hurrying enlighteners and revolutionary amputators" have often wrought more mischief than good. Able "architects of ruin," when they came to rebuild the edifice they had demolished, they have commenced at the top instead of digging deep its foundation, and therefore have been condemned perpetually to build "castles in the air."

As in the old ethnic mythology true dreams came to mortals through the gate of horn, while false and empty visions entered by the gate of polished ivory, so in this our real world we find, as the poets feigned of dream-land, that things are not always as they seem, and the speculations which have come through the "ivory gate" have been the most flattering, perhaps, but also the least substantial. Political systems the most beautiful and symmetrical, evolved from

brains the most logical, have faded away like a pageant, and "left not a rack behind." So difficult is it to organize society, and "effect the synthesis of matter and spirit," as M. Proudhon phrases it. It is easy to conceive an ideal republic, to picture an Arcadia, to devise an Icarian fraternity, to delineate a social parallelogram on paper; but that ideal republic remains to be founded, Arcadia has not yet been discovered, the disciples of Father Gabet have been scattered abroad, and the phalanstery has proved a failure.

We have begun to despair of man's social regeneration by any system of political truth superimposed *ab extra*, and not developed by himself *ab intra*. With a distinguished jurist of our country, we have learned to attach very little importance to theories, however plausible, which will not work well. They may be very good, abstractly considered, but the application of political science to the concerns of society is the solution of a *problem*, not the demonstration of a *theorem*. Each nation must solve this problem for itself, and no two will solve it alike, because in no two are the conditions the same.

And this leads us to remark, that in this best possible of worlds, as the German philosopher called it, every nation will, in general, have just the government which is best adapted to it. If this optimism smacks of Dr. Pangloss, and seems borrowed from the Castle of Thundertentronckh, we cannot help it. If, as Mr. Dove exultingly declares, "a virtuous and well-instructed population can scarcely be oppressed," it is even more true that an ignorant and vicious population cannot be free; for self-preservation is the first law of nations as well as of individuals, and freedom becomes self-destruction in the hands of those who are unable to govern themselves. Civil protection is more vital to any community than a nominal political freedom, and the former is often gladly purchased at the sacrifice of the latter, as in France, where all civil immunities and privileges are found to be better sheltered under the "thick-bossed buckler" of absolutism than beneath the ægis of Liberty, whom the French seem ignorantly to worship, as did the ancient Athenians the "unknown God."

That equity, therefore, which is immutable in its maxims, and which is absolute in its principles, as the science of politics, in theory, becomes relative in its reduction to practice among men. The axioms of equity are invaluable as *goals* of political progress ; but when we look at *men*, — men with flesh and blood, — we are compelled to conclude that certain nations must be, and ought to be, more restrained in the enjoyment of their natural rights than others. It is a sad thing that it is so, and so is it a sad thing that all men are not angels. Admitted that all men have the same natural rights, it is a *non sequitur* to infer that they have therefore the same capacity to enjoy them without infringing the natural rights of others.

We may, therefore, assert that Equity is capable of another division besides those admitted by Mr. Dove, who considers its forms under the three heads of Distributive Justice, Corrective Justice, and Retributive Justice. There is room also for *Preventive Justice*, in order to evolve the whole theory of practical as well as theoretical politics ; and the necessity of this preventive justice may be seen in all such communities as need a strong government, because the population is too ignorant or vicious to be free without preying upon one another, and thus inflicting as much more harm on themselves as the tyrants are more numerous in the one case than in the other. Duties are everywhere correlative to rights, and if all men were found to be as swift in the performance of the former as they are quick in the apprehension of the latter, there would be no jarring discord between the theory and the practice of political science. When, therefore, it is asserted that “the surest of all safeguards against insurrection and popular tumult is the absence of the cause that produces them, namely, legislative injustice,” we prefer to affirm that a still better safeguard of popular law and order is the absence of the causes which render legislative injustice possible, namely, ignorance and vice.

Every question, says Mr. Dove, has a certain number of possibilities attached to it, and no more. We may exhaust them, and one of them must necessarily be true, even though we may have no sure means to determine which is the true

one. Applying this *rationale* to legislation, he ranges its possibilities under three heads:—

1. Anterior to legislation there must exist natural principles on which legislation ought to be founded; or else,
2. Some particular and definite form of legislation must be of Divine institution and establishment; or else,
3. Legislation ought not to exist.

Mr. Dove, we need not say, accepts the first, as being alone capable of affirmation; but we think he has not exhausted the possibilities, and hence has made a hasty induction, or, as Bacon would phrase it, has arrived at his *vindemiatio*, by confining his attention too exclusively to the *instantiæ convenientes*. A fourth contingency is predicable, as follows: Legislation ought to be, if not always the practical application of abstract principles, the nearest approximation to these principles which is rendered expedient by the moral and intellectual *status* of any people. So at least thought Solon, εὐνους ὦν καὶ δημοτικός, according to Demosthenes, and so, too, thought the wise Hebrew lawgiver, in allowing something for the “hardness of heart” in a people but recently emerged from barbarism and enslavement.

In the light of this reasoning, if it be sound, we are able to see that Mr. Dove’s third *axiom* concerning the action of men on one another is not extensive enough. “All just interference,” he says, “of one man with another man must be based on the *fact*, that this other man *has* originated an interference with ourselves or others.” But there have been communities in which violence was so far paramount, (as during the Reign of Terror, in France,) that every man’s hand seemed to be against his fellow, and in which, therefore, there was no room for the play of Mr. Dove’s Corrective Justice to restore the elements of society to their equitable condition, nor for his Retributive Justice to prevent intentional crime, since there was no power to enforce the sanctions of the one or the penalties of the other. To provide for a social contingency so abnormal as this, a wise Preventive Justice may propose to itself as its highest duty, not only the punishment of crimes actually committed, (interferences that *have been* originated,) but the forcible enactment of such legislation as

shall restrict the limits of man's natural freedom; and these limits may be justly more and more restricted, in proportion to the violent and aggressive propensities of the people. But this is a principle which needs to be jealously watched in practice, and carefully guarded in theory, lest it conduct to the doctrine of "passive obedience," and all the exploded sophisms of Sir Robert Filmer, or to the arbitrary and cast-iron maxims of Hobbes and Spinoza, who seemed to think that people are made for governments, and not governments for people. The "bed of justice" is not that of Procrustes, nor of Damians.

History, however, will have failed to read us one of her most impressive lessons, if she has not taught us, by this time, that free institutions cannot be *given*, as a boon, to any nation, but must *grow out* of national tendencies. To suppose that a people can be made free by "declarations of independence," is to suppose, as has been truly said, that man is external to the social organism, instead of being an integral portion of it; and it is not until this mechanical theory has been replaced by a true conception of social dynamics, that we can even imagine the existence of any laws of growth and development in the body politic; much less, that such laws can be observed and discovered.

Do we, then, make a mock of all abstract theories of political science, as being nothing worth? By no means; we rather establish their utility, by seeking to estimate them at their real, and not their fictitious, value. In every state where political questions are agitated at all, two classes of men are necessary in order to lead this agitation to wise results,—the men of theory and the men of practice; for these two orders of men, while each, to some extent, antagonistic to the other, are both necessary to impress a safe and sure progress on political society. Their joint action in each several nation illustrates the principle which Lord Lindsay has applied to the whole commonwealth of nations,—a progression by antagonism. Each of these classes will be found to develop certain needful faculties and propensities disproportionately, and, as it were, in opposition to the other. The former, if not checked by the latter, would rush ahead of the age, and

leave it out of sight; the latter, if not beckoned on by the former, would become laggards and loiterers in the march of improvement. But as it is, the composition of their forces tends to impress on the public polity a line of direction, which is at an equal remove from the centrifugal tendencies of the one and the stationary inaction of the other.

Our readers will not be greatly puzzled to perceive towards which of these two sides we have a leaning; but that the "men of theory" may have the last word in this argument, we resign to Mr. Dove the privilege of closing our disquisition with the contrasted parallel which he runs between the two classes we have named, and in which, while recognizing the place of the *practical* man, he, of course, exalts above it the dignity of the *theorist*. If we had run the parallel, the statement of their relative merits might, perhaps, have been transposed.

"Between these two classes [the *theorists* and the *men of practice*] there must ever be diversity of opinion, so long as the one class is bent on *what is theoretically right*, and the other on what it deems to be *practically expedient*. The first regards the measures of the second as unsatisfactory, as half-measures, as mere sops to allay the Cerberus of popular discontent. The second, on the contrary, regards the measures of the first as impracticable schemes, as *theoretic* measures, good enough, perhaps, in the abstract, (that is, measures which satisfy *the reason*,) but which, from some peculiarity in present circumstances, are quite incapable of application. The one professedly takes *reason* for his criterion, and rejects every measure that falls short of its requirements; the other extends his view no farther than to the single point that enables him to take one step in advance. The one takes the unchangeable and imperishable element of man, the objective reason,\* crowns it with imperial authority, and demands that all should at once acknowledge its supremacy; the other takes the variable element of man,—his subjective condition,—and, rejecting every [?] dogma that claims to be absolute, discourses only on the proximate possibility of improving that condition. The one sees the transparent image of truth divested of the garb of humanity; the other sees the outward raiment in its frailty and imperfection, and heeds not to draw aside the drapery that conceals the divinity of reason.

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\* "Reason," says Mr. Dove, "is *subjective* when in spontaneous operation, but *objective* when translated into language and expressed in propositions."

"Between these two parties, therefore, there is not so much a perpetual warfare as a perpetual misunderstanding. Their point of view is different. They stand on different elevations, and have a quite different range of horizon. . . . . The one stands on the top of Pisgah, and beholds afar off the Canaan of his hopes, the land of long expectation, and the land for which the past journeyings of the race have been but the necessary preparations. The other, like Lot, beholds the plain of Jordan, that it is well watered everywhere, and journeys eastward that he may find sustenance for his flock. The one is an intellectualist, who believes in the supremacy of reason, and attributes the systematic errors of society to erroneous propositions. The other is an empiric, who admits no absolute criterion, but admits that the condition of mankind may be gradually improved. The one fixes his eye on *truth*, and forgets the intermediate distance that separates man from its realization. The other fixes his eye on man as he appears at present, forgetting alike the history of his transformation and the probable goal that must form his destination.

"To a certain extent, both are necessary; both are working in the great field of human improvement and of man's amelioration. Incomprehensible as they must ever be to each other, (till the last final item of change shall bring both to an identity of purpose,) they are fellow-laborers in the scheme of human evolution. The one devises afar off the general scheme of progress; the other carries the proximate measures of that scheme into practical operation. The one is the hydrographer who constructs the chart; the other, the mariner who navigates the ship, ignorant, perhaps, what may be its final destination. . . . .

"The theorist, too often trusting to his individual perceptions, forgets that propositions which appear to him of absolute certitude can never be accepted by the world until they have received a far wider authentication than any one man can possibly bestow upon them. And though, perchance, he might evolve some propositions which should ultimately be able to stand their ground, experience will prove that the diffusion of truth is no less necessary than its discovery. Truth, like leaven, must pervade the mass before the requisite transformation is effected. On the other hand, the man of practice moves, for the most part, as he is impelled by the convictions of the multitude, and his object is not to theorize, but to design the requisite changes, and to carry them into execution. The theories of to-day he regards with indifference or aversion; they are of no practical avail; he is pressed with the necessity of action, and act he must, or his place must be ceded to another. But he also forgets. He forgets that the very measures which he now reduces to practical operation were the *theories* of the past generation,

and that he is only carrying into execution the schemes which the practical men of other times regarded in the same light as he regards the theories of to-day; and the very theories (some of them at all events) which he regards with aversion are destined to become the measures of some future man of practice, who bestows on the theories of *his* day the same characteristic abhorrence. He forgets that he moves in *action* because the multitude have moved in *mind*; and that the multitude moved in mind because they had imbibed the theories of former speculators, and changed their credence under the influence of conviction. He forgets that change of action comes from change of credence, and that change of credence comes from theoretic speculation. He forgets that, if there were no theories, there would be no change, and if no change, no necessity for him to execute it."\* — *Theory of Human Progression*, pp. 415 – 419.

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ART. IV.— *An Account of the Pilgrim Celebration at Plymouth, August 1, 1853; containing a List of the Decorations in the Town, and correct Copies of the Speeches made at the Dinner-table.* Revised by the Pilgrim Society. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1853. pp.182.

WITH this interesting pamphlet in our hands, we mused for hours upon Carver, Brewster, Winslow, Standish, and others, who are immortal in New England story; but our thoughts turned at length to the unfortunate and forgotten ones who preceded them. Ere our reveries came to an end, our reflections embraced the whole subject of English success, of French discomfiture, in America. In the hope that previous reading and personal observation in regions which still contain many memorials of value authorize a record of our views, we here submit them to the readers of this journal.

We remark, first, that, unless we are greatly mistaken, the impression is somewhat prevalent that the English Puritans

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\* How many more things, in the eye of Mr. Dove, the practical man seems to forget than the theorist! Yet the reader, on closely analyzing his list of charges, will find they may be all reduced to one or two. The counts in his indictment pass more for number than variety.

were both the *first* and the *only* people who came to the shores of the New World for conscience' sake, and in consequence of religious persecution. Such, at least, is the direct statement of, or the unavoidable inference to be derived from, many of the numerous addresses and other publications, which have appeared from time to time relative to the settlement of the northeastern section of the United States. This error is the more surprising, since every considerable library contains books which enable the most careless reader to arrive at correct conclusions. Nothing is better known to the diligent students of our history, than that the idea of founding colonies in America, to which the persecuted of Europe might come for rest and refuge, originated with the French Calvinists,\* and not with the English Protestants of a kindred faith.

The annual gathering round the Rock of Plymouth, the anniversary meetings elsewhere, the festivals and orations, which commemorate the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, are all proper tributes to their memory. Their courage, their spirit of self-sacrifice, and the lofty aims which they had in view, entitle them to the highest praise. They were stern and severe, as were all men of their time; but their faults were so few, that we may conceal them, even as the dutiful and affectionate child hides from curious eyes the infirmities of a parent. They need no other monuments than the institutions they founded. But yet we should be just to others. We should remember those, who, equally the victims of religious intolerance, were *pioneers* in the great work of planting liberty in this hemisphere, but who seldom receive so much as a passing word or thought.

The causes of the Reformation were many. The three Reformers of Continental Europe — of world-wide fame — were Luther in Germany, Zuinglius in Switzerland, and Calvin in France. The wars which followed the efforts of these great men and their disciples, and which, with hardly an intermission, continued for two centuries, deluging Europe in blood,

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\* We prefer the term *Calvinists* to Protestants or Huguenots, simply because that was the original name, as it still is the *legal* name, in France, of those who hold to the faith of the Genevan Reformer.

gave rise to some of the most interesting and instructive events to be found on the pages of human history. From the commencement of hostilities in Germany to the peace of Munster, religion and politics were blended and inseparable. Whoever studies the records of the times will find that the doctrines of the Reformation alternately enraged monarchs and statesmen, and impelled them to commit murders and other enormous crimes, in the hope of checking or rooting out the heresy. In a word, every man's fitness or unfitness for political distinction, as well as the happiness or unhappiness of every family, depended upon adherence to, or rejection of, the established faith; and there is little exaggeration in adding, that every person, however humble, was made to feel that, if he became a convert to the doctrines or reforms promulgated by the heretics whose names we have mentioned, he would hold thereafter liberty and life itself upon the tenure of the monarch's will alone.

The influence of the Reformation in the colonization of America is a subject which has not received the attention it deserves. Luther and Calvin are well remembered as the founders of religious sects, but are scarcely spoken of in connection with measures of a temporal nature, — with the founding of states and empires. They were, in fact, opposed as much for their political as for their religious opinions. Indeed, unless we much mistake events of our own day, the heresies of the Reformers are now dreaded in Papal Europe, not because they threaten the Church, but because they may overturn the institutions of the state. To say the truth, we incline to believe, that, whatever appears on the surface, the impatient millions of Continental Europe, who ever and anon shake thrones and seek to change dynasties, are moved to loosen the bonds of the serf, and to lessen the privileges of the noble, by avowed or secret disciples of the German, Swiss, or French Reformers of the sixteenth century.

With these general remarks, we pass to consider the incidents which connect Calvin with our annals. In France, his first sermon was a prelude to hostile deeds; his whole ministry was aggressive. Royal edicts to silence him were unheeded. The zeal of Loyola and of the members of the

order which he founded failed to intimidate the author of the Institutes. At last, an insult to a Calvinist who was found singing in a barn lighted the flame of civil war, and during four reigns the kingdom was the scene of the most mournful disorders and the most frightful crimes. Forty-eight years before the landing at Plymouth, a general murder of the Calvinists was meditated, and seventy thousand of them were actually slain. To submit, or to fly to other countries, seemed for a while the only alternatives for those who survived this horrid slaughter. But Henry IV. — the first, and, with all his faults, the best of the Bourbons — became their friend; and the work of carnage ceased until after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when it was renewed with a violence which threatened to complete the original plan of entire extermination. Fortunately, many possessed the means and the opportunity to quit the kingdom. It was at intervals during this period of terror and massacre, that the persecuted sect attempted to find rest upon our shores. Their first effort to plant a *colony* was made in Brazil, under the superintendence of Calvin himself, and of Admiral Coligny, who had become a convert to the doctrines of the Reformation. The church at Geneva furnished the missionaries designed to accompany their brethren to the New World; and its pastor presided at the meetings at which the necessary measures were adopted. Thus Calvin and his flock were the direct agents in the earliest endeavor to establish the Protestant faith in America. The execution of their design was intrusted to the Chevalier Villagagnon, a Knight of Malta, who professed adhesion to Calvin, but who returned to the bosom of the Roman Church, and by his defection ruined the enterprise. A few of the colonists remained in Brazil after the treachery of their leader, and might possibly have made good their footing in so favorable a climate, had not most of them been murdered by Catholics from Portugal, who were rival settlers and claimants of the country.\* The colony was nearly thrice as numerous

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\* At the time of the treachery of their leader, the French had been four years in Brazil, and had therefore survived their greatest perils, and become somewhat acquainted with the country. The religious element in the enterprise may be seen in the fact that the colonists were accompanied by fourteen missionaries. The names

as that which laid the foundation of the institutions of New England. Had it succeeded, how different would have been the history, the present condition, of Brazil!

But Coligny, the first nobleman in all France who dared to profess himself a Calvinist, was not discouraged. Still bent on securing an asylum for his persecuted brethren, he obtained the royal permission to renew his effort in Florida, on a plan more extensive than that which had failed under Villagagnon. The expedition was intrusted to the command of John Ribault, of the fishing port of Dieppe, who possessed qualities which entitled him to confidence, and to the management of the undertaking. Our space will not allow us to relate the miseries endured by Ribault and his companions, among whom were several noblemen and persons of rank and influence. Unfortunately, they landed, explored, and commenced settlements on territory which was claimed by Spain. Except for this single circumstance, it is probable that the French Calvinists would have acquired what they so earnestly desired, — a home in America. As it was, they were again defeated in their purpose. "Go," said Philip II. to Melendez, a dissolute man who had acquired renown and a fortune in the New World, — "Go, and drive the Huguenots out of Florida, and settle it with good Catholics." The royal sentence that "the heretics must be extirpated," fell on willing ears. Soldiers, sailors, priests, Jesuits, and adventurers of various descriptions, sailed from Spain on the murderous mission. They accomplished it. "I am Melendez of Spain," announced Philip's officer, as he met his victims, "sent with strict orders from my king to gibbet and behead all the Protestants in these regions. The Frenchmen who are Catholics I will spare; every heretic shall die." Nine hundred persons — men, women, and children, the aged and the sick — were slaughtered. It is supposed that the French monarch had a knowledge of the design to break up the colony; and that, if he did not really countenance it, both he and his court

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of these first Protestant clergymen, variously spelled, have been preserved; one of them, *Pierre Bordoune*, reminds us of *Pierre Baudouin* (the ancestor of the Bowdoin of Massachusetts), who, on coming to America after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, settled first at Portland, Maine.

were not displeased at its success. Thus was Coligny thwarted a second time; and thus Spain, by hunting down and murdering the wretched and forsaken French Calvinists, secured possession of Florida.\* No Englishman, of any creed, had as yet set foot on the soil of America; and more than half a century was to elapse before the Puritans should become successful settlers in the country where their brethren of a kindred faith had perished. But for the perfidy, or bigotry, or both, of the French king, France — anticipating other European powers — might have had an empire here, which, while it afforded shelter to her own subjects, would have made her name blessed for ever in our annals.

In the death of Coligny, who perished during the general slaughter of the Calvinists on St. Bartholomew's and several successive days, the friends of colonization lost their most efficient and zealous leader. Nor was it until within sixteen years of the settlement of New England, that the Calvinists of France were able to renew their efforts. Having failed in Brazil and in Florida, their fortunes were now to be tried in the Northeast; and, as it would seem, in connection with Catholics. At the opening of the seventeenth century, the first Bourbon king granted to De Monts,\* a gentleman of his court, a patent of American territory between the fortieth and the forty-sixth parallels of latitude, or between Philadelphia and Montreal, and constituted him, with the most ample powers, viceroy of this extensive region. To this enterprise, Sully, Henry's great minister, was opposed. De Monts was a Calvinist, and his charter conceded religious toleration to persons of his own faith; but his followers were composed of persons of both sects. He was wise, capable, liberal, and enthusiastic. His plans embraced the settlement of the country, a trade in furs, and the establishment of fisheries. He explored the eastern coast, the bays, and some of the rivers, as

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\* Ribault's settlement was actually in *South Carolina*, near Beaufort. Three expeditions were sent out; the first and third under Ribault, the second under Laudonniere. The latter settled within the present limits of Florida, and on the river May. The slaughter was about three years after Ribault's first voyage. The name of *Carolina* is French, and has its origin in the appellation which Ribault gave to his fort.

† Pierre de Gast, *Sieur de Monts*; in some authorities, *De Motte*.

far south, at least, as Cape Cod. Had he executed his designs, a French colony would have been founded in New England before the coming of the English Puritans. As it turned, his only permanent settlements were in Nova Scotia and Canada. These two colonies and the eastern moiety of Maine belonged to the Calvinists, not only because of the charter of Henry, but because of their actual possession, and of their zealous and unremitting exertions to obtain a footing and a home. They were disappointed from the first to the last. Port Royal is fifteen years, and Quebec is twelve years, older than Plymouth; and De Monts and Champlain, his agent, are the real fathers of New France. The assassination of Henry was disastrous in the extreme to the interests of his persecuted subjects, who had found, or desired to find, refuge in America. In fact, this event gave the final blow to their hopes and plans. Within two years, De Monts surrendered his patent, and Nova Scotia passed into the hands of Catholics. The surrender of Canada to the same sect followed soon afterward, and in less than a generation every legal vestige of the French Calvinists had disappeared.

The country bordering on the northeastern frontier of the United States contains many memorials of Protestant discomfiture and of Catholic ascendancy. A long residence there enabled us to acquire a knowledge of some of the sites mentioned in our books of history. The waters that wash the Isle St. Croix, on which De Monts and his followers passed a sad and dreary winter, embosom our former island home. Around us were rivers that still bear the appellations which he gave them. Around us, too, were headlands, islands, and harbors with French names, and ruins and antiquities of the same origin. In the lapse of two hundred and fifty years, much of the Isle St. Croix has disappeared. The bed of rocks on its southern shore, exposed at every ebb of the tide, shows its former extent to have been equal to the French voyagers' account of it. So, also, the springs which still flow on the mainland opposite, the remains of the rude fortification that were observable until within a recent period, as well as bricks known to be of French manufacture, and tools and utensils of the pattern of bygone days, assist

the curious inquirer to identify the spot where the Calvinist De Monts designed to commence a colony. In the judgment of the commissioners who determined our national boundary from the mouth to the source of the river St. Croix, the evidence was ample; and could the antiquarian find traces of the graves of those of De Monts's companions who perished upon the isle, or were there traditions that such memorials had ever existed, nothing would be wanting to satisfy the most sceptical. Some well-informed persons have been disposed to find the *true* St. Croix in the river St. George, twenty miles east of the stream that contains the island of which we speak, and have relied upon information derived from the aborigines. But it is sufficient to remark, that De Monts's course from Port Royal carried him west of the St. George, and that there is nothing in the physical geography of that river, or in the remains found on its principal island, which should lead us to adopt their conclusions rather than the opinion of the commissioners, and of others who have carefully examined the subject with a single eye to ascertain the interesting truth involved in the inquiry.

Again, the sea and river coast between the ancient Pemaquid, in Maine, and the St. John, in New Brunswick, are rich in historical recollections of importance.\* In the early and

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\* We cannot refrain adding, as we may properly do in a note, a word of tribute to Gallatin and Cheverus, both of our own time, and both connected with the region embraced in the text. It was on the borders of Maine that the distinguished statesman passed the first year of his residence in America. He was sheltered in the humble home of a French Acadian whom the writer well knew, and attempted with his own hands to clear a tract of land which the writer has often passed. He served the Whig cause as a subaltern, at the only Whig post east of the Penobscot, under the command of an officer whose children still repeat their father's recollections of him. The corps to which he was attached was partially composed of such of the Passamaquoddies as joined the popular side; and the tradition is, that, like his countrymen generally, he was assiduous to please his red brethren by acts of kindness, that he desired they might enjoy their peculiar pastimes without the restraints of discipline, and that his influence with them was very considerable. The late chief sachem, Francis Joseph Neptune, was his associate in the service, and the last survivor, we are led to conclude, who could speak of his residence in Maine from personal knowledge. Gallatin was then a friendless, unknown youth. Every account of him, whether certain or traditional, is highly honorable to his character.

Cardinal Cheverus, the last clergyman ordained in Paris previously to the bursting of the revolutionary storm at the close of the last century, fled to England, and

the later grants and patents, in the treaties between France and England, and in our own diplomacy, the St. Croix is perhaps more celebrated than any other river in the thirteen original States; while east and west of it, and within the limits just mentioned, occurred events of great moment. Besides the traces of De Monts, already noticed, here were the earliest missionary posts of the Jesuits within the original boundaries of the Union. Calvinist hopes and efforts at an end, the planting of Catholicism in this hemisphere was a favorite object of France for a century and a half; and, during that period, with occasional intermissions, there was a fearful and sanguinary struggle between that power and England for its mastery. It was on the territory of which we speak, and seven years before our Fathers landed at Plymouth, that Frenchmen and Englishmen first met in hostile array; and here is the grave of the first Jesuit father who fell in their long and bloody contests. The scenes of battles, the ruins of fortifications, are to be seen at intervals along the line of coast, and on the capes and headlands of rivers. Within these limits, also, the eye of the intelligent student of history will rest on places memorable in the contentions between the immediate successors of De Monts, who were rival claimants of a part of the country embraced in his patent. It has been happily said, that there is a "romance of history, as well as a history of romance"; and whoever has examined the documents, or listened to the traditions, which relate to

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thence to America. His first service was among the Indians of Maine; and his relations with them were not dissolved until he was consecrated Bishop of Boston. Persons who are familiar with the habits of the aborigines need not to be assured that whoever engages as a missionary to them enters upon a course of life which, of all others, is calculated to subdue his own spirit, and to teach him the virtues of meekness, charity, patience, and long-suffering. It was so in the instance before us, while, as an occupant of the wigwams on the Penobscot and the St. Croix, the mild, unassuming and self-denying Cheverus fitted himself for his conspicuous career of usefulness. No man of his communion in the United States has ever been better known or loved; and when he returned to his native land, the benedictions of all sects followed him. There, an archbishop, the occupant of a palace, and, in the hope of his friends, a future Pontiff of Rome, he was the same lowly man as when a humble missionary to the Penobscots and Passamaquoddies. Few of either tribe who listened to his instructions are now alive; but the writer has conversed with some who retained recollections of the topics of his discourses, and were able to repeat fragments of his precepts and admonitions.

the strifes between D'Aulney and La Tour, has found a striking illustration of this truth. They were both French noblemen of fortune; and both claimed to rule under the loftiest pretensions. The first, Charles de Menou, Knight, Lord D'Aulney Charnizay, showed a commission as Governor and Lieutenant-General of the country and coast of L'Acadie in New France, with the Cardinal Duc de Richelieu for his patron; the other, Charles St. Estienne, Lord de la Tour, held title to the soil by purchase of his father from the original English and French grantees, and assumed to govern as the king's Lieutenant-General in Acadie, under a commission seemingly as valid as that of his rival. The first established himself at the mouth of the Penobscot, zealously favored the Jesuits, gave them a home, and relied on support from France; the other offered shelter to his unhappy countrymen, the Calvinists, at the mouth of the St. John, on the site of the present flourishing city of the same name, and looked for succor to the Puritans of Massachusetts. For twelve years they often met in angry mood, and in open battle, on the land and on the sea. D'Aulney obtained the ascendancy; and La Tour was ruined. The wife of La Tour, a professor of the faith of Calvin, a lovely woman, of accomplished manners and heroic spirit, died of a broken heart, the prisoner of her husband's implacable enemy. Strange to add, La Tour, surviving D'Aulney, married his widow.

Massachusetts had infinite trouble with both the hostile chieftains. Her service to La Tour was poorly requited; yet, ungrateful as he was, he had a statesman's foresight, and, surveying his domains not as they were, but as they were destined to be, he sent an embassy to his Puritan friends to propose "*Liberty of Free Commerce*," which overture was instantly accepted. So, too, Massachusetts concluded a formal treaty with D'Aulney, in which the principles of free-trade are as clearly stated as in the Reciprocity Treaty just now concluded, and which was duly ratified by the Congress of Commissioners of the United Colonies. Thus, then, we have the interesting facts, that the earliest and the latest commercial conventions in our annals relate to and provide for mercantile intercourse between the inhabitants of "New

France," and that half-fabulous country, "Acadie," on the one side, and the Anglo-Saxons who dwell westwardly of the St. Croix, on the other. Singularly coincident, indeed, in purpose, in inception, in progress, and in completion, is the treaty, "*Datum Boston in Nova Anglia tertio die Septembris, Anno Domini 1645*," bearing the signature of John Winthrop as "*Præses*," with that of the year 1854, which, while we write, awaits the ratification of the Colonial legislatures.\*

We return to the French Calvinists. Though defeated in Brazil, in Florida, in Nova Scotia, Canada, and Maine, many of them finally found shelter among their English brethren of a kindred faith. Some repaired to Massachusetts; and, settling apart from others, formed a community of their own at Oxford. Dispersed and ruined by Indian incursions, they removed to Boston, where the church which they built, strangely enough, was the first to receive the Catholics of France, who, towards the close of the last century, fled before the storm of the Revolution and the fury of the Jacobins. Others went to New York; and persons of their lineage are among the most distinguished men of that State. Others, still, settled in

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\* The points of resemblance are not fanciful. The first overture was made from the banks of the St. John by La Tour, who sent a special messenger to Boston, in 1641. While a proposition to engage Massachusetts in military operations against D'Aulney, and another relative to the transit of merchandise imported from England, were rejected, that "*concerning free intercourse of commerce*" was accepted by Governor Bellingham and his advisers without hesitation; and in 1642, the arrangement was perfected by Governor Winthrop, and the trade opened, to the profit of all parties.

The treaty with D'Aulney was made in 1644, with Governor Endecott. It provides, that "it shall be lawful for all men, both French and English, to trade with each other"; that the government of Massachusetts shall not be "bound to restrain their merchants to trade with their ships with any persons, either French or other, wheresoever they dwell"; and also, that the full ratification and conclusion thereof shall "be referred to the next meeting of the Commissioners of the United Colonies of New England, for the continuation or abrogation of the same, and in the mean time to remain firm and inviolate." The treaty and the ratification, both in Latin, are preserved in *Hutchinson's Collection*. Whether, then, we consider the principles, or the conditions which refer the instruments to parties other than those immediately employed in the negotiation for final acceptance or rejection, the similarity is very observable. At the risk of a smile on the part of the reader, we cannot forbear to add a word as to the coincidence between the initial letters of the surnames of the statesmen concerned in the treaties of 1644 and 1854. Thus, we have Bellingham and Bulwer; Winthrop and Webster; Endecott, Everett, and Elgin; Marie and Marcy; leaving Crampton alone, without a fellow.

South Carolina, where they cultivated the vine, and left enduring monuments of their thrift and moral worth. Others, again, established themselves in Virginia, under the special patronage of William III. of England, who, when they had abandoned their native land for the British Isles, manifested a deep sympathy for their sufferings, and, securing for them lands on the James River, directed them thither with his blessing. They hoped, indeed, to found a state on the Mississippi; for William designed to collect bands of the wanderers, and to plant them in the country watered by that mighty stream, at his own expense. As, however, circumstances prevented the execution of his plan, they petitioned their own sovereign for a home there, but were harshly and insultingly repulsed; and thus Louisiana became Catholic. In a word, the British Colonies continued to receive accessions from this source down to that memorable period when the yoke of colonial vassalage was broken; and the descendants of French Calvinists appear everywhere on the pages of our state and national histories. Jay, Laurens, and Boudinot, three of the nine Presidents of the Revolutionary Congress; Bowdoin, father and son, the one an honored Governor of Massachusetts, the other a Minister to Spain, and the liberal benefactor of the College in Maine which bears his name; Marion, a celebrated partisan chief of the Revolution; Huger, the associate of Bollman in the attempt to liberate Lafayette from the dungeon of Olmutz; Huger, a late Senator in Congress; Legaré, distinguished alike for eloquence, talents, and attainments, who died Attorney-General of the United States; and many others of consideration as scholars and statesmen, serve to perpetuate the remembrance of this noble stock.

Nor should we be just to the followers of the Reformer of Geneva, were we to finish our record here. Thus far we have regarded unity of subject rather than chronological order; and, observing the same rule, we pass to consider the influence which the French Calvinists exerted upon their English brethren, who, in their attempts to settle the New World, were destined to be successful. To break down the barriers which existed between people of different countries, governments,

and pursuits was one of the first fruits of the Reformation; and the bond of union which was formed — as if by an irresistible impulse — between persons of similar religious faith in France and England, claims emphatic regard. We have often traced out to their final results — as a useful lesson in the philosophy of history — the acts of individual men, until we saw, or thought we saw, remarkable events distinctly evolved from incidents which, apparently slight at the moment, attracted no attention. Thus, the declaration of adhesion to the doctrines of Protestantism made by John Knox, and his passage across a narrow sea to become a disciple of Calvin, were of no significance; but when Knox placed himself at the head of a new sect, and changed the religion of a kingdom, we behold the mature and sturdy Reformer in the mere convert and student at Geneva, while still further on we listen to the hymns and leave-takings of Scotch Covenanters wending their lonely way to embark for the wilds of America. As an instance of extreme misery and destitution, the blood chills as we read that the remnant of Ribault's colony in Florida, of which we have spoken, was saved from starvation by feeding on a human body; but as we follow the survivors to England, and ponder upon the circumstance that their narrative was related to Elizabeth, and was a means of inducing her to encourage plans of colonization in the regions where French Calvinists had perished, we almost rejoice that repasts so horrible preserved lives so valuable to Protestant interests here. So, again, as we commence the sadly interesting story of Raleigh, we wonder that one so young and gay, and of so brilliant prospects at home, should suddenly, and seemingly without cause, have abandoned the University to engage in the religious wars of a foreign and hitherto detested people; but when we find that in France he became a pupil of Coligny, and that, while fighting by his side, he resolved that Englishmen should win and rule the country then smoking with the blood of Protestant Frenchmen, we see "the divinity that stirred within him," and that impelled him to seek almost the only man of his time who could have moulded his character to project and execute enterprises for the settlement of colonies in America. Once more when

Penn tore from the persons of his fellow-students the distinctive badge of Episcopacy, and was expelled from the University, who saw in the bigoted boy the tolerant man, and in the disgraced scholar and half-disowned son the honored founder of an American State? Yet that act may have decided the whole course of his life; for who shall say that, during his exile in France, while pursuing his studies among the stricken and hunted Calvinists, while listening to the tale of their woes, and gazing upon the little bands departing to foreign shores, the "Inner Light," which already, in England, had pointed him to the West, did not clearly reveal to him the banks of the Delaware, where he might provide a home for the persecuted, the weary, and the sorrowful of every name and sect, — where, too, he might assure the world that an Indian could be trusted and treated as a man? These are but examples; yet they are sufficient to establish the fact, that — however much the reader may qualify our view of them — the sect of which we speak exercised a direct and considerable influence in promoting the colonization of our continent. In our endeavor to awaken a feeling of gratitude towards the neglected and forgotten, we would not be unjust to others; we ask only that Calvin, Coligny, Ribault, and De Monts may be classed with Gilbert, Raleigh, Smith, Carver, Winthrop, Roger Williams, Baltimore, Penn, and Oglethorpe, — that remembrance shall not be measured by success, and oblivion follow disaster and failure. The beautiful poem "Evangeline" commemorates the sufferings of the descendants of the companions of De Monts (and of those who followed them), when, too faithful to their religion, and too loyal to their king, they were doomed by their English masters to hopeless, interminable banishment from Acadie, and has moved the sympathies of a generation from whose memory their very being had wellnigh passed away. We cherish the hope that a similar tribute will not long be wanting to excite tender emotions in behalf of the previous victims of the same race. The pamphlet whose title we have placed at the head of this article contains speeches of several scholars and statesmen of well-established fame, and we would not change a sentiment of respect and veneration which they pro-

nounced to quicken our recollection of the lofty virtue of those who made good their purpose of subduing the wilderness; but we do regret that the successful alone were made the subjects of eloquent discourse.\*

We turn now to the brief discussion of a question which suggests itself in this connection; namely, *What prevented America from becoming Catholic?* Discovered by a Catholic of Genoa, and named in honor of a Catholic of Florence; formerly given away in moieties by the Roman Pontiff to kings of his communion; with Jesuit missions† established from the Penobscot in Maine to Lake Huron, and with lilies carved on the trees and crosses set up on the headlands of the streams, as emblems of possession, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico,—why was not America, east of the Mississippi, settled by members of the Infallible Church? Why did every attempt at colonization fail, until the throne of England was occupied by a Protestant? The Stuarts followed Elizabeth, and Catholicism was again the favored faith; and one of them said that Calvinism was not the religion for “a gentleman,” years after this and its kindred doctrines had been preached with success in Italy, France, Germany, Hungary, and Poland,

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\* The only reference to the French Calvinists was by Mr. Yeadon of Charleston, South Carolina, who said: “Descended, as I am maternally, and as numbers of my fellow South Carolinians are, either paternally or maternally, from Huguenot ancestors, who fled from even greater persecutions than did your Puritan fathers, and encountered equal perils and made equal sacrifices with them for religion and liberty, I can fully sympathize and fraternize, in feeling, in principle, and in hope, with this multitudinous concourse of worthy sons assembled to do honor and reverence to worthy sires, decked and crowned as it is with the beaming presence of the lovely daughters of the Pilgrim mothers.”

† Rapidly increasing, the Jesuits established themselves among the Indians in various parts of Maine and Acadie; and thence were dispersed in the North and West, and far from the Atlantic shore, until their crosses and chapels were seen on the banks of the Mississippi and its tributaries. Their zeal, their untiring labors, their long and persevering efforts to convert the American savages, have been commended by almost every writer of history. Their courage, sufferings, and frequent martyrdom can never fail to move the sympathies of those, of every age, who trace their career.

Recent researches render it probable that Fénelon, in his youth, was a missionary to the Indians of Canada and the adjacent country. The efforts of the New York Historical Society to connect that illustrious man with our annals are alone sufficient to entitle its members to the warm thanks of every student of history.

years after it had enlisted sturdy champions in Scotland, and half a century after the rise of the Puritans in England. In that sneer we find the solution of our question. It was in the time of the descendants of Darnley and Mary Stuart, that America, from the St. Croix to the regions beyond the Potomac, passed from the crown to the subjects of England; and this,—to sum up in a single word,—because English “gentlemen” who dissented from the Church were denied their rights. It was after the death of the imperious daughter of Henry, while the Protestants were without a leader, during quarrels between Episcopalians and Catholics, during fierce and inexcusable contentions between Lutherans and Calvinists, and even between different parties of the followers of the Genevan Reformer, that Anglo-Saxons were transplanted, and began to flourish. Singular to remark, Virginia, Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania were founded by Protestant sects that did not so much as exist as distinct religious bodies at the period when the French Calvinists made their earliest endeavor to remove to America.\* Of the original States, Maryland alone was Catholic; and it is but justice to the memory of its proprietor to say, that no man in our colonial history should be mentioned with greater respect, and that its commercial capital perpetuates the name of a nobleman who was an honor alike to his Church and to human nature. Nor shall we omit to add, that the anniversary of the landing at St. Mary’s—long neglected, but now observed—is celebrated by a people who have as good reason to be proud of their ancestry as have those who annually cluster around the Rock of Plymouth.

In conclusion, the study of the sublime drama of our country’s progress has been a favorite employment of our leisure hours, not with the ambitious design of becoming a teacher

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\* This may not seem quite accurate as regards the Episcopalians; but the *Thirty-nine Articles* were not adopted until the year 1562, or seven years after the expedition to Brazil was undertaken. Of the Puritans it is sufficient to remark, that they resolved to break off from the Church of England, to reject the liturgy, and adopt the Genevan service, in 1566. The origin of the other sects was much later, the Baptists dating from their petition to Parliament in 1620, the Quakers or Friends from the commencement of the ministry of George Fox, in 1648.

in these pages or elsewhere, but because, after converse with annals and state papers,

“’T is pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,  
To peep at such a world,”

with an eye of some intelligence, and because “’t is pleasant” also, to

“ stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,”

in the little “world” of home, and discourse upon so attractive a theme.

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ART. V.—*History of the United States from the Discovery of the American Continent.* By GEORGE BANCROFT. Vols. IV., V., and VI. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1852–1854.

THE deep interest of Americans in the grand theme on which Mr. Bancroft has undertaken to write, can never cease. His successive volumes find their thousands of readers more impatient, as, in the march of his terse and brilliant narrative, he steadily approaches the “crisis.” As there are few epochs in the history of liberty which rank with that in which our own was born, so it can hardly happen that a struggle of so momentous import shall again disturb our career, or if it does, that we shall come out of it in the end so well. One by one they totter and die, the remnants of that sturdy race in whose ears the drums yet beat, in whose eyes the colors stream, as they tell to the children of their children the story of the Revolution, of its battles and its trials. It becomes us to save what is fading from the memory of men, and to place it, as it must stand for all time to come, in the history of the ages that are past.

For many reasons, there can be no better time to collect materials which shall be the groundwork of future research into the origin of American independence, than our own day and generation. The judgment is no longer likely to be vitiated by the violence of contemporary prejudice. The

hostility which animated antagonistic parties at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, has lost its bitterness by age. The foremost men of the Revolution, and of the lesser storms which followed it, are no more; but what is best of them survives. Filial duty and scholarly research bring every day to light more and more of their inmost thoughts, and we may well ask ourselves, why the cheek tingles when we think how pure they were, how few were their faults and frailties. Be buried, with all that was mortal, all that was erring in those who fought the great battle,—better, alas! than we could fight it!

We need not point to the gigantic labors which have resulted in the collection of the papers of Franklin and Washington, to the care which the descendant of the second President gives to those of his distinguished ancestor, or to the genius which has adorned the brilliant episodes of Spanish history, to show why it is that America is not only destined to take the first rank in historical literature, but is likely, of all nations, to have its own history the best illustrated. So ample are the materials for this most delightful of intellectual recreations, that there is less danger, to one who shall undertake to exhaust an isolated topic, of failing for want of authorities than from the perplexity of redundant riches. Nor does this apply exclusively to the actors here on our own soil. In England, the political history of its hereditary legislators floods the shelves of the booksellers, and graces the libraries of the aristocracy. In the depths of these almost unfathomable oceans of all that is worthless and dreary, there is many a gem to reward the toiler, and to tell him he has not searched in vain.

While we have no disposition to claim for Mr. Bancroft an impartiality that never flinches, or a judgment which cannot fail, we feel prepared to say, that we know of no one who has more faithfully and earnestly sought to qualify himself for the task, who has better succeeded in collecting everything likely to aid him, or who has in all respects more thoroughly mastered his subject. If he has sinned, his sins are not of omission. We hardly require his prefatory catalogue of what the common compilation-mongers call "refer-

ences" to assure us of this. But it is fair to give his own account of the sources whence his narrative flows.

He has found them in England, in the now familiar but voluminous records of the State Paper Office, in the minutes and records of the Treasury, in the reports of Parliamentary debates as derived from newspapers and private letters and journals, in the documents and pamphlets of the British Museum and the London Athenæum, and in the unpublished papers of Chatham, Shelburne, Grafton, North, and Dartmouth. He has plodded assiduously in the French Archives and in the Royal Archives at the Hague, and he has consulted personally those of more than half of the old thirteen Colonies. Much of what was wanting in his own extensive library was found in that of Harvard College and of the Boston Athenæum.\* But what he values most of all, and has in his exclusive possession, are the papers, some of which have never seen the light, of the enthusiast, Samuel Adams.

In view of the immense service Mr. Bancroft has rendered to the literature of our country, and, as we trust, will continue to render, till he shall have erected a monument more perennial than the honors even which friendly administrations have lavished upon him, we do not propose to ourselves the ungrateful task of criticizing his style. Its originality pleads strongly for it. Compared with the dull pedantry of Robertson and Hume; with the stately tread of Gibbon, stalking, as would the ghost of Cæsar, amidst the ruins of the Roman Empire; with Macaulay, whom you cannot leave for sleep or food, though you know full well that a truth or a reputation is sacrificed with every swelling period; with the patrician garrulity of Mahon, who tells you, after all, so little that is new, and so much of that little about the brilliant Chesterfield, whom, he would have you believe, was nearly all that remained, in a degenerate age, of Hastings and Runnymede and of the "British Constitution"; with the cynical radicalism and chimerical ethnology of modern Germany; with the the socialistic aspirations of France; or, to come home, with

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\* The first mentioned of these two libraries contains the most complete collection of works on American history in the world.

the flashy imbecility of self-styled "Young America,"—compared with these, we say, Mr. Bancroft's style may be very favorably regarded. There are so many temptations which might seduce an American historian, with a well-known political bias like that of Mr. Bancroft, that we cannot be too thankful that one who could have imparted so much error has told us so many truths.

We touch charily upon the historical philosophy which has been rather a pet subject for a few years past. Mr. Bancroft's comprehensive humanity and liberal economy pervade almost every chapter of the volumes before us: how well he has succeeded in referring them, as cause or effect, to the events he narrates, does not come, except incidentally, within the scope of this article. His abstractions are always, however, those of a Christian scholar. That kind of philosophy which has a different point of observation in every family of the human race, if not in every individual, appears to better advantage as a speculative exercise than as a rule for human conduct. It suffers more than any other science from theory uncorrected by accurate and faithful observation, and its unsatisfied student can hardly fail of the conviction that he has wasted his time upon what, after all, is apt to be little more than a very facile variety of "fine writing."

We propose to look back upon the remote and less direct causes of the war for independence, dating, as they do, by common consent, from the beginning of the last preceding French war. Mr. Bancroft traces them, in fact, a little earlier. That war itself, if we may judge of it by perfectly reliable documents, was not in its inception, its object, or its details precisely of the character which is commonly given to it. As the matter appears in a new light to those who have not studied the history of the French in America from their own point of view, we shall make no apology for giving to the period of fifteen years intervening between the treaties of Aix la Chapelle and of Paris a prominence over the more recent and familiar events. This epoch, the first in the history of the Revolution, described in Mr. Bancroft's fourth volume, resulted in the *overthrow of the European colonial system*. The fifth volume exhausts the subject of the Stamp Act, and tells *how*

*Great Britain estranged America.* The sixth presents successively the subsequent schemes of Parliamentary oppression, and the counter-measures of the Colonies, provoking in return the penal acts of 1774, which formed, indeed, the *crisis* of liberty. Dwelling especially upon the gradual preparation of the American mind and will for the great contest, we shall be compelled to pass somewhat lightly over the salient and familiar topics of the Stamp Act, the Massacre, the Tea-Party, and the penal measures themselves, which, as the result and the end of all, roused a new nation to arms.

The course of continuous narrative will necessarily, much to our regret, spoil the epigrammatic terseness with which men and events in different quarters of the globe are so strikingly brought into a common relationship. We have, moreover, to state fairly at the outset, that the author has failed to make us sympathize with his very severe judgment of Bernard and Hutchinson; that he has, perhaps unintentionally, underrated the services of James Otis; and that there is a stronger proclivity to hero-worship than we were prepared to find in Mr. Bancroft, in the attempt to make Samuel Adams the central personage, around whom the events of that period all clustered. As if aware, too, of a slight acrimony in discussing the temper of our step-motherly parent, a disclaimer appears in the Preface as to any intention of fomenting national animosity. As to the part borne by the French in our ante-Revolutionary history, the sympathies of all men are with the brave; no bias of nationality can cancel our admiration of the noble achievements of personal courage; and when, beside, every surrounding is adverse, the single touch of nature which binds us to the struggling weak has much of the romantic in its composition. We are glad, therefore, that the historian attempts not to disguise his appreciation of the gallantry of the French in their last war upon our soil, and that he has thought it worth his while even to do justice to their commanders. He is not alone in this. The column upon the plains of Abraham, which recalls the story of two of the bravest men that ever lived, was raised by Lord Dalhousie, an English Governor.

If it shall appear that the last French war was begun by

England mainly for the acquisition of territory, and that it was sustained for purposes of conquest and pillage long after its victim sued for peace, the fault is neither with Mr. Bancroft nor ourselves, but is due to that unflinching analysis which spares nothing in its quest for truth. We can no longer tolerate that blind dependence upon the worthless compilations which hitherto have distorted, rather than illustrated, the history of the last century. The expenses of that war were assigned as a reason for taxation; an unconstitutional taxation ended in revolution; and in the mean time an unworthy motive, which would always place us lower in the eyes of the world, and which made some of our best friends in England think us ungrateful, has been assigned as the chief motive of our resistance. It will be perceived, too, that the credit of the ultimate success of that war on this continent in the main belongs to the Provincial troops. The maritime law of England has ever been but the law of might; it was well expressed in Parliament by the bold commoner who declared that there ought not to be a cannon fired in the four quarters of the globe "without the permission of Great Britain." And in 1777 M. Caron de Beaumarchais undertook to show why every nation in Europe should join in a confederacy against the common enemy and disturber of them all. To resist this system of oppression on the seas was always an object of France; but it was not till the end of our Revolution that the commerce of any nation was safe,—that even the humble fisherman from Newfoundland could return with his hard-earned freight, and be sure that, by some cowardly pretext, his little all would not add to the prize money of a swaggering admiral, and he be sent to languish in the hulks, or pressed into the service of an enemy.

The frequent changes in the British ministry consequent upon the breaking up of the Whig aristocratic ascendancy after the accession of George III. constitute but a very dull and perplexing topic, and yet they were not without an influence on affairs, often a very important one. The selfishness of families, and struggles for peerages, ribbons, or pensions, recur *ad nauseam* in all English histories of the latter half of the last century. Great principles were rarely involved in

the plots and coalitions by which successive connections were overturned. Mr. Bancroft has caught a full proportion of this peculiarity, though perhaps not more than was necessary to his conception of a subject which in its early stages was a part of English history. These cabinet changes are the burden of all the recent compilations of the papers of titled politicians. It should never be forgotten, however, that America found its friends, under whatever administration, mainly in the "Opposition," which invariably battled manfully for us till it came "in."

Mr. William Smith, formerly Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, divides the proximate causes of the American war into those that were creditable and those that were discreditable to the people of Great Britain. The first are limited to a general notion that their cause was just, that the sovereignty was in the parent state and included the right of taxation, and that the Americans were rebellious, and ungrateful for the protection afforded them against France. The discreditable causes were ignorance of the true principles of political economy, overweening national pride, a mean and unworthy money-selfishness, arbitrary principles of government, and, lastly, what he calls a certain vulgarity of thinking on political subjects. Mr. Smith confesses that, if the question were to come again before the British nation, they would be neither wiser nor better than their fathers. The causes which he pronounces creditable may be resolved into the right of taxation and the charge of ingratitude. If it can be shown that the war was not begun for the Colonies nor carried on for their benefit, if it shall appear that taxation was thought of before the war and was repeatedly shown to be not only bad policy but illegal, there will remain little to palliate the unparalleled folly which brought about the dismemberment of the empire. The three points which demand our especial attention are the mutual relations of the crown officers and the Colonies during the quarter of a century preceding the Revolution, the objects and successes of the last French war, and the history of the several schemes of taxation.

We are introduced to the majestic scenery of the Hudson

Highlands. Governor George Clinton, an unlettered British admiral, was on his way in the summer of 1748 to make treaties at Albany with the Six Nations, and to concert measures to resist the "encroachments" of the French. But he had a deeper purpose; he was to meet there Shirley, Hutchinson, and Oliver of Massachusetts, to consult how the salaries of the crown officers should be settled by royal instructions and by enforced obedience to those instructions. According to the plan they had agreed upon, Clinton returned to New York and demanded a revenue for the king for at least five years; the Assembly refused, and was prorogued; Clinton complained to Parliament, and entreated the king "to make a good example for all America by regulating the government of New York."

At the head of the Board of Trade was the young, ambitious, and confident Earl of Halifax. First Commissioner for the Plantations, he had plunged at once into the chaos of accumulated papers and despatches, breathing nothing but complaints of the increasingly rebellious spirit of America. The notion that the prerogative was the law for the Colonies had been abandoned, and their guardianship was virtually devolved upon the House of Commons. This opinion was held and acted upon by the Board. To regulate the insurgent Assemblies, and to strengthen the prerogative by an act of Parliament, Horace Walpole, in March, 1749, reported a bill to overrule the charters, and "to make all orders by the king or under his authority the highest law in America." The remonstrances of the Colonies which followed would have availed nothing, but Parliament would not yield its right, and the measure was abandoned. A little less than a year later, the Board of Trade, now strengthened by the talents of Charles Townshend, was commanded by an order of Council to devise measures for establishing the prerogative to its utmost extent throughout the Colonies.

It was found easier to fetter the commerce of America than its liberties. The slave-trade, indeed, rejoiced in protection and encouragement; for it planted among us a race which could never rival the industry of the mother country, and whose impatience of personal servitude would leave no leisure

to their masters to plot for civil liberty. But when the Americans had taught themselves to manufacture iron cheaper than it could be imported, they were forbidden to erect any "rolling or slitting" mills, plating-forges, or furnaces for the manufacture of steel. A proposition to destroy every such mill in America was lost on a division by only twenty-two votes. The number actually in operation was never to be increased; and it was suggested to add such other restrictions as should for ever secure the trade to England. Among the reasons for this initiative act of tyranny were the apprehensions of the clergy and gentry that the price of woodlands would be lowered. It was thought to enslave America by impoverishing her; and by enlarging the dominions of England, to increase the number of the consumers of her own industry.

Foiled in the open attempt to subject the Colonies to the prerogative, the Lords of Trade sought the same object by specific measures, and began by interfering with the emission of paper money. Occupied with the civil list, they advised stricter commissions and instructions, to the end that the Colonies should be compelled to raise permanent revenues, subject to the control of the royal officers. The evasions of the Act of Trade had hitherto been wisely connived at, through the policy that whatever tended to enrich the Colonies was a benefit to England, whither their wealth ultimately found its way. But it was hoped that a revenue might be raised by the suppression of illicit traffic. Large emoluments, independent of the votes of the American Assemblies, were attached to all the offices, of which the Board now had the exclusive patronage. The experiment was to be tried first in New York, and Sir Danvers Osborne, brother-in-law of Halifax, and in the full confidence of the administration, was commissioned as its Governor, in the presence of the king. He took his oaths of office in New York amidst the acclamations of the people. His mission was to "enforce" the order for revenue, and to "require" the Assembly to desist from all encroachments on the prerogative. The Assembly plainly told him they would not comply, and the unhappy man, whose mind, it was said, was already shattered by private griefs, was found hanging in his garden on the following morning.

The treaty of Aix la Chapelle terminated, by a restitution of conquests, one of the most useless wars ever waged; in it England gained everything but glory; France lost everything but honor. The Marechal de Saxe had threatened the Electorate of Hanover, and with every victory Louis XV. had offered peace. But the cupidity of the London merchants kept up the war and furnished its sinews, while the overwhelming navy of England rejoiced in sweeping from the seas the lilies of the House of Bourbon. When at last it became evident that France would conquer, not only Holland, but Hanover, George II. instructed his agent to accept the terms of the French king, which were each year more humiliating to England. The French minister could not refrain from an allusion to the well-known character of British diplomacy. "At length," said he, "I am instructed to negotiate peace for my master, not as a tradesman, but as a king." Louis, yielding everything for himself, was firm in his stipulations for his allies. He recovered Louisburg, whose capture had been almost the only event of the war creditable to English arms, and that fortress, as Voltaire well says, was conquered, not by the sagacity of the British cabinet, but by the valor of New England men.\* The treaty, however, left the boundaries of France and England in America as they were in the negotiation of 1727. The limits of Acadia and the basin of the Ohio were still in dispute.

The vast interior of the American continent had been explored by, and was in the possession of, the French. They claimed, by the law of nations, all the land watered by the rivers they had discovered, and the claim had not been disputed, they said, in the treaties of Ryswick, Utrecht, and Aix la Chapelle. It comprised all the country northwest of the Alleghanies. But the Iroquois Indians declared that their tribe had at some time conquered all the country as far west as the Mississippi. In 1744, the Governor of Pennsylvania, with deputies from Virginia and Massachusetts, met the deputies of the Iroquois, then with the Tuscaroras forming the Six Nations, and purchased the whole of this boundless terri-

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\* Précis du Siècle de Louis XV.

tory for the nominal sum of four hundred pounds. The Indians themselves living on the land denied that it had ever been conquered by the Six Nations, or ceded to any one. The French had always claimed the whole basin of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, and pointed to their numerous fortifications as proofs of possession. The tributaries of the Mississippi watered all the territory between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains.

The limits of Acadia had been a matter of angry controversy. The ancient inhabitants took, in 1730, the oath of allegiance to the English king, but, under the title of "French Neutrals," were promised religious indulgence and exemption from bearing arms against the French or Indians. Suddenly it was told them the oath must be unconditional, nor were they allowed to sell their lands and seek new homes among their countrymen. Halifax attempted to colonize the land with Englishmen, at the same time that he made grants to the Ohio Company in "Virginia." But the Governor of Canada ordered La Corne to keep possession of the isthmus till the boundary should be determined, and Lawrence, who had landed with four hundred men, was compelled to re-embark. When the news of the disturbances reached England, the cabinet were divided between a pacific adjustment and vigorous measures even at the risk of a war with France. A second expedition sailed in the mean time from Halifax, in August, 1750, and in the warm resistance they met, the first blood was shed since the peace; while the British commissioners in Paris, with Shirley at their head, set up the untenable claim to all the land east of the Penobscot and south of the St. Lawrence. During the negotiation, the French nation was stung by a wanton attack upon a French brigantine by an English ship of war, resulting in its capture with loss of life, and its subsequent sale as a prize.

The adventurous spirit of French travellers and the pious zeal of the Jesuits had dotted New France with settlements. In the North were the trappers and Indian traders, in the South were the older colonies, mostly rice plantations, industrious, well protected by the mother country, and animated by a loyalty which was to prove fatal in the unhappy fortune which at

the close of the war transferred them to the crown of Spain. The population of Canada was scarcely eighty thousand, and therefore at the mercy, at any moment, of the English colonists, who hated them with a holy zeal. Their safety lay in military preparations and Indian alliances. The Frenchman builds a fort, as naturally as the Spaniard a church, or the Englishman a counting-house. Their lively habits of assimilation, contrasted with the rigid godliness of the impassive Puritans, gave them the advantage in alliances, while the Catholic creed, seeking to win everything that bears the image of God to the fold of Christ, endeared its propagandists to the children of nature, so often wearied by the "painful" preaching and poisoned by the bad rum of the English.

To guard the Ohio valley, which the English king had declared was in the western part of the Province of Virginia, two forts were ordered to be built near the river, and cannon and ammunition were sent out for their use. The Ohio Company were subdividing their lands, and devising means to seize and defend them. The French were in possession of Lakes Ontario and Erie, monopolized Indian alliances, and were crossing in force from Canada to prevent the occupation of the disputed territory. A party of Indians, led by two Frenchmen, appeared before the settlement at Picqua, required the surrender of the English traders and their effects, and substituted the French flag for the English. The Indians friendly to the Colonies became impatient of delay. The king declared that the acts of the French were to be resisted as hostilities, but left the defence of the territory he claimed to the Colonies.

It was then that Major George Washington, just twenty-one years of age, was sent by Governor Dinwiddie to demand of the French commander, in the name of the king, why he had invaded his dominions, and what were his designs, and to urge his departure. Major Washington was required, moreover, to learn the condition and prospects of the French forces. Their aged commander, Gardeur de St. Pierre, politely referred the discussion of the controversy to Governor Duquesne, and assured the young Virginian that he intended to remain, and that he would seize every Englishman found within the val-

ley of the Ohio. Major Washington returned, but was soon commissioned as Lieutenant-Colonel, with one hundred and fifty men, "to make prisoners, kill, and destroy" all who interrupted the English settlements. But in the mean time the English had capitulated, and the new fort bore the name of Duquesne. On the evening of the 27th of May, 1754, Colonel Washington, with forty men, followed in the trail of a small French detachment, and, obedient to orders, before the French could seize their arms, fired. Jumonville, their leader, was killed, with nine others. The French in America lost no time in futile "complaints," but prepared for the work. Washington fell back upon Fort Necessity, was attacked by De Villiers, and, after nine hours of conflict, capitulated; the garrison marched out; and no standard but that of France floated over the broad valley of the Mississippi and Ohio.

The Colonies at this time numbered nearly a million and a half of inhabitants, — fourteen times the population of Canada. Their union for defence had already been urged by an anonymous voice from Philadelphia, which showed that a voluntary union would be better than one imposed by Parliament.\* In June, 1754, Franklin presented his plan of union to the commissioners at Albany; but the Colonies dreaded the control of a central power, and the home government discouraged the movement, as the first step toward independence. This was their position when they learned of the attack on Jumonville.

The French government rested in good faith upon the assurance given to its ambassador in London, that "certainly England would not begin the war." It was told, also, that Braddock's two regiments were intended only for defence. The boundaries could have been settled by diplomacy; France did not desire war, and she agreed to withdraw from the country between the Alleghanies and the Ohio. A fleet having been ordered to Canada with reinforcements, Boscawen followed it and met it on the coast of Newfoundland. The French ship *Alcide* hailed the English ship *Dunkirk* to know if the two countries were at peace or war. "Peace," was the

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\* Mr. Bancroft is of opinion that this voice was Franklin's.

answer, till the captain of the Dunkirk was ordered to commence the attack; the Alcide and the Lys were overpowered by the English fleet, and captured; their companions got safely to Louisburg, which "caused much disappointment in England," as Lord Mahon assures us. It is due to the sagacity of the French government to add, that it recently had placed no reliance upon the assurances of the English ministers. Orders were already given to the fishermen to return. The statement with regard to Braddock was shown afterwards to have been false, by papers found on the field of his defeat.

Before the affair of Newfoundland was known in Europe, while commerce was yet under the protection of treaties, secret orders were issued to the English navy to take all French vessels, private as well as public; in a single month, under the stimulus of prize-money, the commerce of France was rifled "by violence and by cowardly artifices," to the extent of thirty millions of livres; and eight thousand French mariners, many of them peaceful fishermen in the Channel, were sent to feel the tender mercies of English prison-ships. The British nation and its ministers were compared by Vergennes to housebreakers. The king's share alone of booty taken from private merchants of France amounted to seven hundred thousand pounds. Thus we see *how*, according to even authentic American histories, France "encroached" on English territory and insulted the majesty of Britain.

That "proud" nation might well seek consolation in prize-money; for in honorable warfare, its arms were soon disgraced in Germany, America, and the islands of the Mediterranean. The French annihilated a royal army of superior force under Braddock, in America. In the Mediterranean they had driven off an English fleet and captured Minorca. They had forced the Duke of Cumberland to capitulate in Germany, and held the Electorate of Hanover at their mercy. But we cannot follow the war off our own soil, into its complications with that between Frederic and Maria Theresa. The French held Hanover, but lost one of their colonies after another, and their commerce was ruined. Spain attempted to recruit the French marine, but was worsted. We have seen why and how the war was begun. By glancing at some of the details of the

first American campaigns, it will be perceived who contributed most to its happy termination, — how the Colonists, always contending against royal or Parliamentary oppression, constantly libelled by the broken-down spendthrifts, sent over, not to govern, but to conspire against them, still fought loyally and courageously against the “turbulent Gallics.”\*

General Braddock proposed to himself to march through the French territory, capturing their forts on his way. His well-disciplined army of twelve hundred men was met in open field by a little over two hundred French and Canadians and some six or seven hundred Indians under De Beaujeu, who fell among the first.† Dumas ordered the Indians to attack the English on the flanks. The regulars were panic-struck, and fled, firing from the rear on their own officers, who were gallantly trying to rally them. The part which Washington took both before and during the action is well known. The result of the defeat was that Fort Cumberland was evacuated by the English. At Lac St. Sacrement, however, General Johnson had overcome the French under Dieskau, and, though the English commander himself left the field very early with a slight wound, he was made a baronet, and received a gratuity of four thousand pounds. The victory was not improved. But our *arms* were more successful elsewhere. An absolute tyranny had established itself in one of the happiest communities on earth, dwelling in the meadows and “forests primeval” of Acadia. It began by taking from the simple inhabitants their records, and their titles to inheritances and estates. When their property was wanted for the use of the state, they “were not to be bargained with.” Military execution, destruction of their houses for fire-wood, the confiscation of their barges and fire-arms, were among the punishments, at the discretion of the English officers, for the most trivial offences. If the troops were annoyed, vengeance was to be inflicted on the nearest, whether guilty or not. It was not enough that the Acadians submitted to these barbarities without a murmur; their lands were coveted, and an unworthy

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\* John Adams.

† Braddock was *not* ambuscaded; — that plan was decided upon, but the French had not arrived at the place selected when they met the enemy.

stratagem was employed to get possession of them. The men were entrapped into churches, unarmed, and then the whole population of the village of Grand Pré was banished. His Majesty had declared all that they possessed forfeited to the crown, and themselves prisoners. We ask those who have followed the wanderings of the hapless Evangeline, if they would see how much sadder is the truth than fiction, to read Mr. Bancroft's account of that unfortunate community. The expulsion of the Acadians, with its attendant and unnecessary cruelties, is a damning spot on our history that "will not out." It happened afterward, when Montcalm had taken Fort William Henry, that the English were in the power of the French and their Indian allies. The savages had found a worse enemy than man can be, in the camp of the conquered, and took it from their hands and drank it. Then at night, as the half-crazed warriors sat by the watch-fires, the Abenakis told the tale of English perfidy and tyranny far away to the rising sun, and the savage sport of throwing the tomahawk at the victims was begun. The English, both officers and soldiers, fled, stripped, to the tents of the French officers, who were wounded in protecting them, and who aided in the escape of many. Montcalm himself begged the savages to kill him, rather than those under his protection, and four hundred men were found concealed from the drunken victors in the camp of the French. Thus they revenged themselves for *Acadie*.

The war was now fairly under way, and from this period till the fall of Quebec there was not a time when the handful of French in Canada could not have been vanquished by the overpowering numbers sent against them, had it not been for the imbecility and indecision, to say the least, of the English generals. Abercrombie, Amherst, Loudoun, all disgraced themselves, and compromised the more prompt and courageous Provincials. It was a sorry refuge for them to go back to England, and vote to tax the "witnesses of their pusillanimity." It was for Wolfe alone to shed lustre on the fallen cross of St. George. "They have got the weak side of this miserable garrison," said Montcalm, — who had held at bay eight thousand British troops, supported by forty ships of the line, frigates, and armed vessels, for more than three months, —

when he saw an English army, directed by the keen eye of Wolfe, upon the Plains of Abraham; "we must give battle, and crush them at once." But his wasted battalions, and the Canadian rabble, which, Wolfe himself wrote, could not be called an army, availed little in an open field against a disciplined and superior force. The game of war had never been better played than between these two well-matched captains. Both fell on their field of fame. The fate of New France was decided.

George II. was dead, and the young king was for peace. France was tired of the contest into which she had been forced. Pitt alone was for more war, more conquest, more blood. The objects of the war were accomplished. France was humbled, her territory seized, her commerce despoiled; but a hundred ships had been sent to conquer Belle-Isle, and the date of the *uti possidetis* was fixed two months later than that of the French proposition. Canada would willingly have been ceded; for the wily Frenchman saw through that cession the independence of America. Pitt frivolously insisted, too, on the demolition of Dunkirk, as an "eternal monument of the yoke imposed on France." The Duke of Bedford remonstrated against the inhumanity of prolonging the war for the sake of conquest, and washed his hands of the guilt of its bloodshed. The English ultimatum, when at last presented, was so absurd, that the Austrian and Spanish ministers exulted in the prospect of fresh hostilities. Pitt had planned the entire subjection of the seas to the tyranny of the English navy, and the concessions of France were disdainfully rejected. But his policy of rapine and conquest could not endure for ever, and peace was at last negotiated,—the most glorious one which an English minister had ever signed. The territory east of the Mississippi was ceded to England by France, and Florida, by Spain. "We have got them at last," said Choiseul, when he heard of the cession of Canada; and Vergennes predicted that, when England should call on the Colonies "to contribute toward supporting the burdens they had helped to bring on her, they will answer by striking off all dependence." But if we have succeeded in presenting that conception of the war, its objects, and its successes, best supported by facts,

the charge of ingratitude brought against the Colonies for declaring themselves independent when taxed for its expenses, cannot be sustained. The folly of making these expenses a ground of taxation more clearly appears in the circumstance, that when, in March, 1763, the first bill for an American revenue by act of Parliament was introduced into the House of Commons, to be followed by a stamp act, more than seven hundred thousand dollars were voted to recompense the American Colonies for their active vigor and strenuous efforts in a war, the last year of which was carried on beyond their bounds. The two main objects of Grenville's administration were to enforce the Navigation Acts, and to find the sources of an American revenue. As a first step he withdrew the allowance for victualling troops in the cultivated parts of America; leaving this expense to be met by the Colonies. His colleague, Shelburne, would join in no plans of taxation.

Ministers had been assured that a *stamp tax* would produce at least sixty thousand pounds in America alone. In September of 1763, therefore, Jenkinson, First Secretary of the Treasury, in compliance with instructions from George Grenville, Lord North, and one Hunter, desired the Commissioners of the Stamp Duties "to transmit to him the draft of an act for imposing proper stamp duties upon his Majesty's subjects in America and the West Indies." It was universally thought in England, that America was fully able to bear its proportion of the national expenses, and every one urged Grenville to bring forward such an act, though he himself was conscious of the inconsistency of "taxation without representation." As Chancellor of the Exchequer, he asked a full house its opinion as to the right of the legislature to impose any tax, internal or external, on America, and no voice was ready to deny that right.

The alarm occasioned in New England, before even it was known that the Stamp Act had passed, introduces Samuel Adams on the stage, and there are few scenes in which he does not figure during this prelude to the Revolution. His voice roused Boston to assert its rights and privileges. The call extended to other Colonies, but it was Boston that first "denied the right of the British Parliament to tax America,"

and, through Adams, it "looked for redress to a union of all the Colonies."

In February, Grenville introduced fifty-five resolutions, embracing the details of a stamp act for America, and making all offences against it cognizable in the Courts of Admiralty. There were persons in Parliament concerned in West Indian estates, and yet the resolution passed by a vote of five to one. Petitions and remonstrances from the Colonies were cut off, on the ground that the Stamp Act was a "money bill." Moreover, the whole British nation were incensed at the idea of American independence; it conceived that it had the right to tax America, and was determined to exercise that right. Franklin said that the setting of the sun might as easily have been hindered; and on the 27th of February the Stamp Act passed the Commons, on the 8th of March the Lords agreed to it without dissent, and on the 22d of the same month it received the royal assent by commission, for the king of England at that moment was insane. It is just to say that the revenue expected to be derived from the Stamp Act was to have been expended entirely in America; to make it easier, profuse bounties were granted; and the stamp officers and agents were all to be Americans. Even Franklin aided in making the nominations. On both sides the Atlantic, it was at first believed that the tax would be levied without resistance.

An American Congress, assembled in New York, declared in October of the year of the Stamp Act, that the liberty of the Colonies must be argued from the principles of natural justice, from reason and right, not from charters; and in that determination took the first step toward independence. Ministers were not at that time disposed to severe measures; and the Governors, who, after the forced resignation of the stamp officers, were to perform their duties, were exhorted to patience and lenity as they took the oath to carry the act punctually into effect. But the whole continent was determined to nullify that unconstitutional act; deprecating the ultimate necessity of independence, but spurning passive obedience and subjection; and yet, withal, repelling the title of republicans as a slander on their loyalty. Opinions were divided in England

as to the propriety of enforcement. The ministers were not willing to assume the responsibility, and wished to consult Parliament. But America was assured that suspension was the most that could be hoped for. The king was for the modification, not the repeal, of the act. But the Sons of Liberty were organizing, and the people burned the stamps as fast as they arrived. The Congress sent its petition to king and Parliament, and it was better received than might have been expected. The Lords voted to enforce, but the Commons, before dawn on the morning of the 22d of February, voted to repeal an act neither "odious" nor "obnoxious" of itself, but at variance with the essence of the constitution. The Lords were powerless, and on the 18th of March, 1766, the king sorrowfully signed its repeal, though it "planted thorns" under his pillow.

In England, Mr. Pitt had buried his influence under an earldom, and, no longer the champion of the Colonies, found an imbecile solace in raving like a maniac against the "House of Bourbon"; but Charles Townshend declared war against the colonial charters. In France, Choiseul was consoling himself with the reports of an agent in America, who told him of its political and physical condition. In America, which had become impatient of so much as the assertion of the right of taxation by Parliament, there were signs of a storm. The Governors still kept up the old cry of coercion, but the citizens everywhere quarrelled with the soldiers and revenue officers, and drank disloyal toasts. In Boston, Bernard wearied the ear of government with complaints of illicit traffic; and, to crown all, the Massachusetts Assembly had for the first time denied the right of Parliament even to *legislate* for the Colonies. While Charles Townshend had for an object to establish a civil list in America by means of a Board of Customs to collect duties in the ports, Shelburne, who had always sought to win the affections and confidence of the Colonies, proposed the best system of government which had hitherto been devised for them. But Shelburne was not a favorite with the court, which still frowned on all who had voted for repeal.

During the obscuration of Chatham, Townshend argued

that the Colonies should be governed as subjects, and by restriction. He had triumphed over the shattered statesman, and was now master of the cabinet. So late as April, 1767, conciliation was possible; for, while Shelburne remained in the cabinet, minor points could have been waived on either side. The main points at issue now were, the Navigation Acts, the Billeting Act, the acts restraining industry, and the slave-trade. As to the last, the Colonies were not yet united in opinion. The restrictive acts, absurd and tyrannical, were inoperative. The Billeting Act could have been acceptably modified. The Navigation Acts were not in themselves improper; and the writs of assistance had been pronounced illegal even in England; relaxation only was desired.

The act which two years before had brought the country to the verge of civil war had been passed in the dark; the temper of America was now known, and measures for taxation and coercion must be well deliberated. The affairs of that dependency of the crown of Great Britain were to be discussed in Parliament on the 13th of May, 1767, and its citizens were not allowed to be present. The debate was opened by Townshend, with an enumeration of the delinquencies of the several Colonies, and a proposition to deal with New York alone by restraining it from any legislative act of its own till it should show its submission. He then brought forward his celebrated Revenue Act. Both bills were adopted. New York was disfranchised; and, American revenues being placed under the control of the sign-manual of the king, virtually there remained no necessity for any colonial legislation. Charles Townshend, dying in the bloom of manhood, did not live to see the mischief he had wrought. Lord North succeeded to his office and to the indignation which his measures produced in America. In Boston, where the Board of Commissioners was to be established, many were for open resistance; the crown officers asked for ships of war and soldiers; while John Dickinson the "Farmer" warned the Provinces against so dangerous an innovation.

Hillsborough, succeeding to Shelburne, attempted to abrogate the charter of Connecticut, because under it the people were too free; and moreover gave a secret order on the Com-

missioners at Boston for a pension which had been granted to Hutchinson. On the opposite side of the chess-board, the Massachusetts Assembly made two countermoves, — the letter of instructions to their London agent, and the circular letter \* to their sister Colonies. They begged also that Bernard might be recalled. But Hillsborough “ordered” the other Colonies to treat the “circular letter” with contempt, and commanded Bernard to require the Massachusetts Assembly to rescind the resolutions which gave rise to it. This retraction, he fancied, would be brought about by repeated dissolutions. Meantime the thirteenth Parliament, the most infamous that England had hitherto witnessed, assembled, and absolutely reeked with venality. The common weal was in the hands of men whose seats were, and whose services might be, estimated in pounds, shillings, and pence. The whole house could have been bought for two millions of pounds, a majority, of course, for little over half that sum. “Constitutional liberty” was at its lowest ebb.

The Provinces thus far had limited their resistance to agreements as to non-importation. Still, a regiment was ordered to remain permanently in Boston; vessels of war were anchored in its harbor; and Castle William and Mary was ordered to be repaired and occupied, to aid the revenue officers. One John Hancock, captain of the Cadets, had incurred the ill-will of the Commissioners, by refusing to act as escort to the Governor on election-days, if *they* were to appear in the procession. So John Hancock’s sloop *Liberty* was seized for a pretended false entry, and, after some trouble, moored under the guns of the *Romney*, whose captain had illegally impressed seamen, and called Boston “a blackguard town ruled by mobs.” Disturbances ensued, and four out of the five Commissioners took a pretended refuge on board the *Romney*, and wrote letters to Gage, to Hood, and to the Lords of the Treasury, demanding protection by military power; a committee chosen by the town requested of Bernard that the Com-

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\* Mr. Bancroft gives the credit of originating this letter to Samuel Adams, instead of James Otis, to whom it has hitherto been ascribed. His arguments rest on both internal and external evidence.

missioners should not resume their functions; and those who had called for troops were publicly voted to be "enemies of the Province and disturbers of the peace." By a vote of ninety-two to seventeen, the House refused to rescind, and Bernard, according to his instructions, prorogued, and then dissolved it. But he wrote a letter to the Colonial Secretary, which he showed to the Council, joining in their prayer for relief from acts drawing revenue from the Provinces, and at the same time in another *secret* letter he prepared an elaborate argument against any repeal or modification of the act; justifying the equivocation to himself by a verbal quibble as to taking revenue *out* of the Provinces. Hillsborough, in his answer, kept up the deception, and even compromised the king by intimating his complicity in the falsehood. Shelburne would have persuaded his colleagues that the affair at Boston had been exaggerated; but his influence was fast diminishing. "Vengeance" was denounced against the "insolent town," and additional regiments and ships of war were to be sent over at once. Inquiries were made with reference to procuring convictions for constructive treason, under an act of Henry VIII., and it was proposed to make Salem the new capital of the Province. When it was further learned that the legislature had refused to rescind, Lord Mansfield advised that all its members should be sent for, and the utmost rigor of the law exercised against those who refused to submit.

The town of Boston supported the Assembly, by resolving, in open meeting, that "money could not be levied, nor a standing army kept up, in a Province, without the free consent of its inhabitants"; it recommended the citizens to supply themselves with fire-arms and ammunition (under the pretext of apprehending a new war with France); and it proposed a general convention in Faneuil Hall. A day of fasting and prayer was appointed, and was observed in all the congregational churches. To Bernard, who demanded quarters for one of the new regiments in the town, it replied, that Castle William had sufficient accommodation for both, and consequently the law did not require the furnishing of quarters elsewhere.

The convention met, with representatives from almost every settlement in the province. It significantly chose, as speaker and clerk, the persons who had held those offices in the late Assembly. It requested the Governor to summon the Assembly, that the subject of the introduction of troops might be properly considered. Bernard declined to receive the request, and admonished the delegates to separate, or they should be made to "repent of their rashness." This menace was received with derision, and the convention continued its sittings for six days, having come, as Attorney-General De Grey said, "within a hair's breadth of treason without once committing it." It had hardly separated when the troops arrived. The ships lay with loaded cannon off the wharves, while the men marched through the quiet streets provided with sixteen rounds of shot. One regiment which had camp equipage was to remain on the Common; the other was kindly allowed, in the cold October night, to sleep in Faneuil Hall.\* Quarters, however, were steadily refused, and the troops were lodged in hired houses, while cannon were pointed at the room where the legislature was accustomed to sit. The Commissioners, unable to make any more mischief, now ventured to return to the town.

There had been changes in the ministry. Shelburne was dismissed; Chatham had resigned; and the Earl of Rochford was at the head of the "weakest and worst administration England had known since the Revolution." The king in his speech alluded to the disaffection of the Colonies and to the conduct of Boston; members proposed such changes in the charters as would give a more absolute control to the crown; and the address expressing the indignation of the Commons was carried without a division. Hillsborough assured the colonial agents, that the authority of Parliament would be "enforced with lenity indeed, but in the most effectual manner." He admitted to them the anti-commercial character of the act, but insisted that the Colonies should

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\* Colonel Dalrymple gracefully acknowledged this attention in his despatch to Hood. "By management," he says, "I got possession of the School of Liberty, and thereby secured their arms."

drop the "point of right," and particularly censured Boston. In the House of Lords, he introduced resolutions condemning the acts of the Massachusetts Assembly and Convention, menacing the Colony with the forfeiture of its liberties, and approving of military coercion. Bedford, in seconding them, moved an address to the king "to bring to condign punishment the chief authors and instigators of the late riots," and to try them in England "pursuant to the provisions of the statute of the thirty-fifth year of King Henry VIII." Richmond and Shelburne alone of the peers opposed it, and when Lord North brought the resolutions before the House of Commons, they passed by a vote of three to one, notwithstanding the eloquence of Burke and Barré. The address, too, was carried by a decided majority. The statute of Henry VIII. was a tyrannical enactment fallen into disuse, and now revived for the express purpose of punishing the American patriots.

Bernard had adjourned the legislature to Cambridge, and asked for a year's salary, and for provision for quartering troops. He had been told respectfully, that the Assembly never would make provision for the purposes mentioned in his messages. That body was prorogued, therefore, till January of the next year, and Bernard went to England, leaving the affairs of the Colony with Hutchinson, who "understood his system."

Hutchinson was a native of the Colony; he knew thoroughly its history and its laws; but he chose to bring nothing better to aid him in the difficult task of standing well in Massachusetts and in England, than mere duplicity. The letters which he wrote, entreating always that they should not be made public, show that there was at least one part of Bernard's "system" which he did understand.\* It is to be charged, moreover, against the Lieutenant-Governor, that, when importers who did not send back their goods were voted "infamous," Hutchinson ordered a large amount of tea for his

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\* We differ from Mr. Bancroft in his judgment of these men, not as to the *fact* of their duplicity, but as to its *motives*. We have not space to enter into the subject here, but they can both be made to appear better before posterity than Mr. Bancroft would have them appear.

sons, and gave instructions how to elude the Boston committees; and that he at the same time advised the government to enforce its authority rigorously, and to "have no partial subjection." But the wearing of old coats and the declining of a cup of tea were hardly offences to be punished by the bayonet. As to the soldiers, the civil authority was paramount, and every offence they committed against the laws was promptly punished. Gage himself was indicted for "slandering the town of Boston." British officers longed to leave that inhospitable place, and their men suffered every form of contempt from the citizens. It was a much more important step, however, when New York proposed a union, and when Virginia, ever foremost in its resistance to unconstitutional taxation, had already selected those who were to utter its voice in convention. Again the ministry, dreading independence, defeated the project.

Difficulties with the soldiers were getting common. Upon the occasion of an interview of some merchants with Hutchinson's sons, who had broken their mercantile word, Colonel Dalrymple ordered ball cartridges for an attack. In New York the soldiers repeatedly cut down "liberty poles," and engaged in affrays with the citizens. Boston applauded the spirit of the "Yorkers." The troops, on the other hand, could not fire upon people who only would not use imported goods, without an order from a civil officer. The funeral of a little German boy, shot in some trifling disturbance by an informer, was attended by more than five hundred children, and men of every rank walked in the procession. The soldiers stationed in Boston were notoriously bad fellows, and openly longed for an opportunity to fire on the people. And if the plain truth must be told, the provocations they had to do so were neither few nor trivial.

In Parliament, on the evening of the 5th of March, 1770, Lord North, yielding to the solicitations of the merchants and traders of London, rather than actuated by any desire to conciliate the Colonies, proposed to repeal all of the Revenue Act but its preamble and the duty on tea. Personally he would have left the door open for harmony, by making an arrangement with the East India Company to remit even the

duty on tea; but the king would not consent. The light snow of a scarcely vernal month lay white upon the streets of Boston, on that evening of the 5th of March, its myriad crystals glancing in the light of the crescent moon. Ere its horns should redden and fade behind the western hills, men were to track to their sorrowing homes the blood of countrymen, shed in wanton massacre.

It had spread throughout the land,— that blood, — and the “continent heaved like a troubled ocean.” In Massachusetts, the inhabitants and the soldiers could no longer live together; the removal of the troops alone would restore peace. People flocked in from the country, and filled the halls, meeting-houses, and streets; the troops were watched like house-breakers during their stay, and then taken off like prisoners to Castle William. The attempt to overawe Boston by armed men had failed; and that indomitable town declared, in its instructions to its representatives, that the desperate plan “of imperial despotism must be resisted even unto the uttermost.” It urged again, too, the encouragement of military virtues, and the firm and lasting union of the Colonies. It made an issue with the House of Lords, not to be reconciled while the two were under one crown. The country, however, was becoming mollified; the partial repeal of the Revenue Act had seduced the merchants of New York; and, through that port, importations were resumed, except in the article of tea.

Hutchinson, in his way, accelerated the crisis. He gave no better reason for repeatedly calling the legislature at Cambridge, than the king’s will; and when the Assembly spoke of the “impudent mandate” to rescind, and of “wicked ministers,” the Lieutenant-Governor announced that the “mandate” was an order from the king. When the order in council came for the surrender of the Castle, Hutchinson declared the measure a most proper one for “Colonies in a state of revolt,” and he gave it up by stealth to the crown, which held it for more than five years. The Colony chose Franklin as its agent to carry its grievances to the king, but Hutchinson negatived appropriations for his salary, and urged the Colonial Secretary not to receive him as an agent.

We would like to detail in this connection, more fully than

our limits permit, the conduct of the North Carolina Regulators, who suffered so much in helping on the cause. Three years before, fifteen hundred men had been in arms to resist the extortion, and protest against the bad government, of the crown officers. Governor Tryon, the "wolf," would have reduced them by fire and sword, but his less ferocious council overruled him. In February, 1771, Herman Husband, a legally chosen representative for the County of Orange, was expelled from the Assembly and imprisoned, and the "Regulators," who only demanded that the delinquent collectors should be brought to trial and made to disgorge their spoils, (for of the seventy thousand pounds for which they were in arrears, the greater part had been embezzled,) were pronounced *outlaws*. Tryon marched against them, devastating the country as he went. The patriots, who were withal still hoping for justice and harmony, declined to lay down their arms. They were attacked, and, after a resistance of two hours, routed. The leaders suffered the extreme penalty of martial law; the survivors, hunted like beasts, crossed the Alleghanies, and found refuge in the valley of the Watauga.

Still, affairs at this juncture seemed so harmonious in England, that Johnson, the agent of Connecticut, thought there needed only a little mutual discretion to re-establish the affection and respect of the Colonies for the mother country. But Massachusetts marched steadily under the guidance of Samuel Adams. She had taken her steps carefully, and she had none to retrace. Even her clergy refused to read the annual Thanksgiving proclamation, because it declared that "civil and religious liberty were continued," and "trade enlarged"; they prayed, instead, that their lost liberties might be restored. It was at a Boston town-meeting, in November, 1772, that Samuel Adams made the motion which "included the whole Revolution," by creating a "Committee of Correspondence." The great struggle was to commence in the towns, to be carried on by the Assembly, and thence to spread throughout the land. A "foolish scheme," thought Hutchinson, and one which would surely "bring ridicule" on its authors.\* The

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\* Mr. Bancroft claims for his hero the entire credit of originating the plan for a Committee of Correspondence, stating his reasons at length in a note.

towns responded with one spirit to the appeal of the Boston town-meeting. It seemed to the people of England that the Colonists were all lawyers; it would certainly appear that the good people of Boston considered attendance at town-meetings as among their stated avocations.

The ministry by this time had come to be heartily tired of the fruitless, humiliating, and expensive contest, and sought to throw the responsibility of their errors on some of the Americans themselves. The private letters of Hutchinson, Oliver, and others were shown to Franklin, who transmitted copies of them to the Massachusetts Assembly. Before they arrived, Hutchinson had challenged that body to discuss the question of the supremacy of Parliament. They accepted his own premises, and from them deduced total independence of Parliamentary legislation. The baffled Governor sought refuge in the futile menace, that the English nation should be "roused," and that Parliament would assert its authority.

From this period the history of independence is in household words. We have attempted to trace its idea from its vague and uncertain origin, and to describe the preparation of America for the "crisis," when there remained but one opportunity for its postponement. The great East India Company, which had overturned kings, and seized the vast treasures hoarded up for ages in mighty empires, now humbled and on the verge of bankruptcy, confessed its faults, and entreated that it might export tea to all nations free of duty. On this the pacification of America would have ensued. But the king refused, and the Colonial remonstrances which followed were "spurned with contempt." The Province of Massachusetts, exasperated by the freshly exposed treachery of its chiefs, warned the Company that the attempt to send tea to America would end in loss. The king, on the other hand, was determined to "try the question." The patriots were active throughout the land. There was talk of a "Congress," of "Union," and, by some of the more rash, even of "Independence," all along the Atlantic coast, and as far back as the wilds of Indiana. A cargo of tea at last arrived at Boston. There were seven thousand people assembled in solemn conclave, and they said with one accord that it should not

touch their shore. So in the early evening of the 16th of December, 1773, half a hundred men threw every ounce of it into the sullen waters of the harbor.

Then followed the attempt to punish Boston. The town was to be "knocked about the ears of the inhabitants," all America was to be "laid waste," the Puritan Carthage was to be blotted out. While orators raved in Parliament and Council, the craftier monarch matured his measures. The first bill closed the port of Boston; a second tampered with the charter, so that not a vestige of liberty should remain; a third decreed that the trials of magistrates, revenue officers, and soldiers, for murder and other capital offences, should be held in Nova Scotia or Great Britain, and made the lives of the inhabitants of Massachusetts Bay cheaper than the lives of dogs in the streets of London; a fourth localized the impunity of outrage by quartering troops on the citizens of Boston.

There needed not these final acts to warn European statesmen wiser than the puerile minister of England, that the storm was about to burst. Choiseul, the ablest servant of the house of Bourbon, had watched the clouds from the first white speck on the horizon. Nearly ten years previously, he had foreseen and foretold all, and had sought to strengthen France for the emergency into which he ever meant to plunge her. He had sent De Kalb to Amsterdam to verify the reports about the Colonies, and to proceed thence to America, to examine the military resources and wants of the country, its strength of purpose, and plans for revolt. Nor did he trust to his own emissaries alone, but sought guidance in the reports of merchants, in the writings of Franklin, and even in the sermons of the New England divines. In the archives of France are still preserved the fragments of Puritan eloquence which helped the astute Frenchman to a clearer judgment on the affairs of America than was possible to the self-deceived, misled counsellors of George III. He learned, too, everything that transpired in London, and Du Chatelet wrote, on the passage of the Revenue Act, that the ties between England and her Colonies were three fourths broken, and that the mother country would not be able to reduce her

rebellious subjects. Both the minister and the ambassador declared that America only wanted a "chief." It is in our historian's happiest style that at this time he pictures, at Mount Vernon, the conversation turning on the dangers which overhung the land. "Whenever my country calls," said Washington, "I am ready to take my musket on my shoulder."

Cannon and bayonets were on their way across the sea, to humble the swelling spirit of liberty. The curtain then began to rise on the panorama of the American Revolution. The spectator glances at the long succession of battle-fields, from Lexington to Yorktown,—at the conflict, so brilliant in its achievements, that ploughmen vanquished the veterans of the German war; that an infant and mostly private-marine contended successfully against the gigantic power that had annihilated the combined navies of France and Spain;—so wonderful in its contrasts, that the Catholic chivalry of the continent, whose ancestors had gone with St. Louis to Syria, fought side by side with those yet sad with the memories of St. Bartholomew and Smithfield, mingling the carnival joyousness of Versailles with the quaint sternness of the New England theology. But, above all, and as the end of all, there came to the almost inspired patriots of that golden age of liberty a voice never drowned in the clash of arms, a vision never obscured by the smoke of battle; no goddess phantom on Olympian seats; no brazen, unsexed form, as that which in modern France bestrides the Column of the Bastille; but, lovely in all its harmonious proportions, they foresaw in clear perspective that guardian of the last refuge and hope of humanity,—the *Constitution of a free and independent Republic*.

ART. VI.—*Life and Character of the REV. SYLVESTER JUDD.*  
Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 531.

UNDER the date of November 4, 1844, is the following note by Mr. Judd: "I finished my book last Friday. I have written on it till my hand is stiff, my eyes are sore, and my back aches. It has taken every leisure moment. I have not written a line to father, mother, brother, or sister, these months. I was resolved to finish that before I did anything else." In regard to the design of this work he says: "It would give body and soul to the divine elements of Christianity. It aims to subject bigotry, cant, pharisaism, and all intolerance. Its basis is Christ; him it would restore to the Church, him it would develop in the soul, him it would enthrone in the world." In the book itself is the following passage: "I dreamed of him the other night, lying prostrate under the Butternut. His Cross, too, had fallen, and the flowers were withered. 'I am weary,' said he; 'I have no place to lay my head. I am a stranger in the world, and no one takes me in; I am sick and no one visits me. My heart aches, Margaret. My locks are wet with the dews of the night. I was bruised for their iniquities, but they are iniquitous still. From Calvary I have wandered over the earth. From age to age I have been an outcast.' . . . . Explain to me, Anna, what do these things mean? Have Christians treated Christ so badly? . . . . Tell me, what is the significance of this distress? . . . . The Gospels are the Word of Christ, as he was the Word of God. Before the Gospels Christ was. He shines through them. They stand in him, like the Apocalyptic angel in the sun."

Such was the central idea and feeling pervading the book written with such earnestness and painstaking. It had also its accessories. "In its retrospective aspect," said the author to a friend, "it seeks to preserve some reminiscences of the age of our immediate fathers, thereby describing a period of which we have no enduring monuments, and one the traces of which are fast evanescing. The book makes a large account of nature, the birds and flowers, for the sake of giv-

ing greater individuality to, and bringing into stronger relief, that which the religious mind passes over too loosely and vaguely. It is a New England book, and is designed to embody the features and improve the character of our own favored region."

The book thus referred to and described was "Margaret, a Tale of the Real and the Ideal," first published about ten years ago, and received with impressions almost as various as were the minds of those who perused it. The prevailing sentiment, however, was, that it was the work of a man of genius, but of one so whimsical, eccentric, and self-willed as seriously to impair, if not utterly to destroy, his influence for good. His affectations, conceits, and occasional coarseness of conception and expression, were thought entirely to conceal any deep and settled purpose, if indeed the author really had any such purpose at heart.

In due time, from the same source, and marked by the same family features, there appeared a poem, called "Philo, an Evangeliad," and "Richard Edney and the Governor's Family, a Rus-urban Tale."

In January, 1853, the Rev. Sylvester Judd, the author of these works, died in Augusta, Maine, where, for more than twelve years, with remarkable fidelity and success, he had been filling the office and performing the duties which he loved beyond all others, those of a Christian minister. He was born in Westhampton, Massachusetts; spent his earliest years amid the wild and beautiful scenery there; in Northampton received while yet a child strong religious impressions which never left him; worked his way up into Yale College, and through it, amidst many discouragements; went through mental struggles infinitely more severe, which resulted in a radical change of theological views; entered the Divinity School at Cambridge, where he completed his preparatory theological education; and in October, 1840, was settled in the ministry at Augusta, where he continued till his death. Soon after entering college he drew up a remarkable paper, called "Consecration," for his own private use, to be read "considerately and prayerfully, at least once a week." "This act of consecration," he said, "is to be in force to-day, to-morrow, next

year, while I live, in death, and after death,—*to all eternity.*” And few are they who in youth have set before themselves so high a standard, or who through life have been more faithful to the vows of their youth.

He had, as both his biography and his writings prove, marked peculiarities of mind and character. But they who through the memoir are admitted to the inmost recesses of his spirit may see how childlike in its simplicity his life was, how lofty and how single were his aims, and how thoroughly devoted he was to the highest interests of man and the advancement of Christ’s kingdom on earth.

When we have once seen him as he was in his family, and in his relations to the religious society with which he was connected, we know better how to appreciate and enjoy his writings, which we cannot but regard as in their department among the richest, most original, and most valuable contributions that have been made to our peculiarly American literature. For peculiarly American they are. Our American woods and fields, our New England social institutions and habits, our religious antecedents, and, growing out of them, the present condition of religious thought and feeling among us, alone could have formed such writings, and given them their peculiar coloring and flavor.

In a letter from Northampton he exclaims:—

“What beauty there is in this valley of the Connecticut, and particularly in this portion of it! So deep, so rich, so magnificent, a beauty, I never beheld. It seems more like our ideas of the tropical regions. When I walk out, I seem not to be walking, but *wading*, in the midst of beauty, with seas of it about me, and waves of it rising above me. The shrubbery here, the gardens, the shade-trees, the walks, are unsurpassed. I am amidst the scenes of my youth; and there are many changes. The change is great in the material world: it is greater in the human world. My early friends are all gone, elderly people that I used to know are dead, and those whom I meet ‘know not Joseph.’

“I have been into the graveyard. There are the old familiar names; there are recalled the old familiar faces; there, in that silence, is clustered much of what was once life to me. Amidst the beauty of which I speak, and under the shadows of those grand old elms, seem to

me to move unseen spirits; and they are pervaded with the recollection of a past generation." — p. 219.

Here we see how the finer influences of nature associated themselves with all that was dearest to him. From New York he writes: "It [the city] is not agreeable to me. It is a dreadful impersonation of human life; nothing real, nothing common, but a vast, hungry shadow of things. To meet so many people whom you never saw, between whom and yourself is such a chasm, — 't is horrible."

But among his own people he moved with the easy familiarity of a child, the purity and zeal of a saint, and the dignity of a priest. His eccentricities sometimes found their way even into the pulpit. During the Mexican war, in 1847, when the annual Thanksgiving occurred, so fully was his mind impressed with the horrors of the war and its attendant train of evils, —

"that he could not summon his feelings to utter the voice of joy and thanksgiving on that day before his people. In his prayer, unaffected contrition in behalf of the nation fell from his lips, and deprecations of justly-merited national punishment found an earnest voice. On rising at the usual time for sermon, he opened the Bible at the Lamentations of Jeremiah; and then, with paleness of face and trembling voice, he uttered with deep pathos the moanings of the old prophet over the sins and desolations of his beloved country, and then dismissed the congregation." — p. 211.

In his public ministrations there was a rare intensity of feeling, and such a readiness to sacrifice himself to the cause of religion, that, when on one occasion he said, "I would willingly lay myself in the grave, if, by so doing, I could accomplish this," every one knew that he was thoroughly in earnest in what he said. "He often became so pale and trembling from his own emotion, as scarcely to be able to utter the afflictive thoughts that pressed upon his heart." Nothing could be more touching or impressive than his appeals. "Have I baptized these children; have I followed them onward in youth; have I been throwing, so to say, my parental arms about them, and shedding my parental heart over them; and are they imagining they have nothing to do with religion, or the Church, or God, in whose name I have

acted, and whose spirit has ever been, or ought to have been, working through me?" "I have been here long enough to see changes; and among them have been the removal of our youths, by marriage, for business, or whatever the cause may have been. Others still are going off. Will the young man who leaves us, who goes to distant countries, whose home shall be on the wide sea,—will that young man remember us, and the hearts that love him, and the Church that prays for him?" "Standing on the eminence I now do, I seem to see the narrow horizon of our mortality extending away, and merging in the horizon of immortality. I seem to see, travelling up this steep of the Divine Unity, myriads of the human race, on their way to the seats of eternal blessedness, growing out of this unity of heaven and earth; I seem to see heaven encompassing earth, and seeking to irradiate our pilgrimage, and to breathe into our imperfect life some of its own loveliness and beauty."

Mr. Judd was very deeply interested in the subject of baptism.

"He talked about it with individuals personally, and alluded to it often from the pulpit. He was successful in moving the hearts of parents in this matter, and of many adults who had not received baptism; and the Sabbath of June 11 he appointed for the administration of the ordinance to all such in the congregation as were willing to come forward for the purpose. On this day he made a strong appeal upon the subject to his hearers; and then, with fearful heart, lest many of his beloved ones should still withhold themselves or their children, he invited all who had not received baptism to present themselves. As he saw heads of families, one after another, stepping into the aisle, and drawing near the altar with their groups of children, and some adults coming forth alone, his heart was almost too deeply moved to utter its burden of joy and thanks, and implore appropriate blessings on those about to receive the seal of oneness with the visible Church, and, as he hoped, with the great Church, invisible and catholic, throughout heaven and earth. And, when he descended from the pulpit to the baptismal basin, and proceeded to baptize 'in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,'—in some instances, first a parent and then the children, and, last of all, his own little ones, the weight of his emotions almost overpowered him, and his voice wellnigh failed in pronouncing the many-times repeated formula. Mr. Judd felt that a good

work was begun, and rejoiced in this evidence that his labors had not been in vain."—pp. 215, 216.

In 1846 he moved into a new house which he had been building.

"His first thought, after getting well settled, was to have a consecration of its freshness to his people. A general invitation was publicly given to every member of his congregation to visit him on Thanksgiving evening. The verandas and every window of the cottage being illuminated, a beautifully attractive and welcome aspect was presented to his people as they approached. On entering, they found the study—which was the largest apartment, and the room of reception—adorned with evergreens, and, in the midst, their loving pastor, with deep and tender emotion beaming from his countenance. In another room was spread a sumptuous repast, furnished by the guests themselves.

"In the latter part of the evening, Mr. Judd gathered all to the study, and there, with a trembling voice, and feelings almost too strong for control, spoke to his people in a most familiar and heart-felt manner. He acknowledged that his cares in the erection of the edifice had beguiled him somewhat from his attentions to them. He begged their pardon for any neglect, but at the same time assured them, that the labor had been in part for them; that that study was for the better preparation of spiritual food for them; that theirs it was for familiar resort to their pastor at any time; that the verandas were for them to sit under, the walks to promenade in at their pleasure, and the arbors for their children to sport in. He told them he felt that all these comforts would tend to make him more entirely theirs. And, in conclusion, he baptized his new domicile, as consecrated to them, under the name of Christ Church Parsonage, and then closed the evening with fervent prayer for himself and them in their mutual relations."—pp. 208, 209.

And this brings us to his domestic relations. Few young men, on going into the world, cherish so long and so fervently the feelings which bind them to their paternal home. Long after he had left it he said "that he trembled all over, every letter he got from home, and hardly dared to break the seal."

"In a Thanksgiving sermon, of which the subject is 'Home,' this passage occurs:—'We can be free there. We can throw off the dress of the street and the manners of society. A man is not obliged to

conceal his headache, and he can give vent to his own feelings, when he enters his house. One is not a merchant or a doctor or a lawyer at home. There is one place in the world where even a clergyman can be a boy again; and that is his father's house. His father calls him by his first name, and his mother asks him to bring in an armful of wood. There is throwing off of care, and rejection of conventionality, at home, and yielding one's self to nature, and slippers, and loose gown.' "— p. 472.

The following is from an entry made in his private journal, on his being engaged to be married : —

"My half-soul has found its mate. My tomb-life is broken; my real life enjoyed. My heart is happy; my purposes free; my future certain; my aspirations are at rest. I am tranquil now. I fret not; I forebode nothing. Chiefly, ever, and for ever, I thank thee, O my God! Every good and perfect gift cometh from thee; and J. thou hast given me. I give to thee my supreme gratitude, my overflowing thankfulness. I consecrate my love, myself, my all, to thee. From thee I received her, to thee I give her. From thee I received my heart, to thee I give it. All is thine! all is mine! From thee I would not for a moment be separated. In thee I would be united with all I love. Take us to thyself, to thy own bosom, to thy own love, unworthy, weak, and sinful as we are. In thee alone are we holy. Without thee we are lost. In thee alone do we dare to live. With thee our love is a holy flame. Bless us, we pray thee, now and evermore."— p. 488.

"The planning and building of his cottage-residence, and the embellishment of his small grounds, was to Mr. Judd a very pleasant thing. But it was the idea of a *home*, — one constructed according to his own taste and convenience; one around which should cluster fondest memories, dearest associations, and which should become a cherished spot to his children, — it was this which gave him the chief delight. It was to him a very interesting problem, with given means and essential comforts, to produce the most pleasing effects."— p. 494.

"The house commands an unbroken view of the Kennebec for the distance of a mile in a southerly direction. The principal part of the town of Augusta lies in full view, amphitheatre-like, on the opposite or western side of the river, its various church-spires pointing upwards to the same heavens. There, too, are seen, on one hand, the Capitol, and, on the other, the marble tablets of the cemetery for the dead; and, crowning all, the sun-setting horizon, with its undulating outline and woody summits.

“And this was the home which to Mr. Judd was so precious, to which he sent letters almost daily when absent, and of which he says: ‘My heart turns to it with eagerness, and fondly settles on the objects of my love there,—my wife and my children. . . . . I shall leave for home,—blessed, longed-for home,—to-morrow morning.’ It is this which he looks out from, and, with as much truth as beauty, paints in ‘Richard Edney,’ where he says: ‘A tale is like this June morning, when I am now writing. I hear from my open windows the singing of birds, the rumble of a stage-coach, and the blacksmith’s anvil. The water glides prettily through elms and willows. There are deep shadows in my landscape, and yonder hill-side, with its blossoming apple-trees, glows in the sunlight, as if it belonged to some other realm of being. . . . . The dew, early this morning, covered the world with topazes and rainbows, and my child got her feet wet in the midst of the glory. Through gully and orchard, basement-windows and oriels, shade and sheen, vibrates a delicious breeze. Over all hangs the sun; down upon the village looks that eye of infinite blessedness, and into the scene, that urn of exhaustless beauty pours beauty.’” — pp. 495, 496.

We have given these glimpses of Mr. Judd in his parish and his home, as explaining better than anything that we could say the spirit and design of his writings. He longed to do whatever lay in his power to make home and all its relations attractive, to make life holy and beautiful, to make Christ and his religion, and especially his Church, living and divine agencies in the world, removing social wrongs and individual sins, bringing men into a more harmonious and perfect union with God, with nature, and with one another. His idea of the intimate connection of God with all his works, the low, the neglected, and the unsightly not less than the dignified, the honored, and the beautiful, pervaded all his feelings, controlled his tastes, and led to many of the peculiarities which have stood in the way of his popularity as a writer of fiction. With him every work of God was good. For this reason he looked on everything in nature as beautiful. “Nature,” he said, “is not shocked at toads”; and as nature is not, no more ought we to be. Therefore it is that his works abound in what to most readers are incongruous and discordant images. The effect of his finest passages is marred, and, in reading aloud pages of extraordinary beauty and elevation of sentiment clothed in fitting language, we

sometimes meet expressions which we should be glad to omit. But to leave out these homely phrases and metaphors would have been with him not so much a violation of the principles of taste as an offence against conscience. His mission was to give interest and dignity to the lowly. To exclude burdocks and toads from the pleasant companionship of natural objects, he would have deemed an offence almost like that of driving away a ragged child from the merry gatherings of young people which delighted him so much. Except sin, there was nothing to him "common or unclean." He extended a hospitable welcome to every object in nature. That which was despised and rejected of men had, on that account, a special title to his sympathy. He could not desert it, but felt bound to assert its claims, to place it in its rightful position, and to show by so placing it how it contributed to the general effect. Even a homely, neglected, half-forgotten word had something of the same force in its appeal to his sympathies. He could not make up his mind to cast it off, but gave it a quiet shelter in his rich and ample vocabulary. Sometimes in this way strange associates are brought together. The images and words, by their awkward look and gait, betray their want of familiarity with the company into which they have been introduced. And though the master of the feast looks with a peculiarly benignant and complacent eye upon them, we confess that to us they do sometimes seriously disturb the harmony of the occasion.

But while this is the cause of many of those characteristics of Mr. Judd's writings which have given offence to fastidious readers, and impaired their general popularity and influence, it is also, to no small extent, the source of his peculiar excellences. It brings him closely and genially into contact with natural objects. Nothing is too minute to escape his notice, or too lowly to find a place in his affections. He therefore takes us into the very heart of nature. The breath of the woods is round us; their deep solitude, their individual occupants in all their native wildness and grotesqueness of form or sound, are before us. We recognize the voice of each separate bird. We wade through the fallen leaves. We feel the crushing of the mosses under our feet. No American

writer surpasses Mr. Judd, we know of no one who equals him, in the lifelike delineation, or rather in the fresh creation, of natural scenery and events. His are not so much pictures of nature placed before us, as scenes and incidents through which we are actually carried. No one, not even Mr. Emerson, has led us through such snow-storms as are made to visit us in "Margaret" and "Richard Edney." They are just such storms as we knew in our childhood, and call back to us the thoughts and pleasant longings of those early days.

"The storm had a good many plans and purposes of action. It riddled the apple-trees; it threw up its embankments against the fences; it fell soft and even upon shrubs and flowers in the woods, *as if it were tenderly burying its dead*; it brought out the farmer, to defend his herds against it; it stirred the pluck of the schoolboys, who insulted it with their backs, and laughed at it with their faces; and, as if to spite this, it turned upon an unprotected female, a dress-maker, going home from her daily task, and twisted her hood and snatched off her shawl; but, failing in the attempt to rend her entire dress to pieces, it blinded her with its gusts, and pitched her into the gutter."

Everywhere there is this blending of human interests with natural objects and incidents. Their mutual relations and interdependence are constantly recognized. Man, in all his vicissitudes of life, thought, and emotion, lends something of a human interest to the outward world which environs him, and Nature, even in her hardest moods, softens the violence of human passion, and broods tenderly over the affections and the griefs of her children. We do not know that even Wordsworth, in his *Excursion*, has brought out this sentiment more successfully than Mr. Judd. Margaret is herself a part of the landscape. The sky is more beautiful because it bends over her and is calling out her inner life. And if she is thrown among coarse, violent, and drunken men, if she is persecuted and made more than ever an outcast by the well-meant mistakes or the malignant hypocrisy and spiritual pride of another class of associates, we always feel that her love of Nature, her sympathy with whatever is grand or beautiful around her, must, like a pure shrine in which her spirit dwells, preserve her from contagion.

Yet we are never allowed to suppose that nature is all. A

higher element is recognized as needful for the soul's culture. We are always made to feel that, without the Gospel of Christ, Nature would be robbed of her highest power for good. The child cannot come to herself, or accomplish her work, except under its guidance. Nature, hardly less than man, needs to be redeemed from its wearisome bondage by the Son of God, before its highest influences can go forth. This tone of sentiment pervades almost every page of Mr. Judd's writings. He is no pantheist. But he is something of an optimist. Whatever of evil may be active around us is felt to have some good purpose in the end. "Dust," he says, "sometimes falls with the purest snow, discoloring the face of Winter, but it enriches the growth and enhances the beauty of Spring. Will it not be so in our spring?" "Richard was deeply religious, and he knew God said to the snow, Be thou on the earth; and he felt that Divine Providence cared for the lilies of the field in their decay as well as in their bloom; and that a ceaseless Benignity was covering the beds where they lay with the lovely raiment of the season, and cherishing in the cold ground the juices that should, after a brief interval, spring forth again, and create a gladsome resurrection of nature."

It is not often that we find a beautiful thought more beautifully expressed. The following is of a different sort, but stands, perhaps, in its way, as an emblem of the same truth, pointing to the solution of the great problem which has puzzled philosophers from the time when men first began to think of the origin of evil. "They visited a washerwoman, who cared more for others than herself, and seemed to absorb in her own family all the dirt she took from the world at large." Without presuming to hint at a hidden wisdom here which the writer never thought of, or to aver that, because there must be dirt somewhere, therefore there must be evil in the world, we would venture good-naturedly to commend the passage to the consideration of some of our world-reformers, and to certain classes of "unco' guid" people and village gossips, who are too much taken up with the faults of others to regard their own.

If Mr. Judd carries us into the midst of external nature,

and makes us feel the presence of natural objects in all the freshness and vividness of actual life, with something of a tender human interest superadded, — if from his love of these things he never tires of them, but multiplies them around us, calling each one by its individual name, lingering perhaps with peculiar fondness over a plant that has little to commend it to us, — so in his human characters and incidents there is the same love of nature, the same vivid pictorial faculty, the same gentle appreciation of what is retiring and modest, the same hearty sympathy with whatever is genuine in thought or life. He has not the dramatic power or the keen and easy humor of Mrs. Stowe, but his characters have a clearly defined individuality. They are of flesh and blood, flexible in their movements, with electric currents of feeling and passion. They live so in the heart of nature, that it sometimes is difficult to say whether they are a part of the landscape, or the landscape a portion of their being; as it is sometimes not easy to say which is most real, the image of the sky in the still waters below, or the sky itself, “bending, Narcissus-like, over it.” As the squirrel on a beech-tree seems an animated part of the tree itself, and, once seen, enters into all our thoughts of it afterwards, so Margaret and the scenes with which her young life was connected make one united whole. Take, for example, the child as she sits under a clump of white birches on the border of the solitary pond. “The shadows of the trees refreshingly invested her, the waves struck musically upon the rocks, and in the clear air her own thoughts sped like a breath away; the vivacity of the birds was qualified by the advance of the day, and while she had been delighted at first with what she saw, all things now subsided into harmony with what she felt.” Where does the child’s life end, and that of the objects around her begin? Or are they mutually blended in one, all outward influences, sights, and sounds lending themselves to her, and harmonizing with her spirit, while her thoughts spread themselves out over the water, through the trees and the air, and animate them, as the soul animates the body with its own life?

In King Lear, the angry heavens, the violence and terrific rage of the storm, are but a part of the overmastering hu-

man passion that tyrannizes over the whole scene. So in Macbeth, as commentators have often shown, the air that

“Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses,”

harmonizes with the feelings of the unsuspecting king who has come to be murdered by his host. And when the deed is done, the terrific darkness of the night adds its horrors to the occasion.

“Ah, good father,  
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,  
Threaten his bloody stage.”

No writer, unless it be Homer, has ever approached Shakespeare in the quickness with which he catches the slight, impalpable, but subtle and powerful sympathies between man and nature. It is this that lends such indescribable sweetness to the little snatches of song which he has thrown into some of his plays, and which linger and float in our minds like charmed melodies.

This faculty, we think, Mr. Judd has to a remarkable degree. His fault is in carrying the process out too minutely, and continuing it too long. It is often better to strike a note or two, and leave the mind to carry on the emotions thus awakened, or rather to be carried on by them, than to play note by note the whole air. In this Shakespeare is as unrivalled as in his mastery over every other mode of acting on the human passions.

But it is not fair to institute such comparisons. Mr. Judd's characters are living men, women, and especially children. We love to meet them, to hear them talk, and to see them act. We are interested in whatever concerns them. If, in the latter half of Margaret, the discussions on moral or æsthetic subjects sometimes seem a little wearisome to us, in our impatience to know what is coming next,—if in our walks we are sometimes too much retarded by being obliged to stop till a catalogue is made out of all the plants and flowers, birds and stones, in our path,—we shall find, on going through the book a second time, that the way will seem less tedious, and more pleasant, and the discussion not without

an object. There are few works of our day that let us more than this into a knowledge of the capacities of our nature, and none that lead us more pleasantly into an intimate acquaintance with what is most peculiar and most beautiful in our New-England scenery, or with what is most beneficent and hopeful in the workings of our New England society. If its low life sometimes offends us as coarse and vulgar, we must remember that it does not, like similar scenes in Thackeray or Dickens, come to us softened by an intervening ocean of three thousand miles, and that the truthfulness which gives offence is what constitutes its usefulness.

Where, among the novel-writers of the present century, can we find a more felicitous portraiture, including the man and his surroundings, than in the sketch which we copy below from Richard Edney? And who will say that it is charged beyond what is allowable in works of the imagination?

"In the first place, Winkle knew everybody, and everything; and every body and thing knew Winkle. He knew all the girls, and the school-children, and the old men, and the young men; and bowed to them all, as he rode by, and they bowed to him. For forty miles, he knew where everybody lived, and who everybody was that lived anywhere. He knew the tall, white house on the hill, and the large house, with pillars in front, among the trees, and the little black house over in the field; and there was always somebody standing by all the houses, to whom he bowed. Sometimes he bowed to the well-sweep that happened to move in the wind; sometimes to a dog that sat on the doorsteps. How many smiling favors he got from the girls, who, after dinner, and after dressing for the afternoon, sat by the open front windows! how many from the children that swarmed about the school-houses! In fact, everybody smiled and bowed when he passed,—black and hard-favored men; muggy and obstinate men; coarse and awkward men. Every day he had a sort of President's tour.

"Then, he pointed out the tree where a man hung himself, and the woods where a bear was shot, and the barn that was struck by lightning, and the stream where a man was drowned.

"And this, in the second place: because of his unbounded good-nature. He did errands for all those people; he ran a sort of express to the city; an express, too, from one neighborhood to another. Then, he did his errands so correctly, so promptly, and so genially. If those for whom he acted were poor, he charged but little. He knew every place

in Woodylin, and could execute any order, from getting iron castings to purchasing gimp, and matching paper-hangings, and delivering billet-doux. Furthermore — and herein the beauty of Winkle was seen — he ran express between Hearts. Nothing pleased him better than to have a love-case in hand between two persons on different parts of his route; there was such a carrying of little notes, and little remember-me's, and little nods and signs; and then he could drop a big bundle of tenderness in a single look, as he passed the sweetheart, hanging out the washing of a Monday morning. Then of the widow's son, whom he carried to the city some five years before, and who had been all this time at sea, he got the first intelligence; and as he walked his horses up a long hill, and the mother sat rocking and knitting by the road-side, he told her that her boy had been spoken off the Cape of Good Hope, or that his ship had been reported from Rio. When anybody was sick along the road he bore the daily intelligence to friends, who stood at their doors waiting for it; by what divination it was communicated nobody could tell, but the effect was instantaneous; so, by an invisible, and, as it were, omnipotent hand, he dropped smiles and tears, joy and sorrow, wherever he went; and his own heart was so much in it all, none could help loving him. In addition, and notwithstanding Mr. St. John, he gave little gratuitous rides; he let the boys hang on behind; and in the winter we have heard of his taking up half a dozen school-children with their mistress, and helping them through snow-drifts. Then he carried the mail, which is itself a small universe in a leather bag; — here sweet spring to some bleak and ice-bound soul, — at the next turn a black thunder-storm on some tranquil household; — now singing at one corner of its mouth, as if it was full of Jenny Linds, — anon tromboning out its melancholy intelligence; and, like a Leyden jar on wheels, giving everybody a shock as it passes, making some laugh and others scream. Winkle carried this, and it was as if Winkle himself was it; and some people, notwithstanding they loved him so, hardly dare see him, or have him open his mouth; they did n't know, any more than Aunt Grint, what had happened, or what might happen. In addition, he brought people home; and as he drove on, *he* got the first sight of the old roof and chimneys; *he* got the first sight of the rose-bushes and the lilacs in the yard; he saw, too, from the quietness about the house, that a surprise was on hand; he knew perfectly well that the daughter whom he was bringing was not expected, — that she meant to surprise the old folks. He did not hurry his horses; he did not make any sign. He landed the young lady at the gate, and was taking off the baggage, when he heard a scream in the door. He had expected it all, and looked so sober, as he pulled at the strap, with one

foot on the wheel, and his back bent to the ground. 'Naughty, naughty Winkle!' cried the mother; 'why didn't you tell us Susan was coming? You have almost killed me.' Winkle loved to kill people so." — pp. 237-240.

Writings instinct with such life as this, pervaded everywhere by a genial, religious spirit, holding up the living present before us, reanimating the dead forms of the past, and unfolding a fairer and brighter future through the evolution of the higher elements that are at work in society, ought not to be allowed to perish from the memory of men. Nor can we believe that they will do so. A more intimate acquaintance with natural objects, and a more thoroughly Christian culture, will bring us into a closer intimacy with them, will cause their defects to seem less, and their excellences to shine with a richer lustre. Their influence over us will not, like that of common novels, vanish away as we close their pages, but, as with the intimacy between Evelina and Sally, in "Richard Edney," we do not know where it will stop; "indeed, it will probably go on through this world into the next."

We have spoken more of Mr. Judd's writings than of his biography, because in reading it they have been brought vividly before us; and, reading them again, we have felt more than ever their power. The memoir is excellent. Like almost all works of its class, it would bear condensation. But it is the truthful portraiture, by one who knew him well, of a man of genius, of warm affections, of large and generous endowments and high aims, who passed through severe mental and moral conflicts, and who faithfully bore his testimony, and finished the work that was given him to do. We do not see how any one can read it without being made better by it. The "Life," which in itself furnishes the best illustrations for such writings as "Margaret," "Philo," and "Richard Edney," can be marked by no common qualities.

The biographer, a near relative of Mr. Judd, has done her part modestly, skilfully, and faithfully. Biography is sometimes made up of what the man has left behind, his formal words and acts, the clothes that he has worn out and thrown away; and sometimes it contains all that was vital in him, — whatever of thought, aspiration, fear, hope, effort, and attain-

ment made him what he was, — a lifetime of thirty, sixty, or eighty years condensed into a volume, to instruct by its wisdom, encourage by its example, find its way to our hearts by its own quickening affections, and inspire us by its generous and lofty aims. Judged by this highest standard, the Life of Mr. Judd has great merit, and should find everywhere hearty welcome.

Mr. Judd died on the 26th of January, 1852. On that morning the announcement of the near approach of death was first made to him. He was at first much overcome by the intelligence.

“He broke out,” said one who had watched with him through the night, “in piercing tones of anguish, ‘O my God! I love thee, — I love heaven, — I love its glories! — but my dear brothers and sisters, — my parents, — my *wife* and *children*, — *I love you!* — *how can I! how can I!*’ But he soon became quiet, as he had been before the announcement, although much exhausted by his emotions and his efforts to speak. I sang ‘Majestic sweetness sits enthroned,’ and ‘All is well.’ J. read passages from the New Testament. His children were referred to; but, too much overcome to bear more then, he said, ‘Let the dear children come to-morrow, — little children come to-morrow,’ evidently not thinking his hour so near. He said to us who were about him, ‘Cover me up warm, keep my utterance clear.’ He afterwards added, ‘*I’m doing well*,’ — and in a few moments, with but a slight indication of the transition, his spirit passed away.” — p. 520.

“It was in the very last discourse he ever preached, that occur these words, so remarkable in their coincidence: ‘Will it be you that shall next perform the last sad duties to the cold remains of your pastor?’ — words whose resonance still seemed to linger among the Christmas evergreens that first received them, when, a few brief days afterwards, mingled with mourning weeds, was verified a sad response.

“The Pastor, in ‘Philo,’ too, utters the poet’s own heart-felt words, in saying:

‘Above the gloomy grave our hope ascends,  
E’en as the moon above the silent mountains.  
These partings are reunions in the skies;  
To that great company of holy ones  
We go; . . . . .  
In shadowy void, betwixt two worlds, we stand;  
The distant All-Light opes its wicker gate,  
The future beams auroral, flesh expires,  
The soul begins its perfect day.’

“But earth was now left behind. Tender friends arranged for its last rest the cherished form that alone remained, and placed it in *apparent* comfort upon his couch, as if in quiet, natural slumber. A winter rose lay by his side; a simple circlet, twined by loving hands from his own fresh evergreens and house-geraniums, was the symbol of his pillow. No sound of preparation of funeral weeds disturbed the quiet scene; no air of gloominess and dread was thrown around. Freely as when their father was ever ready to greet their entrance to that study with a welcome smile, the children passed in and out, but with a wistful gaze, a chastened cheerfulness, and tender foot-fall, that told their little hearts had saddened comprehension of the change. Mourning parishioners came in groups to look on that dear pastor's tranquil face, — on that pale brow, still noble in its amplitude.

“When the hour arrived to prepare for burial that lifeless form, no stranger hands were permitted to share the service; but only those to whom in life it had been dearest now took part in this last sad office. With tenderest care they wrapped it in the folds of that same silken robe in which he always stood before his people, now, alas! in preparation for that silent service in which he was to appear before them. Placed in easy guise upon a simple lounge, the burial-case received within its snowy folds that gentle form. Sympathizing friends from his own and distant cities sent fresh, fragrant flowers he loved so well; and these were placed upon his breast and pillow. And there he lay, well-nigh as lovely and attractive as in life. The children, as they came around, involuntarily exclaimed, ‘How beautiful father looks!’

“And thus was carried out his own idea, that, even in the house of deepest mourning, cheering symbols should bear witness that life goes not out in eternal darkness.

“One by one, there gathered to this scene of sorrow — but all too late for even a parting recognition — each living member of his childhood's home, save the devoted mother, whose feeble health precluded so long a journey at that inclement season.

“The time fixed for the solemn obsequies was the Sabbath morning, the hour on which he was always seen quitting his home, and so meekly wending his way to minister to his people. But now, after brief, fitting service, that unconscious form was borne along the avenue of pines and cedars which had grown up amid his companionship, adown the gravel walk familiar with his footstep, and through the gate of that tasteful, rustic fence inclosing his domicile, — the last work for its improvement he ever planned. The most ethereal of snow-flakes, at this moment, began slowly and solemnly to fall, on all its way to the house of God, curtaining around that funeral carriage with an emblem

of heaven's own purity. At church, the profusion of Christmas greens still lent their decoration in strange yet pleasing contrast with the black drapery that had everywhere been blended. In front of that hallowed desk there hung a cedarn cross, that favorite sign; and the communion-table beneath received its precious burden. Immediately around were grouped the children of the Sabbath school. The church was densely filled, all denominations testifying to the value of the *man*, the *citizen*; and the *stillness felt* telling how deep the sense of loss. In touching tones, and with tender manner, the Rev. Mr. Waterston performed the funeral service, and, in beautiful yet discriminating remarks, showed forth his appreciation of his early friend. The choir chanted, in plaintive notes, those stanzas sung by the children in 'Philo': —

“A SONG THEIR PASTOR TEACHES THEM.

“O Love of God! we seek to dwell  
In love and God and thee;  
The end of woes, the end of sins,  
Shall love's perfection be.

“O Crucified! we share thy cross;  
Thy passion, too, sustain;  
We die thy death, to live thy life,  
And rise with thee again.

“O Glorified! thy glory breaks;  
Our new-born spirits sing;  
Salvation cometh with the morn;  
Hope spreads an heavenward wing.’

“And then, with bearers from the different churches of the city, the mournful train, augmented by a long procession, recrossed the river beneath the arches of that old bridge so humorously set forth in ‘Richard Edney,’ and moved onward to that beautifully secluded family-tomb to which the pale sleeper's first rural excursion on the eastern bank of the river had been made. Gathered beneath the funereal firs around, the mourning congregation and afflicted relatives took their last, sad, parting look at that dear face. At that moment, the clouds, which all day till then had shrouded the heavens, suddenly parted, and bright rays of sunlight, penetrating that open vault, illuminated its dark, mouldering depths; or, — to close this history, penned with love, delight, and sorrow, mingled in varying hues, in his own beautiful words, descriptive of a like occasion, and striking in their coincidence with the present scene, —

“As the relics were conveyed into the tomb, the clouds broke away

in the heavens ; a bland light diffused itself over the severities of the season ; there seemed something of bloom, or warmth of coloring, in that blue break of the skies. How fair an induction to the final rest ! ”  
— pp. 522 – 526.

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ART. VII. — *The Heir of Redclyffe*. By the Author of “ The Two Guardians,” “ Henrietta’s Wish,” “ The Kings of England,” etc., etc. Eighth Thousand. New York : D. H. Appleton & Co. 1854. 2 vols.

*Heartsease : or the Brother’s Wife*. By the Author of “ The Heir of Redclyffe.” New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 2 vols.

No large share of the triumphs of the pen has hitherto belonged to woman. We have yet to learn that since the creation she has ever contributed any very important volume to the library of science. Mrs. Somerville accomplished not the least of her achievements in reading what was written by Laplace. In spite of the agreeable memoirs with which we have been favored by Miss Pardoe, Miss Strickland, and others, and the more ambitious efforts of Anna Comnena and of Catherine Macaulay, the standard history which is to bear a feminine name in the author’s place upon its title-page is still to be written. No woman has ever yet reached a high eminence as a metaphysician, unless we are to except the pillory-like eminence to which Miss Martineau has just climbed, upon her compend of Comte’s Positive Philosophy ; and from the tumble of the almost mythical Sappho to the rise of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, scarcely a woman wrote poetry.

That this fact is owing to natural incapacity in the sex, we do not say, and no one knows. Uncultivated and unenriched, as well as naturally sterile brains, have very probably had much to do with it. Few women have been, like Sappho and Mrs. Browning, adepts in Greek. If we had statistics to show the immense number of men, and the scanty list of women, who have received a liberal education, and the relative proportion

of those of each sex who have attained a respectable rank as writers, that proportion would, we suspect, greatly preponderate on the side of the latter. The argument from this comparison, however, would not be conclusive; for of the few highly educated women, the greater part have earned their superior culture by an early display of uncommon native powers. The dunce at the foot of the lowest class in the Boston Latin School stands a fair chance of having whipped into him a goodly proportion of the learning that was the pride of the high-born beauty, Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

Furthermore, while her haughty brother has been seeking the laurel crown in this world's highest places, many a sweet soul has in its low and shady by-paths been quietly winning for her brows, while yet she dreamed not of it, the saintly halo. If he has been wiser than she, it has too often been as the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light. Her greatness, like that of her Master, has been proving itself by her being least of all and servant of all. Her pure dramas, unprinted, have been acted with those kindred intelligences who, like her, do not disdain to be "all ministering spirits," for their only spectators and audience; and her unselfish cares and unshrinking devotion to the good of others may well have forced her to leave the earth with the unconscious poetry of her life unwritten, save by the pen of Heaven's recording angel, and in the memories of those who loved her,—though, perhaps, none too well, if she was not beautiful and gay.

Still woman has her work to do in literature,—a work there, as elsewhere, indispensable to the highest welfare of mankind; though, by saying that she has her work, we by no means intend to imply that she is not to have her play. If all of the one, and none of the other, made Jack a dull boy, what sort of a girl will it make of his Gill? There has been quite too much, already, of this half-arrogant, half-sentimental, dictatorial cant. If she seeks earthly at the expense of heavenly glory, and deserts her appointed paths of domestic and social duty for the more ambitious ones of literature and art, she lowers herself, no doubt, beneath the level of the humblest

faithful servant drudging at her side ; but is not this equally true of the man who, under pretences however lofty, deserts his, as imperatively appointed, though different, paths of domestic and social duty ? “ If any man,” says the uncompromising St. Paul, “ provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.” One moral code for all alike is the only *moral* code. We are weary of censures passed upon, and of apologies made for, literary women as such. If they can find amusement or solace in the (to most persons) exceedingly hard labor of book-making, we cannot see why the sole motive that induces them to take up the pen need always be the stereotyped one of assisting their husbands, or supporting their young families ; or by what right any one should take it upon himself to restrict them to the province of ethics and didactics. Let the kingdom of art and letters resemble the kingdom of heaven, in that there is in it neither male nor female, bond nor free, and resemble it also in its purity. Whatever demands the sacrifice of any duty, and has not its source, its tendency, and its end in innocence, may not be innocently written, carved, or painted by any man ; and whatsoever demands the sacrifice of no duty, and has its source, its tendency, and its end in innocence, may innocently be written, carved, or painted by any woman, though it have no more immediate and palpable utility than the beams of the stars, or the spray of the waves, or the scent of the roses. The spirit that can see only waste in whatever does not immediately promote the production of bread and butter, is not precisely the spirit of the universe. Indeed, where people in general will have sugar-plums, and confectioners in general paint them with ochre and corrosive sublimate and flavor them with alcohol, some thanks are due to any who have the skill and the will to forestall the market with a commodity at once sweet and harmless.

Thanks innumerable to the few who, like her some of whose writings we are presently to consider, have and practise the inspired art at once to charm, to soothe, and to hallow. Next to the Bible, the reading of fiction is probably the most important of all reading to the young, — the most important for

good or for evil. We do not believe ourselves to be speaking very extravagantly, when we say that the impressible soul, freely drugged in its youth with the inebriating productions of Byron and Bulwer, is in most cases stunted in its nobler growth for the whole period of its earthly life; and if we wished to furnish an antidote or substitute for these, it is to the writings of some women that we should instinctively turn.

In one most fascinating department of literature, that of the novel of domestic life, we think the gentler sex, if not unequalled, quite unsurpassed; and we are glad to be able to prop up our opinion with that of so great a master in a kindred vein as Sir Walter Scott, who says, in speaking of Miss Austen: "That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The Big Bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going. . . . . Edgeworth, Ferrier, Austen, have all given portraits of real society, far superior to anything man — proud man — has produced of the like nature."

*The women have done this*, in some respects, *better*, it seems to us, since these words were written. At least, if they have presented us with fewer and less exact daguerreotypes of the surface of society, they have revealed to us more of its geology and astronomy, its heights and the secret agencies of its depths. We say nothing now of Miss Edgeworth, because we cannot say enough. The debt which mankind, and especially womankind, owes to her is incalculable. It would be ungrateful to her venerable shade to allude to the defects of her works without recounting a due proportion of their merits; and for that the whole of the scanty space accorded to us would scarcely suffice. Of Miss Ferrier we know too little to speak with confidence; perhaps because that very little did not incline us to know more. We found her too exclusively and harshly satirical. There was too little salt, and too much vitriol, in her vinegar. We share in the scruples of a whimsical friend of ours, who had his doubts about the pickles on the dinner-table of an anatomist. Pulled to pieces, pickled, people are not altogether to our taste.

Miss Austen's characters are perfectly, faultlessly delineated; but were they worth delineating at all? Some of them are clever. Some of them are good. Are they, any of them, interesting, elevated, or elevating? We shut them up in the books where they respectively belong, with no sigh of regret that they can never come out, but rather with one of relief, like that with which we close the door on a family of respectable bores, who have happily brought their parting call to a conclusion, and are off, with very flattering prospects, for California, while we rejoice that they are likely to do so well, and that we are likely to have no more to do with them. In pathos, grace, and spirituality, all the female novelists with whose writings we are acquainted, contemporary with or prior to Sir Walter Scott, have been excelled by some of their successors.

Among these lights of our day, no contemptible place is to be taken, nay, has been taken already, by Miss Yonge, if we are right in attributing to her the authorship of the books whose titles stand at the head of this article. We are sorry that it is in our power to give our readers little information about her. We understand her to be pleasing, unaffected, and young; though, original in this as in other things, she ventures to depart from the custom which requires, according to the precedent established in the last century by Miss Burney, that maidens who write popular novels should be only seventeen; but for the rest we must refer them, if they still need such reference, to her books.

We find from the title-page of our own much bewept American reprint of "The Heir of Redclyffe," that its author is the author also of "The Three Guardians," "Henrietta's Wish," and "The Kings of England." Whether these tales ever crossed the water, or ever were read, or even deserved to be, on the other side of it, we cannot tell. The first of her writings that made a sensation here was the "Heir"; and what a sensation it was! Referring to the remains of the tear-washed covers of the copy aforesaid, we find that it belonged to the "eighth thousand." How many thousand have been issued before and since by its publishers and by others, to supply the demand for new, and the places of

drowned, dissolved, or swept away old copies, we do not attempt to conjecture. Taking no problematical approximation, but the ascertained number, for the basis of our calculation, and assuming that each copy had, on an average, two readers only, we obtain a total, evidently far below the truth, of at least sixteen thousand weepers and wailers; for the man, woman, or child who could read it with dry eyes is yet undiscovered, though promised a lucrative place in Barnum's Museum, beside the member "of one of the *second* families in Virginia." Not individuals merely, but households, consisting in great part of tender-hearted young damsels, were plunged into mourning. Handkerchiefs of all sorts and sizes, from the square yard of blushing bandanna to the square inch of snowy, misty muslin,

"wrought with curious art,  
Were filled with waters that upstart,  
When the deep fountains of the heart,  
By strong convulsion rent apart,  
Are running all to waste."

The soldier, the divine, the seamstress, the lawyer, the grocer-boy, the belle, and the hair-dresser peeping over her shoulder, joined in full cry, according to their different modes of lachrymation, over that lowly grave under the chestnut-trees of a far and foreign soil; and well they might! With a tolerable acquaintance with fictitious heroes, (not to speak of real ones,) from Sir Charles Grandison down to the nursery idol Carlton, we have little hesitation in pronouncing Sir Guy Morville of Redclyffe, Baronet, the most admirable one that we ever met with, in story or out. The glorious, joyous boy, the brilliant, ardent, chivalrous child of genius and of fortune, crowned with the beauty of his early holiness, and overshadowed with the darkness of his hereditary doom, and the soft and touching sadness of his early death,—what a creation is there! what a vision!

We scarcely know which to admire the most, his goodness or simplicity. It is not glued to the outside of his character in a hard, thin, dry veneering, to scratch one's fingers at a touch and come off at a rub, but planted in the congenial, virgin soil of his warm young heart, and springing forth,

with flowers as well as fruit, in rich, spontaneous luxuriance, through every look, word, and action. His laugh, his whistle, and his song grow into our store of sweetest recollections, and linger there like dear household memories of our own. On the rocky, solitary hill-side of his fierce temptation, dashing down beneath him, with a struggle like that which parts soul from body, the fury of his too just anger, — tossing in his little boat through the storm, when even the hardy fishermen, but for him, would have shrunk back from the rescue of the shipwrecked sailors, — in the church with his sad thoughts, in the cathedral with his Amy, kindling the imagination of the painter with the impassioned reverence of his look, — above her in the fine scene on the Alps, where she hangs between this world and the other, with his quick foot, strong hand, few words, and pale agony, — by the sick-bed of his unprovoked and implacable enemy, — on his own patient death-bed, — he is always the model of sublime and beautiful early manhood, while all this time his excellence lies hid from his own eyes, beneath his adoring contemplation of that perfection which is more than human.

We have heard his character censured as unnatural. It would be more just to call it simply *unique*. We are too apt to forget the composite nature of humanity. Every human heart is an egg, in which an angel and a fiend are hatched together, to struggle for the empire of the soul. That, — poor, unsteady, wavering thing! — in bootless hope of peace through compromise, yields itself to the sway sometimes of one, sometimes of the other; and hence proceed the miserable vacillations of our lives. Some few there are, however, who, wise enough to discern that conflict there must be, till one of the belligerents is laid in chains under his rival's feet, and shrinking, as we all should, could we only be brought to look the issue fairly in the face, from the undivided dominion of the fiend, fight out the battle with him once for all before he can break forth in outward sin, put him down, and keep him under strictest watch and ward, till they are safe in the visible presence of Him, who, mighty as when he healed the demoniac of Gadara, alone can send the evil spirit howling to its own dark place. Others go on, with no continuous aim or

purpose, from bad to worse, until the disheartened angel pines and dies, leaving behind him only the embryo of the undying worm, which at last, in remorse, and in the anguish unspeakable of hungering and thirsting for better things once near, is to creep forth to gnaw the soul for ages, or for ever. To the former class belongs Guy. His is not an unnatural character; and if to its uncommon moral excellence he joins the charm of intellectual and social graces scarcely less infrequent, the conjunction is rare rather than incongruous. The book, like the hero, dawns upon us very gradually, and, unlike him, perhaps even too gradually. Its author has yet to learn the invaluable art of vigorous condensation; and she might do well to go to Shakespeare, or Alfieri, for lessons in the craft of making a very few words that people do say imply a great many that they do not say. Her style is unstudied, even to carelessness. Its perfect freedom from pretension, and from all parade of originality, is among the most remarkable things about it. The characters move round the arena at first, as they are successively led in, as quietly as Kalapsza's horses, and show their mettle as satisfactorily when the fit time comes.

In the strongest contrast with the passionate, penitent, disciplined Guy, is his cousin, the Captain, — that perfect young man, who never from his birth gave any one an hour's anxiety about him. Towards the end of the first volume the wrath of the reader is excited by him to such a degree, that it seems as if nothing short of the instant infliction upon him of a *manteamiento*, as thorough as that which Sancho Panza endured at the hands of the inn-keeper and his crew, seems capable of appeasing it. Before the close of the second, however, that wrath is wellnigh satisfied by the ingenious poetical justice that overtakes him, and by the crushing agonies of his remorse and grief, that reveal much genuine nobleness under the rubbish of his self-conceit. Men of his stamp may well be blinded, almost to their destruction and to the destruction of others, whom, if they could see the truth, they would die to save, by the insidious, subtle devil of self-worship, with the dazzling glare of their own specious virtues. Those very virtues hedge round their faults, and guard

them so narrowly that they cannot discern them. Their near approach to external perfection is their snare. Their shortcomings are so microscopic as to be invisible; and thus the causes of them are unsought, undiscovered, and unrepaired, until some great and unexpected backsliding, whelming them in confusion and dismay, overthrows their fancied, perhaps to make room for the foundation of their real, security. Their delusions are sometimes more deserving of pity than of unsparing condemnation. They usually commence, it is likely, at an inexperienced and almost irresponsible age, — even in the nursery; where the studious, quiet, inoffensive child is highly and habitually praised for a “goodness” which may be purely negative, and compatible with pride, jealousy, selfishness, and other most dangerous sins; while the little, thoughtless, affectionate, troublesome romp, that loves its playmates as well as its plays with all its heart, and devotes itself to both, now and then somewhat at the expense of surrounding nerves and furniture, is considered and taught to consider itself as a confirmed scapegrace. Thus the one is launched upon the temptations and dangers of youth without the safeguard of a prudent self-distrust; and the other, without the scarcely less important safeguard of a just self-respect.

The acute, satirical, but manly and kind-hearted cripple, Charles, is one of Miss Yonge's best creations. The forced inaction to which he is subjected by his infirmity, in spite of all his natural vivacity and conscious ability, is one of the keenest trials of youth, and appeals strongly to the sympathy of a large class of readers. He goes on through the story in a course of improvement, moral and physical, which cannot be otherwise than gratifying to his friends and the public.

We cannot say so much for the bustling, rattle-pated fool, his father, and we find ourselves pursued all through his career by two mysteries; namely, what Mrs. Edmonstone married him for, and how old Sir Guy came to appoint him his grandson's guardian. But matrimonial problems as hard to solve are known to occur in real life; and ever since the days of Cecilia Beverley, if not before, heirs and heiresses have been subject to perilous protectors. He is indispensable to the plot; and therefore we endure him, as we suppose his family did, as a sort of necessary evil.

Mrs. Edmonstone fills her place as usefully, and much more agreeably, though her outline is drawn with a somewhat uncertain and varying touch, as if it wavered indistinctly in the author's mind. She may not be the most sublime of models, but she is a sensible, well-principled, handsome and dignified matron, a dutiful wife under difficult circumstances, and a most sweet "mamma"; and we do not wonder that Amy, Charles, and Guy loved her and confided in her as they did.

The little turned-up-nosed, busy, inquisitive, youngest sister, Charlotte, with her quick, ready sympathies, promising qualities, and intolerably provoking ways, is a very masterpiece, and is successfully brought, like Guy, to happy maturity, parting on the way with her objectionable traits, yet retaining her individuality.

Laura is a sort of softened and shadowy she-Philip, judiciously kept a good deal in the background. The antithesis between their two lovers is reflected in that between the two elder sisters; and very remarkable, not only for its force, but for its freedom from commonplace, is the moral drawn from the different fates of Philip and Laura, humbled in their own eyes and in one another's by their common error in the midst of their prosperity, and of Guy and Amy preserving peace unspeakable amid separation, widowhood, and death. Laura's inability, too, with a conscience long cramped and blunted by the part which her wooer has trained her to play, to join with him in his repentance, is a very fine stroke.

"Silly little Amy" is very well, what there is of her; but we are afraid there is not quite enough to make her the fitting counterpart of the brilliant Guy. She is intelligent and responsive, but in mind too little individual, too little original. Such persons are very lovely, and very dearly loved sometimes in real life, but present almost insuperable difficulties to the novelist who would turn them into studies. They are like those sweet, unmarked faces that cannot be transferred to canvas. We can see, indeed, that she must have been very necessary to Charles and to Guy; but she does not become necessary to us. She matures very fast, however, during her brief married life; and when the impertinent cox-

comb begins to deliver her a lecture upon patient submission to her husband's imputed caprices, and, "as if a dove had flown in his face," she replies, "I think you forget to whom you are speaking," we want words to express our delight. Her *morale* is wellnigh faultless. Guileless, tender, and peculiarly disinterested by nature, and early strengthened and elevated by the example and unconscious influence of her unconscious lover, and by religious faith and practice, she rises, through the period of his illness and death and the first years of her widowhood, in sympathy and fellowship with his beatified spirit, to a height of self-forgetting holiness beyond the most exalted vision of ordinary mortals.

At his death, according to common rules, the story should end. All through its remaining chapters we miss him as he was missed in the darkened halls of Redclyffe and Hollywell. Its glory has departed. The sun is clouded in. But it is not a story to be either written or judged by common rules. By continuing it, the author gives us an interesting proof of its reality to her own mind, and shows that she who so stirs our feelings is feeling with us. We are grateful to her for braving less friendly critics in our behalf, and for doing what she can to satisfy us in our inability to send for daily tidings of the bereaved ones. The two most touching incidents in the book are among those which happen after Amy's return,—poor Bustle's recognition of the portmanteau and rapturous search for his master, and Charlotte's bringing in to her the spray of the brier-rose. The support, too, which she still finds, after the first stunning effect of her loss and the hope of soon rejoining her husband have passed away, is a trait of exceeding beauty, with which we would not willingly dispense. The visit to Redclyffe is a test, to which we are at first sorry to have her put. It seems too much like wantonly exposing her fortitude to every possible trial, merely for the sake of experiment. But it is borne in such a manner that, when it is over, we can no longer regret it. We share in the comfort which she derives from Mr. Shene's sketch and the baby's black eyelashes; but there is one thing for which we can find no comfort, and that is the disappointment of Guy's fondest wish, to stand with her once upon his own sea-shore,—that healthy nurse of

his boyhood, and sole partner of his distress in the long, lonely winter when slander kept them asunder. Let him be contented with his delirious vision of it if he can. We cannot. He might have been suffered to go there with her for a week before the well-meant meddling that had beset the poor young couple at every stage of their betrothed and wedded life, forcing them to give up their safe and delightful project of a tour among the green lanes and gray old cathedrals of England, drove him abroad to die; or he might have been brought back in a hopeless consumption, and carried down to the rocks in a litter. As it is, we cannot but think him very hardly used.

"Is it Providence, or her own folly?" pithily inquires Miss Sedgwick, when setting forth in one of her excellent little books the judgments that wait upon the giddy contemners of juxta-cutaneous flannel. We know not how to enter into Amy's resignation, as we ask ourselves the question, Is it Providence, or the arbitrary decree of a very ruthless young woman? But into her affliction we do enter with so depressing a sympathy, that for days or weeks after we close her history we are in a state of mind akin to that of dear Miss Matty, the simple-hearted spinster of Cranford, when, after her early sweetheart, the grand old farmer, Stephen Holbrook, dies, she goes to her milliner, and desires her to make her cap a little like those of a neighboring widow. "Those are widows' caps, ma'am," returns she of the pincushion. "O yes!" rejoins the blushing customer, with a sigh, "I did n't mean exactly. Only I thought something in that style."

"Heartsease" stands before the admirers of "The Heir of Redclyffe," at first, in the embarrassing position of "the second Duke of Wellington, or Charles Dickens, jr." One half expects to find in it a weak dilution of the earlier book,—a piece of patchwork of odds and ends left over,—the play with the part of Hamlet omitted. It is no such thing. We are as agreeably surprised as we are when, after seeing in the beauty of a family the climax of her peculiar style, and expecting to find her brothers and sisters specimens of the same, and, since they cannot be precisely like her, necessarily inferior, reminding us of her only to prove their inferiority, we

meet one of them with a far less surpassing and exquisite, indeed, but an intelligent, pleasing, and expressive physiognomy of his or her own, that challenges no invidious comparisons.

Though by no means duplicates, however, the two books are in the same handwriting. In both the characters are for the most part admirable for individuality and consistency; and there is the same diffuseness, — a diffuseness not of mere words, but of the thoughts of a mind prodigal in its overflowing fulness, — the same abundance or superabundance of conversation, always sensible and characteristic, it is true, but seldom piquant, and sometimes obscure. We meet in both with similar solecisms, (we hardly know how to class them,) such as, "It was hardly fair *upon* him"; "Arthur *told* her he had just come from the stables, where her horse was in readiness for her, and *would she like to ride to-morrow?*" "You will be, as Lord Martindale says, the daughter of our old age, — our own dear child!" "Will I?" There is the same substitution of the word "babe" for *baby*, — a piece of stiltiness unpardonable in prose, unless upon the most solemn occasions. We discover, here and there, in both, the workings of a little lurking leaven of asceticism, in a fondness for excessive self-sacrifice, even where it involves the sacrifice of others; as, for instance, where Guy forbids himself — though Amy's happiness for life, as well as his own, apparently depends upon it — to apply for Miss Wellwood's and his gambling uncle's leave to make known, in strict confidence, so much of their affairs as is necessary to explain the mystery of his demands for money; and where Violet, considering herself bound by her conditional promise to Percy not to let her headstrong sister-in-law go out with the "*fast*" Mrs. Finch when she can help it, accompanies her herself, at the peril of her husband's happiness, of her life, and of that of her child. In both, the lovers dissuade the beloved from accepting them. Both are works of genius; and both, noble sermons on the text, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." We perceive little further resemblance between them.

In "*Heartsease*," the chief interest attaches itself to the female characters. It presents us at the outset with that not uncommon, but most perplexing problem: When a young

gentleman falls desperately in love with a young lady, who is, as his family say, an undesirable, and, as he declares, only an undesired match for him, what are the said young gentleman and his family to do? One thing ought to be clear enough to him. He is not, if he has any real affection for his chosen, (not to speak of his own kindred, who may fairly be supposed to have some claims to his love,) to follow the example of Arthur Martindale. There should be nothing defiant, and nothing clandestine. It is a case for mutual concession. To say nothing of ingratitude for kindness and favors past, his contemplated connection, if it takes place, will call imperatively upon his family for kindness and favors future; and it is a piece of prospective ingratitude for him to force upon them the great annoyance, and perhaps worse, of an unwelcome intimate and relative. To argue that he asks nothing for his wife at their hands, is utterly futile. They are to be amenable, for the payment of the attentions they owe her, not to him, but to public opinion and to their own consciences. Moreover, it is impossible for him to foresee how much her comfort is eventually to depend upon them; and for her sake he ought not to make their duty towards her realize the definition of the word in the Comic Dictionary: "Duty, that which one does not like to do."

On the other hand, what the Swedenborgians call a "*true marriage*," a perfect union of heart and of life, like that of Guy and Amy, in which all that is best in each contributes to elevate and ennoble the other, is a blessing to which earth can show no equal; perhaps he has really found the one, the only person who can bestow it upon him; and if so, who shall dare encounter the fearful risk of putting them asunder? At any rate, he thinks this the case, so far as he is capable of conceiving of such a union, and thinks, also, that she has intrusted her peace of mind to his keeping, and that his honor is pledged for its preservation; and he cannot be expected readily to give her up at the caprice, or at what seems to him the caprice, of any other person. People have their secret affinities, invisible to others it may be, and inscrutable even to themselves, yet by no means to be disregarded. When there is respectability of character on both sides, and no want,

or great danger of want, of food, shelter, clothes, and fire, all that can in general be reasonably required is a delay which may give the deluded, lovers or opponents, time to open their eyes. If the former are in the right, they are not unlikely to find that there is the most virtue in the perseverance which is at once open and dutiful; if the latter, their genuine disinterestedness and forbearance may quench a spark that despotic harshness would have kindled into an unquenchable flame; and if their objections are overborne, as will very probably happen, they will do well to do precisely as John Martin-dale does, and as Theodora does not,—throw an excess of their own considerate kindness into the cleft which the offender's waywardness has made, close it up, and leave no scar behind. Like him, they may discover that they have entertained an angel unawares; or if not so, like the household of the German peasant who received the visiting fiend with no execrations, but in the name of the Lord, with songs of love and peace, they may by degrees change an unlovely intruder into a "child of light." For their comfort, they may further reflect, that, as few evils are without their compensations, and as from the beginning to the end of the world Fate would have it that men were, are, and will be bewitched with pretty faces, it was also mercifully ordained that those pretty faces should very often indeed have very warm, kind little hearts beating beneath them.

Before we quit the subject, however, we must own, lest we should be thought to throw the whole weight of our argument into the scale of matrimonial imprudences, which is very far from being our intention, that we cannot but marvel to see how reckless and indiscriminating people usually are in their selection, not only of husbands and wives, but of fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters-in-law. Even the poor young wife of our story, instructed by experience and by long separation from her own kindred, says, "with a sad seriousness of manner, 'Ranks had better not be confounded.'" In this country, though there is little acknowledged distinction of caste among the white population, it is in vain to deny that there are between different families and coteries the widest differences of culture and refinement. After the affec-

tions are positively engaged, these considerations have little place, of course; but we wonder that they should, in the first place, be carelessly suffered to fall in such a direction as to entail upon the poor little offspring of a refined and probably fastidious father or mother a host of grandparents, uncles, aunts, and cousins of coarse minds and manners, to be either shunned, scorned, or copied by them, in either case to their injury. Let the helpmeet himself or herself be good, clever, attractive, interesting, or, in a word, be perfection, or Violet Moss, which cannot with much certainty be predicted of help-meets picked up at haphazard, and the boy is none the less likely to look like his grandpapa. Master Johnny grows, as it proves, into a creature as fair and holy as one of Raphael's cherubs; but he is in his first phase quite a shocking baby, and an "awful example."

Violet is as sweet a flower as ever blossomed out of Eden. With all of Amy's essential good qualities, she has that something indescribable which Amy wants. There is more of her in all respects. Her childlike ways and words suit sixteen better than nineteen; and in good time she leaves them off, and develops into a graceful, gracious woman, gaining dignity, decision, and ease at no expense of gentleness and artlessness. Her beauty, too, is extreme, and presents an image of some distinctness to our mind's eye, — a thing, by the way, which Miss Edgeworth, much to our dissatisfaction, is wont to deny us, — though we do not altogether like the epithet "taper," repeatedly applied to her figure. A softly-tapering waist is very pretty, in spite of the physiologists; but a taper figure! — it suggests the idea of a conformation like that of a church-steeple or an extinguisher.

Her opposite, and converted enemy, Theodora, is precisely what her delightfully original lover calls her, in the very exordium of his wooing, "a grand creature, nearly thrown away for want of breaking-in." She is almost as faultless as a production of art as she would have been faulty as a production of nature. Her warm affections and hot temper, her firm, fleet step and queenly port, her coarse straw bonnet and "Skye terrier, like a walking door-mat, with a fierce and droll countenance," her chemistry and hobby-riding, her charities and

flirtations, are all in keeping. There is a magnanimity, ardor, and imperial glory inseparable from her, that sufficiently explain the devotion of Lord St. Erme and Percy, and their constancy even to her scathed remains; but until the sweet breathings of Violet have stolen through her soul, we are not sure that a prudent man would not have preferred to let "distance lend enchantment to the view" of her. A want of softness in her sex is as grievous a defect as a want of hardihood in the other. Yet there is sometimes the greatest capacity of harmony in these vast, discordant, slowly mellowed natures; as, in a numerous orchestra, the more agonizingly multifarious and prolonged the squeak, twang, bray, and roar of the preliminary tuning, the fuller, richer, and grander is the swell of music that succeeds.

The best scenes are that on Farmer Middleton's tombstone, and the fire. But we heartily wish we could be more sure that it was in rescuing her Aunt Nesbit or the dumb boy that Theodora burnt off her hair and the skin of her cheeks, and not in rescuing the furniture. If a young lady, being clearly called upon for a burnt sacrifice, consumes her epidermis on the altar of humanity, it is all very right and very noble; but a chess-table is another affair. *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.* The motive, however, in devoting herself to the latter, is equally fine and characteristic; and considering the shock that she has just received in the tidings of Percy's marriage, she can hardly be expected to discriminate.

Arthur is very much like hundreds of other thoughtless, kind-hearted young men; so much so, that we wish hundreds or thousands of other young men could profit by his experience in many respects, and especially in regard to his treatment, or rather neglect, of his uncomplaining and apparently happy bride. Companionship is, either from nature or habit, little less than a necessary of life to many or to most girls. In their native homes they can usually command, and seldom escape it. Solitary imprisonment shakes the strongest nerves, and weakens the strongest minds. It is to something very like this, with hard work besides, that the young wife, if in feeble health and narrow circumstances, frequently finds herself condemned. Marriage makes compara-

tively little difference to her husband. He can enjoy the same pursuits, spend as much time in the bracing open air, and meet the same friends, after it as before. He seldom dreams of being homesick, and cannot imagine how she can be. It is possible that, if there were more of such truthful and lifelike sketches of domestic scenes as Miss Yonge's, — instead of those pleasing but rather illusory ones which describe the good wife as necessarily happy *de se*, according to the old-fashioned notion of a saint in glory, (repose excepted,) with nothing in particular to make her so except a sense of her own good desert, and as always ready to meet her weary spouse with a smile of heartfelt cheerfulness, whether he has taught her to expect an encouraging word in return or not, — he could understand it better.

If the history of the unnecessary sufferings of the first two or three years of woman's wedded life were published, as it never was or will be, we might well be astonished to find how sad a chapter they would make in the sufferings of our race. The little of it that does escape in after times from some lovely and beloved natures is sad enough; such as the unconsciously excessive demands upon their fragile strength; the wayward, perilous extravagance of their lords and masters in money matters; the haggard vigils when the poor young wife was in the sorest need of rest, and the gay young husband forgetting himself into a midnight chat with some crony of his bachelor days, and supposed to be murdered; the misunderstandings and almost involuntary hasty words, forgotten at once by the speaker and never by the hearer; and the injudicious severity towards tender little children, springing merely from momentary irritation, or inexperience and wrong-headed theories, but sometimes carried, through heat and ignorance, to practical cruelty, and always bitterly felt by them and by her whose timid heart Heaven willed to beat in so exact a unison with theirs. Such things might scarcely be, if the little child were taught by precept and example at his father's fireside to be the generous, just, considerate, and sympathizing guardian of those weaker than himself. Such things are, and have rendered many a man — who, if urged beforehand to make his chosen happy, would have answered

with astonishment, like Arthur's, "'Happy!' Small doubt of that! What should prevent me?" — an oppressor in his wife's eyes, in those of her family, and too late in his own; when after all, if the whole truth were known, the harshest sentence he deserves may be that which the efficient functionary, the nursery-woman Sarah, with "the work of ten horses in her, the face of a death's-head, and the voice of a walking sepulchre," passes in relenting charity upon Captain Martindale: "There is not so much harm in him neither; he is nothing but a great big boy, as ought to be ashamed of himself."

The evil old hag, Mrs. Nesbit, is a perfect specimen of a certain type of evil old-womanly nature. We hardly needed to be told, as we are, that she kept the windows shut and a shawl on in summer; nor to be further told, as we are not, that she wore on "her damp, cold, long hands" the very grittiest of black lace mittens.

The good-humored, intelligent, shaggy wild animal, Percy Fotheringham, is an equally good specimen of a certain class of men. He is the right sort of mate for the generous lioness Theodora. She requires a keeper manly not only in mind, but in manner; but it is impossible not to regret the disappointment of the really noble-spirited Lord St. Erme.

A rapid draughtswoman of our acquaintance was said, whenever an oak, elm, or fir presented itself to her pencil during one of her rural sketchings, to draw a post, and write under it "tree." In like manner, our author, as often as she sees occasion, introduces a stick, and calls it "Lady Martindale." Her ladyship is the mere colored shadow of beauty, stateliness, philoprogenitiveness, and nonentity, and is, moreover, what our author is little addicted to sketching, something of an anomaly. She attaches herself with exclusive affection to the only *unlovable* member of her family, and, in bewailing the children that she has no longer, forgets to care for those that she has.

In classical scenes on the stage, we may sometimes see, besides the living, breathing, moving men and women that carry on the business of the piece, a few statues, that answer the purpose of being leaned upon, grouped round, and apos-

trophized; and others that, neither so independent nor so useful as these, are merely painted on the wall. So, in the few novels that can boast of any animated and fresh creations, we must expect to see interspersed among them others of unequal life and prominence, that, if they fill their places well, must be pardoned for possessing no high degree of originality and beauty. A few of such accessories may be found in *Heartsease*; but, with the exception of the thin, half-finished fresco, *Lady Martindale*, they are correctly drawn or modelled. The enthusiastic, fond little sister, *Lady Lucy*, the benevolent and motherly *Lady Elizabeth*, the humble, loving *Mrs. Moss*, the dignified, upright, kind-hearted *Lord Martindale*, the fine, manly farmer, *Mr. Hunt*, and the vulgar, pretentious *Mr. and Mrs. Albert Moss*, are rather too real, we think, to be included in this class; and the elder pair of *Violet's* children are eminently full of individuality. The worthy clerical cousin, and his gentle, melancholy, consumptive oldest son, conquering his self-indulgent habits, and giving up his beloved solitude so readily to soothe the griefs and bear the burdens of others, if not alive, at least deserve the prayer of *Pygmalion*.

An admirer of *Miss Sewell* *Miss Yonge* apparently is, and though she can hardly be called a follower of any one, a most worthy fellow-laborer. The ladylike delicacy of mind, hearty uprightness, and devout and elevated tone of feeling, are the same in both; while the latter has the advantage in a joyous, sprightly, every-day air, that cheats the most thoughtless and worldly into the circle of her audience, if not of her disciples. *Heartsease* reminds us in particular of *Gertrude*, by frequent coincidences. We no more call them plagiarisms than we do the transactions of the bee, that steals a little nectar, sugar-dew, or whatever the learned name for it may be, from the flowers, and yields it up again, distilled into his own high-flavored honey. The hasty marriage of the favorite brother, and sullen anger of the church-going sister, begin both stories; but the sequels are widely different. *Miss Brandon's* architectural plans, too, resemble those of *Gertrude*; but there is not much likeness between their issues, or between the two young women; and we suppose that the *château en Espagne*

of their sect must always be *une chapelle en Angleterre*. The framework of the admirable impersonation of Captain Morville is a sort of spirited and masculine amplification of the skeleton of that of little Ruth, in Laneton Parsonage; one of Miss Sewell's minor tales, which, though it has passages of great merit, pleases us less than most of her others.

It is evident that our author has opened within her imagination a mine of no ordinary richness; and after the proof, afforded by her latest publication, of the variety of her powers, we shall look with added interest for those which are to succeed. It is her own fault if the little or the much that she has given us only makes us ask for more. The expectations which she has raised pledge her to the reading public; and we have little fear, unless too restricted and narrow an idea of usefulness should bind, cramp, and enfeeble the powers which have made her so charmingly and so profitably entertaining, that the pledge will not, in the course of a few years, be amply redeemed.

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ART. VIII. — *Nature in Disease, illustrated in various Discourses and Essays. To which are added Miscellaneous Writings, chiefly on Medical Subjects.* By JACOB BIGELOW, M.D. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1854. 12mo. pp. 391.

THERE have always existed among those devoted to the healing art, not only men of great erudition in their own special vocation, but those who have successfully cultivated, and have contributed to the progress of, the different departments of natural science. By education, the physician is led to study the phenomena of nature, not only as they are manifested in the phases of human suffering, but often incidentally, as exhibited in the different members of the organic world and in the reaction of matter upon matter in its ever-varying forms and conditions. Under these circumstances, it is not remarkable that the natural sciences, in all stages of

their history, should have been very largely indebted to medical men for discoveries and improvements. Cuvier, in his *éloge* on Corvisart, paid a just tribute to the profession, when he acknowledged that it was from men destined to medical pursuits that the Academy had almost always elected those who, as its members, cultivated the natural sciences.

But what was true in times past, as to the direct agency of the medical profession in the progress of these departments of knowledge, more especially of physics, chemistry, zoölogy, and botany, cannot be asserted with equal force in the actual condition of things, and in all probability will never be true again. This is not, however, because medical men have deteriorated in any degree as scientific observers, or are any less than ever disposed to aid in extending the boundaries of human knowledge. In these respects they never occupied a more honorable position; and the minutest details of structure and function, healthy or diseased, as revealed by the scalpel or the microscope, were never investigated with so much zeal and enthusiasm as at the present time.

But in the progress of knowledge, those departments which formerly were accessory to the education of the physician only, or which he cultivated as accomplishments or from taste, have been developed into extended sciences, and thus have given origin to distinct professions. Chemistry, once almost exclusively medical in its bearings, has become a science of immensely broad application in the arts, and is as distinct a calling as that of either of the learned professions; and the chemical professorships, even in medical schools, are frequently filled by those who have never occupied the seats of the medical lecture-room. Anatomy and Physiology, for so many centuries strictly medical in their relations, though they can never be divorced from that profession to which they owe their origin and development, are now cultivated by many whom Medicine will not find enumerated in her ranks. Even Medicine, strictly speaking, has become so extended in its different departments, that one of them may engross all the energies of men actuated by the true spirit of inquiry, and eminent for industry and a high order of intellect. The great tendency of the mind here, as in natural science

generally, is not to diversity, but to specialty; consequently, Medicine has ceased to be a single science, and has literally become an aggregation of sciences. A physician, therefore, who to great proficiency and practical skill in his own vocation adds extensive acquaintance with the collateral sciences, is becoming of less and less common occurrence. His profession, except in rare instances, demands, if he would cultivate it with success, and still more if he would enlarge its boundaries, that all his energies should be concentrated upon one or more points within its limits. In this increasing subdivision of intellectual labor, we have the best evidence of real progress and of accumulated knowledge.

By the general consent of the community in which he has spent an active, honorable, and responsible life, and of the profession to which he belongs, a position has been gratefully accorded to the author of the work here noticed among the most eminent medical men of our country,—a position to which none attain except on the ground of actual merit, and of talents rightly exercised. If to the title at the head of this article were added those of other works of which he is the author, and to these his general reputation for varied learning, we should find ample reason for assigning him a place among the comparatively few who have been able to cultivate their own profession with that assiduity and fidelity which insure distinguished success, and at the same time have extended their inquiries into other departments of knowledge, have studied the laws of physical phenomena, or have described and classified organic forms.

In the early periods of his professional life, Dr. Bigelow devoted himself with all the zeal of a true naturalist to the practical cultivation of botanical studies, more especially to the investigation of the Flora of New England; at a time, it should be remembered, when this field had been explored but by few, and when little had been done towards a systematic description of genera and species. To render his labor as complete as possible, extensive explorations were made in different States; and in the year 1816, in company with the distinguished botanist, Dr. Francis Boott, and others, was made one of the earliest botanical surveys through the differ-

ent zones of vegetation on the slopes of Mount Washington. It is interesting to notice in Dr. Bigelow's instructive report of the expedition, that among the plants collected were species that are also natives of Siberia, Lapland, Greenland, and Labrador,—a fact indicating the existence of a much wider geographical distribution of one and the same species than is met with in the animal kingdom, but perfectly in accordance with the recent investigations of J. D. Hooker and Robert Brown, who have shown that a large number of the flowering plants of Europe are indigenous even in Australia and New Zealand. Dr. Bigelow's botanical contributions, however, need no extended notice here; hundreds of students throughout New England, with the aid of his "*Florula Bostoniensis*," have become familiar with the different races of plants which belong to this section of the country; and his "*American Medical Botany*," replete with original observations, has been regarded by all subsequent writers as of standard authority, and as one of the most honorable contributions to American science. In connection with his botanical studies should be mentioned his interest in the physical sciences, especially in their practical applications, which led to his appointment to the Rumford Professorship in Harvard University. As a textbook to the course of lectures which this office required, he prepared the "*Elements of Technology*," which in successive editions has been very extensively used by students and general readers.

Dr. Bigelow was elected, in the year 1815, to the chair of *Materia Medica* in the Massachusetts Medical College, which he has held with honor to the institution up to the present time. After thirty years of faithful service, his resignation has just been made public. As a lecturer, with a thorough knowledge of his department, he combined a clear and demonstrative mode of presenting his subject, the occasional expression of genuine humor, and a discriminating and healthy scepticism with regard to the efficacy of a large number of the almost endless list of medicinal substances. As will be seen by reference to one of the articles in the volume before us, he has been a zealous advocate of whatever might simplify the pharmacopœia of the United States, by divesting

it of the redundancies in European systems. He rather approved of the proceeding of the Russian autocrat, "who ordered his medical attendant, Sir James Wylie, to prepare a *Pharmacopœia Russica*, which he introduced by a ukase throughout his extensive dominions." There have been but few medical works published in this country which have had a greater popularity than Dr. Bigelow's "Supplement to the *Pharmacopœia* of the United States"; and the true secret of its success was found in the well-digested and truly practical nature of its contents.

The work entitled "Nature in Disease" contains sixteen discourses and essays on various professional and other subjects, many of which have been previously made public. The larger portion of them are eminently practical in their nature, in point of style have the great merit of conciseness and perspicuity, and are strictly logical in their trains of reasoning. They give abundant evidence of cool and dispassionate observation,—of the power to discriminate between facts and opinions, and to sift and analyze phenomena till their true import is made apparent. There is a striking contrast between the sound, practical views contained in these discourses, and the speculations of those who, like Rush, have labored with all the energies of an active mind misapplied to force everything into subordination to a favorite dogma. If there be any point with regard to which the reader might be led astray, it would be, perhaps, in relation to the uncertainty of medicine, of which he might form an exaggerated idea, unless he remembered that the author's object is not to contrast the certainties with the uncertainties, but to exhibit the latter in their true light, to expose the fallacies of unsound opinions, and to face the truth, however unwelcome it may be.

The discourse "On Self-limited Diseases," pronounced at one of the annual meetings of the Massachusetts Medical Society nearly twenty years ago, contains independent views, which, at the time they were delivered, clashed somewhat harshly with the ideas then prevalent among physicians, not only in this country, but in Europe. In medicine, as in all other departments of human knowledge, certain articles of belief, which are in reality fallacious, become so firmly fixed in

the mind as to appear in the light of ultimate truths, and are transmitted from one generation to another as unalterable rules of action. This tendency is burlesqued by Molière, in the character of the physician who insisted that his patient could not be dead, because it was contrary to the teachings of Hippocrates that a man should die of the alleged malady before the expiration of a certain number of days. But the clearer light which gradually accumulated observations cast upon disease induces the physician to approach it with an entirely different set of leading ideas; and the result is, that, while knowledge increases in one direction, doubt springs up in another, and some of those doctrines which seemed to contain reliable truths are shown to be unequivocal errors.

One of the surest indications of a well-balanced mind is found in a readiness to appreciate the value of new facts which extend the limits of science, and an equal readiness to perceive the real nature of errors which have obtained general credence and still remain serious obstacles to progress; and one of the best services which such a mind can render to others is to expose the falseness of their errors, and to teach them to unlearn what in good faith they had taken great pains to acquire. To aid in rendering such a service was the intention of this discourse. The belief was generally prevalent among medical men, that certain diseases were capable of being "cut short," or at least of being very much modified, by professional treatment. It is within the memory of a large portion of the profession, that typhoid fever was supposed to be a disease which, in its early stages at least, might be so far counteracted by a bold attack as to reduce to a few days' duration a siege which otherwise might be continued for weeks, exposing the patient to death, either from the severity of the disease itself, or from the accidental complications which sometimes are conjoined with it, even in its milder forms. In France, scepticism in relation to the effects of treatment in this and other diseases had already manifested itself, and the observations of two profound observers, Louis and Andral, had justified it on solid grounds, so that the *expectant* or waiting system was substituted for that which relies upon the administration of remedies. In this country these views, it is

believed, obtained their first firm foothold in Boston, and Dr. Bigelow was among the earliest to adopt and promulgate them in his intercourse with his professional brethren as well as in his public teaching; nor do we remember to have seen them elsewhere so broadly and definitely stated, or so extensively applied, as in this discourse. It recognizes the existence of a large class of diseases, which, so far from being amenable, as regards their essential nature, to the effects of remedies, as was generally suspected or believed, are not materially modified by them. To these maladies the term *self-limited* is applied, the precise acceptation of which may be understood from the following extracts.

“By a self-limited disease, I would be understood to express one which receives limits from its own nature, and not from foreign influences; one which, after it has obtained foothold in the system, cannot, in the present state of our knowledge, be eradicated, or abridged, by art,—but to which there is due a certain succession of processes, to be completed in a certain time; which time and processes may vary with the constitution and condition of the patient, and may tend to death, or to recovery, but are not known to be shortened, or greatly changed, by medical treatment.

“These expressions are not intended to apply to the palliation of diseases, for he who turns a pillow, or administers a seasonable draught of water to a patient, palliates his sufferings; but they apply to the more important consideration of removing diseases themselves through medical means.”—p. 4.

“In proceeding to enumerate more precisely some of the diseases which appear to me to be self-limited in their character, I approach the subject with diffidence. I am aware that the works of medical writers, and especially of medical compilers, teem with remedies and modes of treatment for all diseases; and that, in the morbid affections of which we speak, remedies are often urged with zeal and confidence, even though sometimes of an opposite character. Moreover, in many places, at the present day, a charm is popularly attached to what is called an active, bold, or heroic practice; and a corresponding reproach awaits the opposite course, which is cautious, palliative, and expectant. In regard to the diseases which have been called self-limited, I would not be understood to deny that remedies capable of removing them may exist; I would only assert, that they have not yet been proved to exist.”—pp. 9, 10.

The class of self-limited diseases, which is not established

as a natural and permanent, but as a temporary and expedient one, includes all those febrile affections which are attended with some eruption upon the skin, as Measles, Scarlet Fever, Small-pox, and Typhoid Fever; also certain non-eruptive, contagious diseases, as Hooping-cough, Mumps, and others. It would be foreign to the design of our journal to enter into an exposition of the argument as applied to these maladies; it is enough that the doctrines of this discourse, though they may still be objected to by a few as bordering upon scepticism, have been very generally accepted and acted upon by the most enlightened physicians. The only object had in view in alluding to them now is to give an illustration of the character of the author's writings, and to mention an instance of an important service rendered in promulgating sound views, by the adoption of which many are saved from well-meant, but useless, remedial treatment.\*

The two discourses, "On the Treatment of Disease," and "On the Medical Profession, and Quackery," were delivered, on different occasions, to classes of medical students at the opening of the annual course of lectures at the Massachusetts Medical College in Boston, and have for their principal aim the discussion of several subjects, with regard to which it is important that those entering upon their professional studies should form correct ideas. The author deprecates the tendency so general among American students to hurry into and through their period of pupilage. One of the legitimate consequences of such a course is, that there annually go forth into the world some who are not competent to meet the emergencies of their professional life, and who sooner or later are placed in positions of great responsibility, where discretion, skill, and energy can alone conduct them to a happy issue. It is then that the young physician finds himself judged by the true standard, and the question of success or failure summarily answered. In this country it will be impossible to prevent the incompetent from exercising the privi-

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\* In speaking of these diseases as being self-limited, and not amenable to treatment, reference is had to the diseases themselves only, and not to their accidents or complications, which *are* controlled or modified by remedies, and open a wide field for the exercise of medical skill.

leges of the diploma. There are, among our many medical schools, some that were established as private speculations, or for the purpose of extending the influence of those who control them. In these the standard is low, and the means of instruction are wholly inadequate. Yet we believe that the average standard of medical education in the United States is constantly improving, and that, as an offset for those whose education is deficient, there exists a constantly increasing number of students who prolong their studies beyond the required period, and who, after having finished the ordinary curriculum of our own schools, resort to those of London, Edinburgh, Paris, or Vienna.

Among the subjects touched upon in these two discourses is the position of medicine as a science. Notwithstanding the place justly assigned to it in its present condition, its natural affinities are, as we think, with the exact sciences. Natural operations, as soon as the mind gains an insight into them, are always found subordinate to a definite law; and nothing has yet come to light which shows that the phenomena of disease are an exception to this rule. We speak of anomalies and abnormal conditions; but these terms are provisional, and are equivalent to an acknowledgment of ignorance. The history of medicine, as well as of other sciences, offers instances enough where phenomena, supposed to be in the highest degree abnormal, have, by the extension of knowledge, become more or less explicable and normal. A single illustration may be cited in the case of what are called "freaks of nature," "*lusus naturæ*," and "monstrosities." These, in the absence of any definite explanation, have been regarded by some as "manifestations of Divine wrath," by others as "devices of the Devil," or, as one of the names indicates, an indulgence on the part of Nature in a sportive propensity. Medical men have generally been satisfied with calling them "deviations," "anomalies," "vices of conformation," and other names, which either indicate very obvious facts or involve some untenable hypothesis. The embryological reseraches of Geoffrey St. Hilaire in France, and of Meckel and others in Germany, which paved the way for so much that has since been done in zoölogy and philo-

sophical anatomy, proved beyond a question that a large proportion of the so-called anomalies of conformation are to be accounted for by the persistence of embryonic conditions, which in general have but a temporary existence. Thus, to take a simple instance, one of the anomalies of the heart is the absence of a division between the two ventricles,—a condition which exists in all hearts during early fœtal life. One of the anomalies of the hands and feet is the existence of a web between the fingers and toes, and embryology demonstrates to us that in the formative stage of these parts they are webbed in man as well as in all vertebrated animals, and the persistence of this condition gives the webbed foot of the aquatic animals, which is normal, and the webbed fingers or toes in man, which are called abnormal. The same explanation applies to many of the instances of congenital deficiencies of limbs wholly or in part, to harelips, and other conditions which are more complex. The anomalies just referred to constitute but one of several groups, and come under the general denomination of “arrests of development.” It is true, that, in applying embryology, we only explain *how*, not *why*, these deviations occur; still it proves to us that they are amenable to a natural law. Similar advances will no doubt be made in time with regard to diseases which, though now wholly inexplicable, will hereafter be found to conform to some general principle; and as the anomalies disappear, the claims of medicine as a science will become stronger and stronger, demonstrating the presence of “nature in disease.” Cuvier, on one occasion, in the presence of some of the most distinguished naturalists of France, who were sceptical as to the correctness of his osteological principles, was proceeding to uncover the skeleton of a fossil animal, a few fragments only of which protruded from the mass of stone in which it was buried; the rest had never yet been exposed to the eye of man. Before the chisel was applied, he remarked that the true test of science was the power which it conferred upon us of foreseeing events, or predicting results. As one part after another of the fossil was uncovered, his previously expressed opinion of its details was fully verified, showing that comparative osteology

in his hands had truly become a science. In medicine, how few are the instances in which the physician exercises any such power as that just referred to! Who, in fact, would dare to predict in a given case the issue of any of our diseases of ordinary severity? Medicine, therefore, for satisfactory reasons, must for the present at least find its place among the inexact sciences, but on that account does not necessarily remain a useless one.

"It would at first seem that the exact sciences were those most worthy the cultivation of intelligent minds, inasmuch as they lead to satisfactory, and therefore to gratifying results; and because, in their more elevated departments, they involve and require some of the highest reaches of the human intellect. But in the opinions of mankind, as evinced by their practice, the opposite judgment prevails, and probably nine tenths of the labor of educated and intellectual men are employed on studies which are, in their nature, uncertain and conjectural.

"The cause of this great ascendency in the attention given to the inexact sciences is to be found in the vast and paramount importance of their subjects, and also in the difficulty of consummating their great ends. It is much more important to mankind to know how to avoid anarchy and crime, war, famine, poverty and pestilence, than it is to know that the planet Saturn has a ring, or that a lily has six stamens, that light can be polarized, or that potass can be decomposed. Yet, while the latter propositions are susceptible of absolute demonstration, the former processes, which bear directly on human happiness or misery, are frequently removed beyond our foresight or control. The wisest men often fail to influence the destinies of states, families, and individuals, and the shrewdest calculators are baffled in regard to a coming crop, a pecuniary crisis, a glut in the commercial market, or a change in the public morals. Nevertheless, the wise man, conscious of superior talent, and the philanthropist desirous of the public weal, and even the interested man who looks to his personal advantage and progress, must give themselves and their energies to studies which involve the immediate wants of their fellow-men, even though their best directed efforts should fail of the desired results. And the simple reason is, that if the best qualified minds decline to undertake this task, it will most assuredly be assumed by the ignorant and presumptuous.

"Pre-eminent among the inexact and speculative sciences stands *practical medicine*, a science older than civilization, cultivated and honored in all ages, powerful for good or for evil, progressive in its

character, but still unsettled in its principles; remunerative in fame and fortune to its successful cultivators, and rich in the fruits of a good conscience to its honest votaries. Encumbered as it is with difficulty, fallacy, and doubt, medicine yet constitutes one of the most attractive of the learned professions. It is largely represented in every city, village, and hamlet. Its imperfections are lost sight of in the overwhelming importance of its objects. The living look to it for succor, — the dying call on it for rescue.

“The greatest boons and the most important objects presented to our aspirations in this life are not to be approached through paths which are straight and unmistakable. The avenues to most of them are shadowed by doubts or clogged with incessant obstacles. Next to the spiritual welfare of men, the preservation of their lives, the peace and safety of their communities, the acquirement and preservation of their worldly goods, are among the objects which take strongest hold on their desires. Yet grave doubts are justifiable, whether any precise means have yet been agreed upon by which these desirable ends can with certainty be attained. And if any one deems it a reproach on medicine that its cultivators have not arrived at a common faith and practice, let him consider whether the laborers in other fields, however honest their intentions, are agreed in their theological creeds and political platforms.” — pp. 60 – 63.

In relation to quackery, Dr. Bigelow expresses the rather humiliating conviction, that it is a standing want in the community, since there always exists a certain proportion of persons whose mental constitution, whose credulity, whose “wondering faculty,” as Goldsmith called it, can be satisfied with nothing less than the most preposterous pretensions. Even among savage races the quack is not an unknown element in society; for Catlin recognized a species of the genus among our Indians in the Far West, and Sir John Franklin gives an amusing description of the manner in which the “medicine” of one who made great pretensions was put to the test, and of the great mortification of the “medicine man” himself which ensued. Certain it is, that empiricism is rife amongst us, and, if we compare the past and the present, is rapidly increasing, though the means by which it continues to gain and keep a foothold among the public are constantly changing. The weapon-salve, the sympathetic powder, and the tractors, are no longer thought of;

but their places are supplied by an infinity of other delusive inventions, which keep pace with, or rather are suggested by, the improvements in science.

Quackery is by no means exclusively confined to the ignorant. Ignorance and empiricism very naturally go together, and generally do; but ignorance is not inconsistent with strict honesty of purpose, and the most arrogant charlatanism is sometimes met with among the truly skilled and learned. The diploma is not, therefore, necessarily the diagnostic sign by which the quack and impostor are distinguished from the honorable and well-educated physician. Odium has been, from time to time, justly attached to medical men for the grossest empiricism, as in the case of Paracelsus, and of the celebrated Dr. Robert Fludd (or Robertus a Fluctibus, as he preferred to style himself), and of others. Nevertheless, to the credit of medical men be it said, that as a profession, in their collective capacity, they have always actively discountenanced it, and, with good intentions, though sometimes, perhaps, by injudicious means, have attempted to eradicate it wherever found, whether in or out of the profession. The remedy for quackery in this country, it is quite clear, cannot be found in legislation or in medical police; at all events, thus far both have proved only partially effectual. Whatever action may be deemed necessary with regard to it, the soundness of the views contained in the following paragraphs cannot be questioned.

“In your demeanor in regard to quacks, you should keep aloof from them, and trouble yourselves little about them. Admit the general fact, that the race always do and must exist in society; that they are wanted by the credulity of a particular class of minds; that the fall of one dishonest pretender, or one visionary sect, is sure to be replaced by the elevation of another; therefore it little concerns you to know what particular imposition has the ascendancy at any given time. When you are interrogated in regard to a specific subject of this kind, you should make a reasonable, cogent, and dispassionate answer, always avoiding the appearance of warmth and especially of self-interest; and you may be sure that a majority of the public will be on the side of truth. As far as my observation extends, three quarters at least of the families in Boston and New England are in the hands of regular

practitioners. The remaining fraction, more or less, consists partly of minds so constituted that they require the marvellous as a portion of their necessary food, and partly of unfortunate beings, suffering the inevitable lot of humanity, who, having failed to obtain relief from the ordinary resources of medicine, seek for temporary encouragement in the dishonest assurances of any who will promise to cure them. The first class is the dog in the fable, catching at shadows; the last is the drowning man catching at straws.

"Above all, if you would discountenance quackery, take care that you become not quacks yourselves. Charlatanism consists not so much in ignorance, as in dishonesty and deception. In your intercourse with patients, cultivate a spirit of fidelity, candor, and truth. Endeavor to understand yourselves and your science, weigh justly your own powers, and profess only what you can accomplish. If you announce to your patients that you will cure incurable diseases, or cut short those which have a necessary period of duration, you do not speak the truth, you merely blind your patient, while you throw the die for a fortuitous result, a game at which the veriest mountebank may at any time beat you. The profession as a body are often unpopular with a large and sagacious part of the community, because they so frequently disappoint the expectations they have allowed themselves to raise. You may safely undertake and promise to cure diseases which you know to be curable, to alleviate others which you know to be not so, and to perform what art and science can do towards conducting doubtful and dangerous cases to a happy issue. But this is all you can accomplish or promise. The skilful mariner may steer his ship through a dangerous navigation, but he cannot control the wind nor arrest the storm. Nor would he gain reputation by professing to do so."—pp. 125–128.

"An honest and independent practitioner, and especially a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, should never be induced to give his counsel, or his aid in any shape, to empiricism and dishonesty, whether it occur among those who are within or without the pale of its membership. And no consideration of gain or notoriety should induce those, whose age or standing causes them to be resorted to for consultation, to lend their influence or countenance to encourage either the delusions of those who are honest, or the practices of those who are not.

"If quackery, individual or gregarious, is ever to be eradicated, or even abated, in civilized society, it must be done by enlightening the public mind in regard to the true powers of medicine. The community must be made to understand that there are certain things which medicine can do, and certain other things which it cannot do; that

some diseases are curable by active interference, and others by time and nature alone; that true medical skill lies in discrimination and prognosis, and judicious adaptation of management, more than in assumed therapeutic power, in regard to special agents; and that he who professes to cure by medicine a self-limited fever, is as much an impostor, or deluded man, as he who pretends to do the same thing with a fractured bone or incised wound. Nothing so much shakes the confidence of mankind in the medical profession as unfulfilled promises; nothing so much strengthens this confidence, as fair-dealing exhibited in an earnest requirement and fearless expression of the truth. Such a course, by commending itself to the sensible and enlightened, may be expected, sooner or later, in some measure to influence the unreasonable and ignorant, — much sooner, indeed, than a warfare carried on in the arena of empiricism with its own weapons.” — pp. 107 – 109.

The following paragraph is quoted for the correctness of the delineation which it contains of the truly great physician. No illustration from life could be more appropriate than that alluded to in the last sentence, of one honored and revered by all, — a physician whose reputation for great professional acquirements, for integrity, for judicial fairness of mind, and, above all, for moral dignity of character, does not suffer by comparison with the noblest examples.

“If the question be asked, what makes a great physician, and one who is appealed to by his peers, and by the discerning portion of the public, for counsel in difficult cases, I would answer, that *he is a great physician who, above other men, understands diagnosis*. It is not he who promises to cure all maladies, who has a remedy ready for every symptom, or one remedy for all symptoms; who boasts that success never fails him, when his daily history gives the lie to such assertions. It is rather he, who, with just discrimination, looks at a case in all its difficulties; who to habits of correct reasoning adds the acquirements obtained from study and observation; who is trustworthy in common things for his common sense, and in professional things for his judgment, learning, and experience; who forms his opinion positive or approximative, according to the evidence; who looks at the necessary results of inevitable causes; who promptly does what man may do of good, and carefully avoids what he may do of evil. Examples are rare of this perfection, yet for an approach to such a standard of professional excellence, I would venture to direct your remembrance to the venerable ex-professor, fortunately yet among us, of the theory and practice in this University.” — pp. 67, 68.

In the article "On the Poisonous Effects of the American Partridge, or Ruffed Grouse," ten cases, out of a larger number observed, are recorded of persons who have had very alarming, though in no case fatal, symptoms soon after partaking of this article of diet, which is so much of a favorite with epicures. Although the number of instances of deleterious effects is very small compared with the whole number of those who annually eat partridges, yet there can be no question as to the relation of cause and effect. Nevertheless, in a work called "The American Sportsman," recently published, evidently prepared with great care, and, so far as we can judge, by one who is an authority, the following memorandum occurs: "The prevalent opinion that the flesh of the American pheasant becomes poisonous by partaking of the leaves and berries of the mountain laurel is all fallacious, and without hesitation may be classed with the list of vulgar errors." From the absence of any acknowledgment on the part of the author that the flesh is ever poisonous, we presume that he is sceptical not only as to the cause, but as to the fact, of poisoning. The cases occurring in the practice of different physicians, and brought together by Dr. Bigelow, will satisfy the most incredulous. Below are given the results of the examination of the different cases observed.

"From a general analysis of the symptoms produced, it appears that under certain circumstances the flesh of the partridge acts as a direct sedative poison, impairing the functions of the brain, and, in connection, those of the digestive and circulating systems. The cerebral symptoms, in a majority of cases, have been vertigo, loss of sight, tinnitus aurium, and in bad cases general loss of the power of sensation and voluntary motion. Respiration has been slow, sometimes to a great degree. In the circulating system there has been syncope, feeble and sometimes irregular action of the heart; weak, slow, and sometimes imperceptible pulse; cold surface, and pale or livid complexion. In the digestive system there is oppression, nausea with tendency to vomit, and in many cases pain in the abdomen extending through to the back. In more rare cases pain has been felt in the head and limbs.

"The foregoing morbid symptoms have mostly appeared within two or three hours after taking the food. But instances have occurred in which persons have been taken before leaving the table."—p. 284.

The earliest of Dr. Bigelow's published articles contained in this volume was that "On the Treatment of Injuries occasioned by Fire and Heated Substances," being a part of a Boylston prize dissertation for 1812. In this dissertation are recorded experiments made for the purpose of determining the effects of different kinds of treatment upon burns, in regard to which so much discrepancy exists. Ordinarily, the great difficulty in testing the value of two different modes of treatment is found in the impossibility of using them under precisely similar circumstances as to the severity of the disease and the peculiar conditions of the sufferer, — so that the observer finds it impossible to decide how far the difference in results is to be attributed to the difference in treatment, and how far to the difference of circumstances in the individuals affected. Dr. Bigelow's experiments were made upon the right and left ears of the same rabbit, both of which received the same injury, not only in kind but in degree, and where of course all the circumstances may be regarded as having been precisely alike, so that whatever difference existed in the results would be attributable to the treatment alone. The experiment reminds us of the Hunterian mode of investigation.

The article on "Pneumothorax," though of a strictly professional nature, ought to receive a passing notice, since it gives another instance of the practical nature of the author's mind. One of the most prominent symptoms of the disease in question is a sound to which the term "metallic tinkling" has been very appropriately applied, and which had been differently explained by different observers. Nearly all the explanations were theoretical, and only one observer suggests a cause similar to that proved to exist by Dr. Bigelow. By a series of accurate observations upon the living, and of well-devised experiments upon the dead body, one cause at least was satisfactorily ascertained, and the sound referred to was so precisely reproduced, that in the minds of very accurate observers no question existed as to the identity. The explanation has been acknowledged in this country and in Europe. This result is referred to for another reason, namely, because it illustrates one of the phases of medical investigations which indicate an affinity with the exact sciences. Those who have

been conversant with the hospitals of Paris or Vienna know very well that the phenomena of diseases of the chest are studied with as much experimental accuracy as if the problem were one of the steam-engine or of the air-pump; they have been witnesses too of the patient study of details in all stages of disease, and of the accuracy with which expressed opinions have been verified by examinations after death. The stethoscope has certainly been one of the most important instruments in conducting medical investigations upon a scientific basis.

The following opinions from the essay "On Coffee and Tea" are selected for the benefit of those who are desirous of information as to the effects, deleterious or otherwise, of these universal articles of diet.

"During the extensive trial which has been made all over the world, as to the effect of coffee upon the health, no small diversity of opinion has existed in regard to its specific powers. Of the properties ascribed to it, two seem better established than any others. These are its property of assisting digestion, and that of obviating drowsiness. Coffee, when taken into the stomach, usually creates a pleasing sense of vigor in that organ, it moderates alimentary fermentation, takes off the feeling of distention and heaviness occasioned by over-eating, counteracts in some degree the fumes of wine, and produces a lightness and hilarity of mind, more moderate but more permanent than that occasioned by vinous or spirituous liquors. The custom derived from the French of drinking coffee after dinner, is beneficial, and powerfully promotes the process of digestion. It is known to epicures of most countries, that a cup of strong coffee, at the end of some hours spent at the table, enables them to continue their functions, both of body and mind, to a greater extent than would have been done under any other assistance.

"It is well known that coffee is strongly promotive of watchfulness, and enables us to resist for a long time the approaches of sleep. Students, whose lucubrations occupy a considerable portion of the night, find a great increase of the vigilance and vigor of their faculties, derived from the use of both coffee and tea. In fact, the long habit of drinking these articles renders us so dependent on them, for the power of keeping the mind awake and active, that a change from them to any other kind of diet creates in most persons, at least for a time, a drowsiness and dulness of intellect. Hence it is common to hear milk and chocolate accused of creating sleepiness, an effect which arises, not from

any real soporific influence in those articles, but from the change of diet, and the want of the customary stimulus of coffee and tea. The Turks and Arabians consume large quantities of coffee, because it acts as an antidote to the stupefying effect of opium, to the abuse of which those nations are generally addicted. It has already been mentioned, and is a fact which every practitioner should remember, that perhaps no antidotal substance exerts so powerful an agency in counteracting the effect not only of opium, but of alcohol and the whole tribe of narcotics, as a seasonable draught of strong coffee.

"Many complaints have been ascribed to the frequent and excessive use of coffee, such as tremors, headache, vertigo, and some more serious disorders. These complaints are most apt to appear when coffee has been taken alone, without a sufficient quantity of nourishment accompanying it. It is common for physicians, in the course of practice, to hear complaints of a sinking at the stomach, universal trembling of the limbs, and a loss of muscular power, coming on at eleven or twelve in the morning, and incapacitating the patient for business. These complaints I have, in more than half the instances which have come under my notice, been able to trace to a cup or two of strong coffee, or perhaps tea, taken for breakfast without a particle of nourishment, or at least without a sufficient quantity to support the system, during and after the stimulant operation of these active liquids. I have generally found these complaints to be most effectually relieved by the simple remedy of eating, and cured either by increasing the quantity and quality of nourishment taken in the morning, or by exchanging the coffee for cocoa, chocolate, or milk."— pp. 294 – 297.

"Tea, as it is brought to us in its dry state, has the effect of creating a lightness and exhilaration of mind, an increased action of the stomach in the process of digestion, and, above all, a vigilance and increased power of mental exertion. Dr. Johnson is recorded to have made the teapot the companion of his lucubrations, and to have taken immense quantities of its contents, to sustain the energies of his powerful mind during the prodigious labors which he accomplished. In its other properties tea is astringent and antiseptic. It visibly produces no injurious effect upon the generality of persons who take it from infancy to old age. It is remarked by Desfontaines, that no vegetable is known, the infusion of which can be drunk so often and in such large quantities, without disgust. The Chinese regard it as highly salubrious. They mix with it neither milk nor sugar, but drink it pure, sometimes holding a piece of sugar in the mouth. The constant use which this people have made of it for so many ages seems to prove that, when rightly

prepared, it is destitute at least of injurious properties. Professor Kalm states, that tea is the best corrector of bad water, and that he derived from it great comfort and benefit during the illness and inconvenience of a long sea voyage. It is, in fact, one of the best remedies for slight sea-sickness. An extract made of tea is in high repute as a medicine in China, and is said to remove obstructions and promote perspiration. Dr. Lettsom found that tea given in fine powder, in doses of thirty grains once in three or four hours, produced nausea and diaphoresis, and appeared to diminish the heat accompanying inflammatory complaints. The finer and more green is the tea, the more powerful are its specific effects.

“Nevertheless, a variety of injurious consequences have been ascribed to tea, and many no doubt *have* arisen, either from its abuse, or from the idiosyncrasies of those who have been the subjects of its influence. Some persons complain that, after taking freely of tea, a nervous agitation of the whole frame commences. The hands tremble, so as to be incapable of writing; the limbs experience a loss of power, and perform their office with difficulty; at the same time a confusion of ideas incapacitates the mind for any close or active train of thinking. There are even some persons, in whom tea produces great nausea and sickness, with spasmodic pains of the stomach and bowels, and an uncontrollable agitation of spirits on the least hurry, noise, or disturbance. These symptoms, however, are the effect of some peculiarity in the constitution, a great mobility of the nervous system, and generally of a slender, enfeebled, and effeminate frame. They may, however, arise in all persons from an excessive use, either as it respects the quantity or strength of the tea, or the want of nourishment taken at the same time. I believe the number of persons will be found to be exceedingly small, who cannot take tea in moderate quantities and accompanied by food, without any inconvenience whatever.

“The inquiry is often made of physicans, Which is the most wholesome article of food, coffee or tea? The prejudices of most persons are ranged on one side or the other of this question, and even practitioners themselves are apt to fall into one or the other extreme. One of the oldest and most distinguished physicians of this city,\* being asked what was the difference in effect between tea and coffee, replied, ‘One is poison, and the other not.’ A physician of equal eminence, in Philadelphia,† decided on the properties of the two with equal positiveness, taking, however, the opposite side of the question. The truth is, that there are scarcely any two substances in the materia medica which

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\* Dr. S. Danforth.

† Dr. B. S. Barton.

bear a closer relation, or more nearly resemble each other, in their properties, than coffee and tea. Tea is more astringent than coffee, and coffee of the strength commonly used is somewhat more stimulating than tea, — otherwise the differences which have been ascribed to them have mostly arisen from the accidental opinions of individuals, whose taste and idiosyncrasies have rendered them fond of the one and averse to the other.” — pp. 310–314.

In the preceding pages we have referred to those opinions especially which are almost wholly of a professional nature. The instructive discourse “On the Burial of the Dead” is one which will most interest the general reader, and will recall to the memory of all the author’s untiring devotion to the cemetery at Mount Auburn, of which he was the originator, and in the control of which, through its whole history, he has been the master-spirit. He may well feel an honest pride in the results of his foresight, and in the annually increasing interest attached to this burial-place for the dead, which has become sacred by so many hallowed associations.

It has been said of distinguished physicians, that what they leave in writing comprises the least of the services which they have rendered others. This remark is unquestionably applicable here. Whatever value may be attached to the printed volumes referred to in the preceding pages, there will yet remain more than forty years’ service in active professional life, of which there is no other record than the admiring respect of those who have received the benefits of the author’s profound judgment, his devotion to the sick, and his consummate practical skill.

- ART. IX. — 1. *History of Louisiana. The French Domination.* By CHARLES GAYARRÉ. New York: Redfield. 1854. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 540, 380.
2. *History of Louisiana. The Spanish Domination.* By CHARLES GAYARRÉ. New York: Redfield. 1854. 8vo. pp. 649.

BEFORE entering upon the analysis of the volumes whose titles we have given, it may be worth while, for the sake of placing the reader in a pleasant and understanding relation with the author, according to the principle once so agreeably announced in the opening sentence of the *Spectator*, to give a few particulars of Mr. Gayarré's personality. He is, perhaps, the more entitled to this consideration, from his birth and residence in a distant State, where he is necessarily under many comparative disadvantages in securing that reception for his writings which is readily provided in the more concentrated and influential literary society of the North. An account of the author, too, will illustrate his book; for Mr. Gayarré belongs to one of those historic families of Louisiana which send their roots far back to the days of the old Spanish and French occupation. He was born about the beginning of the present century. His father and mother represented respectively the two races. On the one side, his family goes back to the *Contador*, or royal comptroller, Don Estevan de Gayarré, who came to America with the first Spanish governor, Ulloa, as one of the chief ministers of state, bringing with him a high reputation for his personal valor and bravery in those encounters and assaults in Italy in which Spain had kept up her ancient renown, as on his departure from Louisiana in 1771 he took with him the respect of both the French and Spanish colonial governments. His son, Don Juan Antonio Gayarré, was commissary of war under the administration of O'Reilly, and in the perilous and successful expedition of Galvez against the English. He allied himself to one of the French families in his marriage with Constance de Grandpré, — one of those numerous intermarriages in influential circles, which contributed largely

toward reconciling the French inhabitants to the easy rule of the Spanish officials.

Our author's maternal grandfather, Etienne de Boré, became a prominent benefactor of Louisiana, by the stimulus given to the cultivation of the sugar-cane on his plantation in 1795. The cane had been introduced by the Jesuits from Hispaniola in 1751, and cultivated as a luxury within the limits of the present city of New Orleans; but though the manufacture of sugar had been attempted, it had never been thoroughly successful.\* The province at that time was suffering under agricultural depression. The indigo crop had failed from the ravages of an insect, rice and corn were hardly articles of export, and cotton, prior to Whitney's invention, was not a paying commodity. When Boré undertook the manufacture of sugar, his neighbors doubted. The limited cultivation of the cane in the country had for some time yielded only sirup and an inferior spirit. When the day of trial came, a number of spectators assembled to watch the process. When that, at the proper moment, was successful, the manufacturer cried out, as the sirup was converted into sugar, "It granulates!" The word was taken up by the people, and this new Eureka echoed through the province. Etienne de Boré was regarded as the saviour of Louisiana. A highly intelligent traveller, Mr. J. G. Kohl of Berlin, not long since, in some remarks before the New York Historical Society on the construction of an American historical map, proposed that it should embrace the names of public benefactors, and the dates connected with the introduction or extension of the great staples of the land. On this map, on the banks of the Mississippi just above New Orleans the name of Mr. Gayarré's ancestor should be written. "Fifty-seven years," says the historian, in noticing the incident, "have elapsed, and an event which produced so much excitement at the time is very nearly obliterated from the memory of the present generation; but it may be permitted to the filial piety of a grandson to record in these pages, with

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\* Gayarré, *History of the French Domination*, Vol. II. pp. 63, 87; *History of the Spanish Domination*, p. 349.

an honest pride, the indebtedness of his native country to a cherished ancestor."

Another incident is noticeable in this connection. The simple family history is made the thread to connect the great vicissitudes of national disruption, while "the whirligig of time" brings round its curious revenges. When the person of whom we have just spoken was a child, he was carried from his birthplace in Louisiana to Paris, where he became one of Louis the Fifteenth's noble company of household troops, the *Mousquetaires*. He returned to Louisiana, having married the daughter of an ex-treasurer of the province. In 1798, his royal acquaintances of the court were exiles, and the Duke of Orleans, the Duke of Montpensier, and the Count of Beaujolais, in their American travels, visited New Orleans, which had been named after their ancestor, the Regent. They were entertained at the plantation of the old *Mousquetaire*. Another generation passed away, and the Duke of Orleans became Louis Philippe the First, to entertain, in his turn, the grandson of his Louisiana friend in the old regal halls. Again, the royal family is eating the bitter bread of exile. "Will it," asks Mr. Gayarré, "be the decree of propitious fortune, that one of them shall taste the hospitality which his royal father enjoyed in Louisiana in 1798?"

Educated in New Orleans, and having pursued the study of the law with Mr. William Rawle of Philadelphia, the author of the work on the Constitution, Mr. Gayarré early entered upon public life in his native State, through the avenue of his legal profession. He became the presiding judge of the City Court of New Orleans, and in 1835 was elected to the United States Senate, but was prevented from taking his seat by an attack of illness which induced his visit to Europe, where he remained several years, travelling in France and Spain, and collecting materials for his future historical compositions. On his return, he was again engaged in public life in Louisiana, being twice appointed secretary of state, the important duties of which office he discharged for a period of seven years. It was during this time that he published, in 1847, his *Histoire de la Louisiana*, in French, which was chiefly a collection of the documents brought home from

Paris by M. Magne, and deposited in the archives of the State. The work, immediately on its appearance, was reviewed in this journal.\*

This, with two "Lectures on the Influence of the Mechanic Arts," and a comedy, entitled "The School for Politics," in which he has disclosed some of [the tricks and pictured the *désagrémens* of Southern electioneering life, completes, we believe, the list of Mr. Gayarré's writings, with the important exception of the historical series of which we now propose to give some account.

This work appears to have grown in the mind of the writer by a kind of historic development. At first, he took up the early annals of Louisiana as an attractive topic for a course of popular lectures, illustrative of the romance of history; and, glowing with the idea as he pursued it, he gave free indulgence to a taste for rhetorical and imaginative embellishment, which was checked as he proceeded, by the censures of critics on his publication of the earliest portion, and by the matter-of-fact necessities of the subject. In his own account of the work, in his later prefaces, he tells us that he attempted to "vary his style in accordance with the events which he had to narrate, and to adapt it to the legendary, the romantic, the traditional, and the strictly historical elements." This might serve, in some degree, the transient purposes of an evening lecture; but the embellishment was a mistake, so far as appeal was made to a purely historic interest, and the author has evidently felt the inconveniences of the momentary advantage which he may have gained as a lecturer.

There are many reasons why this imaginative mode of treatment is peculiarly unsuited to American history, besides the general objection to its application, at the present day, to any historical writing. Our remotest national annals are not old enough to permit us to indulge much credulity on the subject, if we would. It is a violence done to faith, to challenge its assent to representations of which our experience has taught us the improbability. Then, as history has developed itself as a science, it has taught us the extreme value of close,

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\* North American Review, Vol. LXV., July, 1847.

critical, truthful investigation. If anything is lost by rejecting the old romancing methods, productive of so many fine legends, there is more than adequate compensation in the results brought to light, in the great world of fact, by the applications of modern learning. The new sciences of philology, geography, ethnology, and statistics, and the improved methods of literary labor by which they are made availing, render the plea inexcusable, that history, to possess attractions, should draw upon the vague, unreal resources of imaginative writings. The thoroughly cultivated historian can now extract more of interest from a barbaric period, than some of his brethren formerly could from a cultivated era.

There is, moreover, another special cause for the most accurate, thorough, reliable treatment of our early American history. It is that in all our colonial annals there are the lessons of much political wisdom, the use of which has not altogether expired. We have still to deal with new states and settlements, as our ancestors did before us. There is not an item of their experience, from frozen Labrador to the sweltering Mississippi, which we are not in some way repeating from the far-off sources of the Columbia to the Gulf of California. We are still dealing with the Indian and the Spaniard in the acquisition of our new territory; and the principles of trade are not, at this day, so firmly established, or so generally recognized, as to permit us to neglect the profitable warnings to be derived from the impoverishing, exclusive, colonial systems of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. For these reasons no labor too severe, no devotion too constant, no acumen too vigilant, can be expended upon the early American annals. We should feel, in treading on this ground, the reverence with which the lover of nature pursues to its source, in some feeble rill, the stream which fertilizes his farm, or bears on its expanded surface the wealth of his warehouse.

These are general remarks, which we make in deference to the subject, and not in censure of Mr. Gayarré, who has sinned in the early portion of his work rather in manner than in spirit; and who, moreover, as gracefully as was possible under the circumstances, has abandoned his mistaken notions on this matter, avoiding surplusage of sentiment and description,

and growing more and more statistical and political as he advances. Indeed, we want no better illustration of what we have said, than he has himself given us in his picturesque chapter on the Natchez, when he relates, among the customs of that wonderful nation, that they cherished a certain number of trustworthy persons as the depositaries of their traditional lore, who "from time to time were requested to recite before the old men of the nation what had been deposited, and was to be treasured up in their memory, in order that it might be ascertained whether they would make themselves guilty either of omissions arising from design, oblivion, indifference, and carelessness, or of additions and interpolations proceeding from the exuberance of fancy, or from the prurieny of invention. This," adds Mr. Gayarré, and we agree with him entirely, "shows a respect for historic truth which cannot be too highly commended, and which ought to be set up as an example deserving of imitation by our modern recorders of events." It will not answer to accept the plea of our author in his Preface to the second series of his Lectures, that an historian may take even "insignificant liberties with facts, to interest his readers," or the remark of Sir Walter Raleigh, which he quotes on the authority of Sir Philip Sidney, that "historians do borrow of poets, not only much of their ornament, but somewhat of their substance." This ornament will indeed be found as one of the charms of all great historical works; for without some poetry in his composition, or the exercise of a strongly sympathetic (not inventive) imagination, no one can be perfectly qualified to write history. But the attraction will be, not in the rhetoric superinduced on the subject, but in its living movement, the *facts* that breathe and *acts* that burn, if we may be allowed cruelly to parody that trite line of Gray. Mr. Gayarré is by no means insensible to these requisitions. He gives us everything important with proper minuteness, and adds, very appropriately, much that is merely quaint or picturesque. The difficulty at the outset is, that he adds something more in the way of invention or conjectural history, and that he is too diffuse in sentimental comment. He undertakes, sometimes, to supply even looks and tones to his actors, when the effects of grief, anger,

surprise, or other emotion might be safely left to the judgment and imagination of the reader. In this new edition before us, the first volume is lightened of a heavy rhetorical preface, and might be still further improved by a reduction of twenty per cent. in bulk, and at least forty per cent. of the metaphor, apostrophe, and moralizing. There is one addition which we would suggest, which may now be regarded as indispensable to every well-constructed historical work, the insertion of full and precise references to authorities at the foot of each page. This has a prodigious effect in taming exuberance of style, securing accuracy, and stimulating research; while the utility of the work is augmented indefinitely to the reader, who secures not only the best opinions of the writer in the text, but avenues of approach to all others who have written on the subject. As a further suggestion to Mr. Gayarré for his next edition, we may add, that a complete general index would be warmly welcomed by his numerous readers. It seems a very trite demand; but there is no sin of book-makers more common, or less pardonable, than sending forth a biographical or historical work without an index. Our forefathers were better served in this particular; and the art is worth recovering.\*

Having alluded to the superabundance of Mr. Gayarré's rhetoric, we should add, that, undesirable as we think its display at times, it always affords proof of a noble mind and a true heart. When the exuberance is tamed by the greater throng and quicker movement of facts, in the progress of the work, there is left a richly endowed English style, pure, animated, and flowing.

In the first period of the history of Louisiana, which Mr. Gayarré has thus handed over from the stern province of history to the region of romance, there is enough of the latter quality in some measure to justify his assumption; espe-

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\* That its high requisitions have not altogether fallen into contempt or neglect we are happy to perceive in the full index to Griswold's recently published "Republican Court of Washington," which has secured the services, in this behalf, of an able writer and good scholar, who is also, we understand, engaged on a new index to that multifarious and valuable historical work, Mr. Lossing's "Field-Book of the Revolution." An index should be not merely of names and figures, but descriptive.

cially if we take that wide view of romance which includes the elements of comedy, and allows for farce as well as for tragedy. He has himself compared the opportunities of these French settlements at the South, for the purposes of humorous description, with those of which Irving has at least successfully, if not altogether justifiably, availed himself in his laughable pictures of the Dutch colonists of the Hudson. The truth is, that all the early settlements in our country brought out, in strong relief, the peculiarities of national character both small and great. In every one of them, whatever the degree of suffering manfully supported or of heroic performance, — and there was enough of both, — there was the stage of humorous development, prearranged in the miniature display after the fashion of the great government at home, where whatever there may have been essentially ludicrous was concealed by the more gorgeous trappings of state, and the greater magnitude of the interests involved. For a king or queen, the colonists had a governor; for a minister of state, perhaps a pettifogging lawyer; for a fulminating archbishop, an intermeddling priest. In some parts of the land the serious element indeed preponderated. The individual, armed with his devout, religious purpose, and bent upon attaining the speedy rewards of industry and learning, looked only the grander from his isolation.

On the other hand, French settlers in America always made a prominent show of the ludicrous phase of character. If we are to take Mr. Gayarré literally, a French governor of Louisiana was once appointed by the gay Lauzun, in the days of Louis the Fourteenth, for the express purpose of bringing out his absurdities in a bolder light, and amusing himself with the ridiculous simplicity he would display in his new character on a larger stage. This was Cadillac, who was intrusted with authority on the Mississippi, under the administration of Crozat. We cannot but think that other motives may have entered into the choice. A consummate fool the governor might have been; but he could hardly have been a fool at all points. Sometimes very vain men have their powers of usefulness, though one can scarcely be a good governor who is the butt of the town, and this would appear to have been the

case with Cadillac. He was a Gascon by birth, the inheritor of an old, broken-down castle without an estate, with an instinct of decayed gentility about him. His neighbors saw his humors, and gave to his dilapidated abode the name of "Cadillac's Rookery." In the absence of foot-note authorities we will not trust Mr. Gayarré's ludicrous description of his person, however well it may answer to his character; but we will judge him by such positive facts as we can reach. His marriage to a poor relative of the splendid Duke of Lauzun procured him the captaincy of a company sent to Canada. There he spent twenty years, writing home letters to his patron, which convulsed the dissipated joke-hunters of the court. If this which follows is true history, we have hardly met with a more melancholy note of impending revolution either for France or America.

"Now, acting under the impression that he was decidedly the victim of fate or witchcraft, he wrote to Lauzun a long letter, in which he surpassed himself in his bombastic style, and, out-heroding Herod, poured out on paper, in incoherent declamation, the vexed spirit which ailed him, and cut such antics in black and white, that Lauzun, on the perusal of this epistolary elegy, laughed himself into tears, and almost screamed with delight. It happened, at that time, that the ministry was in search of a governor for Louisiana, and the mischievous Lauzun, who thought that the more he exalted Cadillac, the greater source of merriment he prepared for himself, had sufficient power to have him appointed to that office. This profligate nobleman never troubled his wits about what would become of Louisiana under such an administration. Provided he found out a fit theatre, and had it properly illuminated, to enjoy, at his ease, the buffooneries of a favorite actor, what cared he for the rest?"—Vol. I. p. 123.

Gross as this is, it has a confirmatory gloss in the fact of a ludicrous ballad having been composed on Cadillac's visit to Paris, entitled "The Return of the Iroquois Chief." After his series of Canadian disappointments, which might have taught him what he had to expect in the New World, and after a short experience of Louisiana, he wrote home, that "this whole continent is not worth having." As for establishing a trading settlement on the Wabash, which he had been commanded to do, he replied: "What! Is it expected

that, for any commercial or profitable purposes, boats will ever be able to run up the Mississippi, into the Wabash, the Missouri, or the Red River? One might as well try to bite a slice off the moon!" This reasoning might have been true as regards the difficulty of navigation and the absence of commerce at the time; but for what was a colony sent out, but to overcome the one, and to create the other? The man, it is to be feared, was a fool. He was decoyed once all the way to the Kaskaskias in search of a silver mine, in which he had been led to believe by the sight of a piece of ore borrowed from Mexico. He being a great martinet in discipline, and having prohibited all untitled persons from wearing swords, the wags of the colony formed an order of nobility on the spot, and elected him as its head, with the title of "Knight of the Golden Calf." He was finally dismissed by a vote of the home Marine Department, informing him that "his intellect was not equal to the functions with which his majesty had intrusted him." Can any other colony of America show such a governor?

The discussion of the humors alone of French *employés* might fill the space assigned to our article. There was a brave but eccentric and profligate officer, Richebourg, under Cadillac, who detested sentiment as strongly as Sir Peter Teazle, his whim being to entangle in a duel and run through the body every man whose conversation in his presence happened to smack at all of philanthropy. It became a mania with him. If he were alive among us of the present day, what constant occupation might not this chivalrous foe of an idea find for his toledo!

Should Louisiana be so unfortunate, at any time, as to fall into the hands of such pitiless jobbers of literature as the ingenious gentlemen who write the Comic Histories of Rome and of England, there will be material for a chapter in the detachments of young ladies sent over as wives for the colonists, under the French *régime*. On one occasion they got up a "petticoat insurrection," the grievance being that their friend, his Grace the Bishop of Quebec, who had enrolled them in a marrying regiment, had represented to them that they were proceeding to a land flowing with milk and honey, whereas

they found nothing to eat but corn,— a treatment which they could not brook.

On one occasion, when the settlement, during the administration of Vaudreuil, was much harassed by the aggressions of the neighboring Choctaws, and when the commander of the troops had shown himself a coward, these troublesome visitors were unexpectedly checked by the personal prowess of a dancing-master, who rejoiced in the diminishing appellation, to English ears, of Baby. Now, essentially, there is no good reason why a dancing-master should not possess courage, or be inspired by patriotism, or, in the last resort, defend his own life and property. His readiness of movement may peculiarly fit him for some of the more difficult enterprises of war, such as those recently accomplished by the agile Zouaves in scaling the heights of the Alma. But war and dancing ordinarily seem so far apart, as to produce, when the distance is suddenly overcome, a keen sense of the ludicrous. Mr. Gayarré, in the following passage, may be a little emulous of the descriptive powers of Diedrich Knickerbocker; but the main incident is a matter of fact, and it could not be paralleled in Christendom by any nation except the French.

“The Indians, having no further resistance to overcome, issued out of their stronghold, and were going from one plantation to another, in search of plunder, when they met a well-known dancing-master of New Orleans, named Baby. He was hyperbolically tall, thin, and sal-low; his sunken cheeks almost kissed each other under the arch of his curved nose, and his small, twinkling gray eyes, under their shaggy and bushy brows, looked out with a melancholy expression, and squinted right and left, in an opposite direction to each other, as if they were both, each on its own account, anxiously in search of the lost substance belonging to the body of which they formed a part. The eccentricities of Baby's mind, as well as those of his physical organization, had made him famous in the colony, and the doleful mien with which he used to give his lessons had gained him the appellation of the *Don Quixote of dancing*. Baby, when spied by the Indians, was mounted on a small Creole donkey, as lean and uncouth as himself, and on which he held himself up as majestically erect as if he stood ready to dance the court minuet; his head was protected against the rays of the sun by a gray beaver as large as an umbrella; the heels of his long legs, armed with seven-inch Mexican rowels, were almost sweeping the ground, so that

it seemed as if both man and beast were walking together, and it was doubtful which one carried the other, if carrying there was. The Indians, who are not prone to laughter, were, however, moved to it by this strange apparition, and resolved to take alive the quadruped and the biped. With eager competition, and with deafening shouts, they rushed upon poor Baby, under the impression that he would be an easy prey, but they were soon undeceived. Baby had no other weapon than a hunting-knife, but his long arm brandished it with so fearful a rapidity and action, his long and muscular legs gave such kicks, his elongated dagger-like spurs made such gashes, and his crane-like throat emitted such a variety of unearthly sounds, that the Indians shrank back in astonishment and affright, and Baby had time to take refuge, with his faithful donkey, in a house in which a young man, named Guillaume, had barricaded himself, with ten or twelve black boys and girls whom he had gathered together, and who had been forgotten, when the white and black population had fled across the river. The house was strongly built, and Guillaume and Baby, although they had but one gun and little ammunition, defended themselves with such effect against the attacks of the Indians, that they drove them away, after having wounded one of them dangerously: But Baby received in the neck a mortal wound, of which he died the next day, in the Charity Hospital of New Orleans, whither he had been transported."

Much of the romance of the history turns upon those numerous private adventures which colonial isolation easily induced among so gallant and sentimental a people as the French. The "course of true love" runs its rugged and tortuous current through Mr. Gayarré's early pages. Romeos and Juliets on the banks of the Mississippi, where homes were scarcely founded or family relations established, yet managed to perplex the hostilities of rival Montagues and Capulets in the persons of government officials and military commanders. To these distant shores came the "exiled nymph of Paris," Manon Lescaut, whose tender fortunes and repentance are familiar to the world in the romance of the Abbé Prevost. Hither, if we shut our eyes with Mr. Gayarré to the rigor of critical investigation, we may believe came, in company with her lover, that Princess Charlotte of Brunswick who was the victim of a marriage with Alexis, the miserable son of Peter the Great, was rescued from a wretched fate at St. Petersburg by a feigned death like Juliet's, and fled

tyranny and persecution to seek her old admirer, the Chevalier d'Aubant, in Louisiana, with whom, finally, reunited and married, "with no other name given to the inquiring priest than that of Charlotte," she passed her remaining days;— all which may be verified by the circumstance that, "in commemoration of this event, they planted those two oaks, which, looking like twins and interlocking their leafy arms, are, to this day, to be seen standing side by side on the bank of the St. John, and bathing their feet in the stream, a little to the right of the bridge, as you cross it, in front of Allard's plantation." A couple of satisfactory "authorities" would be better evidence than these doubtless noble and picturesque trees. Of this royal romance Mr. Gayarré tells us that the particulars are in many memoirs of the period, and "in the notes and papers of Duclos," while "Lévesque, in his history of Russia, Grimm, in his correspondence, and the sceptic Voltaire, in a letter which he published on the 19th of February, 1781, deny the truth of the story as being too improbable." To this Mr. Gayarré, seeking to re-establish the faith of his reader, adds: "However, the experience of centuries teaches us that nothing is more probable than improbabilities: and must it not be inferred that there was some foundation for the romantic incidents I have recorded, when they assumed such a substantial shape as to become a subject of serious controversy with men of the highest distinction?" We are willing to admit that there is much virtue in an "however," as well as in an "if"; but recollecting how much excitement has been recently created by the very insufficient and unsupported allegations touching the existence among us, at this day, of that unhappy royal personage, Louis XVII., we must demur to Mr. Gayarré's view of the probability of improbabilities, "however" they may be meddled with by "men of the highest distinction," who will sometimes amuse themselves with discussions of testimony which unknown persons, with no motive for being before the public, will despatch with a very simple exercise of logical acumen. *Credo quia impossibile est*, may answer in its application to theology; but it will never serve as applied to history.

There is one great epoch of romance in the history of Lou-

isiana, where Mr. Gayarré has no temptation to exaggerate fact, or to draw upon the ready invention of his poetical imagination. We allude to the splendid financial madness of Law's famous "Mississippi Scheme," — a name which represents the vast aggregate of those chimerical banking operations that merged the whole revenue of France, and the commercial affairs of both hemispheres and the most distant quarters of the world, in the seething brain of a Scotch adventurer, and in the narrow apartments of a broker's shop in Paris; when the whole artificial world of capital was turned upside down, when an unctuous tradesman ate his onions and hogs' feet off plate, when marquises married their daughters to plebeians, when the footman stepped within the carriage the door of which he had so often closed upon his master, when maids of all work went to the opera, when stocks rose in the Rue Quincampoix a matter of a couple of thousand per cent., and when greedy competitors for shares lost their lives, pressed to death in the struggle on the "street," — when, in fine, all nature and experience were reversed by the simple stroke of the pen of an impudent and profligate refugee from an English gallows. Trade and speculation have indeed their romance, — a truth which the monetary condition of our own country painfully impresses upon us at this present moment of writing. To them poetry may readily assign some of her attributes, when, as the merchant's strong

"imagination bodies forth

The forms of things unknown, the *banker's* pen

Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing

A local habitation, and a name," —

to which many a speculator's map will bear witness. Louisiana lent the effect of distance, and the exaggeration into which the world is so easily led in its conception of warm, tropical regions, to this magnificent scheme.

The first French occupation of Louisiana lasted from the possession taken of the region at the mouth of the Mississippi by Iberville and Bienville, in 1699, to the final public cession of the country which he could no longer pay for or fight for, by Louis XV. to his "very dear and beloved cousin," the king of Spain, in 1764. During this period of more than

half the eighteenth century France had abundant opportunity to show her skill in the administration of a colonial settlement, under circumstances by no means unfavorable. She had seized the key of a most important territory, and commanded, in her own right, a continuous line of communication ascending the Mississippi and traversing the region of the Great Lakes to Canada. She had command of every resource for trade with the natives; she had experience in the management of the Indian tribes, and a few troops enabled her always to protect her colonists against any attack. Her people, too, were fitted by disposition to accommodate themselves readily to the conditions of a Southern climate, where the bounty of the soil would seem to have promised a ready subsistence and large opportunities for holiday indulgence and repose. With all these advantages, and the waste of liberal sums of treasure, the colony was never fully successful. It was given finally to Spain, not so much because it could no longer easily be held, but because it was not worth holding. It was a steady drain upon the finances of the mother country; and it afterwards proved no better in this respect for Spain. The essential difficulty at bottom, we believe to have been a want of moral stamina or earnestness of motive for a serious encounter with the obstacles presented by a new country. The stubborn faith which removed the mountains of New England did not belong to the chance medley of emigrants and government officials who were thrown together on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico. They were not heroes, though many of them became martyrs. The manner in which the colony was peopled, and the mode in which its affairs were administered, were alike prejudicial to its prosperity and progress.

Trade was a monopoly in the hands of the government at home, or was delegated to an individual or a corporation. For the first twelve years the state sent out provisions and wives to the settlers to save them from famine and extinction, — of both of which they were in some danger. At the end of that time the colony was leased by Louis XIV. to the eminent merchant, Anthony Crozat, who took it as a private speculation for a term of fifteen years, with the privilege of

importing an annual ship-load of negroes from Africa, and of working all the mines which could be discovered. He was to send to the colony, yearly, two ships filled with emigrants, and for the first nine years was to be assisted by the state with a grant of money. In five years this merchant prince was compelled to resign his magnificent investment. His humorous governor, Cadillac, was not the man to improve matters, which the worthy Bienville was never able to control. His credulity could not create mines for his employer. The plan of opening a trade for European goods, direct or illicit, with the Spanish provinces of Mexico, had proved a failure. Money had been spent freely, and colonists had been sent over; but the population, including the military, embraced in 1717 only seven hundred souls. On a soil of almost spontaneous abundance, there was always a cry for food from Europe.

The government having the colony again on its hands, and apparently not knowing what to do with it, handed it over to an incorporated Company of the Indies; which, burdened with a subscription to its vast capital payable in a depreciated state currency, rose far above such base contingencies, in the hands of Law, to the gigantic Mississippi Scheme. The vapors of Louisiana swamp-lands took the rose-colored hue of the hour, and were painted as skies of a terrestrial paradise. Distance, indeed, lent enchantment to the view; but it was a distance which the stock-jobbers of Paris had no desire to diminish by emigration. The company did something in the way of sending out settlers; but the number included convicts and the abandoned females of La Salpetriere, as well as the few worthy German emigrants. When the Paris bubble burst, the unprofitable *mirage* of Louisiana disappeared with it. The imagination had got through its drunken carouse, and painful realities became more painful than ever. "It had been Hyperion," says Mr. Gayarré, "now it was a Satyr." Instead of entertaining one another with descriptions of the music and sweetness, the universal wealth and perpetual youth, of the Transatlantic Eden, mothers now hushed their crying children with the threat of a visit to the Mississippi. Settlers could now be obtained for the colony only by actual

force. "Violence was resorted to, and throughout France agents were despatched to kidnap all vagrants, beggars, gypsies, or people of the like description, and women of bad repute," to which Mr. Gayarré adds an even darker statement, that the power in the hands of the agent of the company was abused to the purposes of "peculation, oppression, and corruption."

"It is incredible what a number of respectable people, of both sexes, were put, through bribery, in the hands of these satellites of an arbitrary government, to gratify private malice and the dark passions or interested views of men in power. A purse of gold slipped into the hand, and a whisper in the ear, went a great way to get rid of obnoxious persons, and many a fearful tale of revenge, of hatred, or of cupidity, might be told of persons who were unsuspectingly seized and carried away to the banks of the Mississippi, before their voices could be heard when crying for justice, or for protection. The dangerous rival, the hated wife, or troublesome husband, the importuning creditor, the prodigal son, or the too long-lived father, the one who happened to be an obstacle to an expected inheritance, or crossed the path of the wealthy or of the powerful, became the victims of their position, and were soon hurried away with the promiscuous herd of thieves, prostitutes, vagabonds, and all sorts of wretches of bad fame who had been swept together, to be transported to Louisiana." — *French Domination*, Vol. I. p. 227.

In confirmation of this convenient use of the American colony, Mr. Gayarré subsequently produces a despatch of the French governor, Vaudreuil, in 1751, to the minister in France. "The situation of the lady of Ste. Hermine, who came to this colony thirty years since, by virtue of a *lettre de cachet*, obliges me to represent to you that this lady is at present unable to maintain herself here any longer, on account of the extreme destitution to which she is reduced by the death of M. de Loubois, with whom she had always lived. I beg permission to send her back, gratis, to France, on one of the king's ships. Moreover, the *lettre de cachet* has expired, and the lady is very old." With a few items like this to enter into the account current of government and provincial relations, how much earlier would the inventory of grievances in the Declaration of Independence have been made up in the northern portion of the continent!

The gift of Louisiana to Spain was made by a private agreement in 1762; it was not announced to the colonists till 1764; and the first Spanish governor did not make his appearance at New Orleans till 1766. During this weary interval, the settlement (for it may yet be called by that name) was languidly supported out of the French treasury. Even a royal gift which is a burden to either party passes slowly from hand to hand. Such still was Louisiana; the national expenditure increasing in a surer ratio than the population. The latter, at the time of the surrender, was about ten thousand, of whom one half were blacks, imported from Africa; and as for the finances, besides the steady drain of expenses paid in Europe, there was an accumulating paper currency in the colony which the government professed to receive at twenty-five per cent. discount, but which passed among intelligent traders at seventy-five per cent. discount, so low had the public credit of France ebbed.

The new Spanish administration was, however, brilliantly inaugurated, at least on the historic page, in the person of its first governor for Louisiana, Don Antonio de Ulloa. He was a man eminent in science and literature, having been one of the ten officers of the royal navy selected to accompany the scientific expedition of La Condamine to Peru for the measurement of the earth's surface, in the calculations and perilous journeys of which laborious enterprise he bore his full part, and of which, when it was ended, he became the historian, after the capture of his vessel by the English on his return voyage had introduced him to the Royal Society of London, which generously made him one of its members. This was the man selected by Charles III. to govern his newly acquired colony. He remained there about two years, leaving the country without having overcome its disaffection to the new authority; though he must have at least entertained his French subjects by the gallant court which he kept up, with his distinguished cabinet, and the *éclat* of his marriage, during his incumbency, with the young Marchioness of Abrado, who brought the wealth of Peru to the ingenious scholar and thinker awaiting her arrival in seclusion at the forlorn post among the jungles of the Balize. Ulloa lived to render

many further important services to his country, particularly in practical scientific improvements, in which he may be considered as a Spanish Franklin.

Louisiana was not in a prosperous condition. It was a practical illustration of the caution urged by Bacon in his *Essay on Plantations*, that "it is a shameful and unblessed thing to take the scum of people and wicked condemned men to be the people with whom you plant: and not only so, but it spoileth the plantation; for they will ever live like rogues and not fall to work, but be lazy and do mischief, and spend victuals, and be quickly weary, and then certify over to their country to the discredit of the plantation." As a French colony it had been distinguished for its factious internal discords; as a Spanish province, though that nation preserved many of its old institutions and laws, and exempted it from some portions of the general provincial administration, one of its first demonstrations was rebellion against the European authority. Ulloa was compelled to return home in 1768, and an interval followed of the restored Bourbon flag and the rule of a French council, which, having partly exhausted its powers of resistance, was terminated in the following year, on the arrival of O'Reilly, an Irish soldier of fortune who had greatly distinguished himself in the Spanish service, and who brought with him a substantial inducement to allegiance in an armed force of 2,600 men. With the trial and execution of the conspirators, the French authority, which had up to that time maintained an anomalous existence, ended. This was the struggle of the influential French residents, which Mr. Bancroft in the new volume of his *History* honors with the appellation of "the Republic of New Orleans," and which, as he informs us, called forth the expression of Du Châtelet, writing to Choiseul: "It is at least a good example for the English colonies; may they set about following it."\*

This rebellion led to a more decided assumption and enforcement of Spanish authority. A series of new official titles was inaugurated. Regidors, alcaldes, alguazils, and syndics came in to supersede the old French Superior Council and

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\* Bancroft's *History of the United States*, Vol. VI. p. 221.

subordinate authorities ; and even the *Santa Hermandad*, the Holy Brotherhood, so famous in the picturesque annals of Old Spain, was organized for the protection of travellers amidst the swamps of Louisiana. The new code of laws promulgated by O'Reilly, with many well-intended provisions, contains some curiosities of the times. The religious traits of the Spaniard were preserved in the provision for the punishment of blasphemy. The perpetrator was to have his tongue cut out and his property confiscated. The old immunity of gentle blood was indicated in the distinction between the punishment of a plebeian and a nobleman for the use of libellous language. The former was to be fined twelve hundred maravedis ; the latter, two thousand.

One of the most curious displays of the new state of things was in the conflict of religious views when a Spanish Capuchin came in contact with a French Capuchin, that religious body having early secured the ecclesiastical control of the province. By the terms of the negotiation the French church system was to remain in use ; but a zealous Spanish churchman, fresh from a land where the flame of ecclesiastical zeal was kept bright by the fires of the Inquisition, was a very different personage in his practical views, whatever similarity of creed there might be at the bottom, from an easy Frenchman of long standing in the colony, who had adapted his opinions to local circumstances, taking a leaf out of the maxims of Rabelais's Abbey of the Thelemites, where it was the first principle of instruction that every man should do as seemed best to himself. Such a personage was Father Dagobert, chief ecclesiastical administrator of the colony, when his brother Capuchin from Spain, Father Cirilo, arrived, under the new order of things, in 1772. The picture which Mr. Gayarré has drawn of the old French priest is characteristic of his nation and the spot in which he was located. He had a great deal of quietude and a great love of peace in his composition, ruling rather in accordance with the times than over them, freely accommodating himself to social manners, and consequently relaxing something of the strict discipline of church law and order. Like Chaucer's priest in the Canterbury pilgrimage,

“Ful swetely herde he confession,  
And plesant was his absolution.”

Receiving his appointment at an early day, he had grown old in his long supervision of his portion of the affairs of the colony, and had grown into the hearts of the people. Father Cirilo discovered, when he came, that everything was wrong. How far he was affected by pious zeal, and how far by a rival interest in supplanting the venerable incumbent, the reader may draw upon his knowledge of average human nature to aid him in determining; but he certainly succeeded in making out a long bill of particulars of church delinquencies to send in accusation to the diocesan of these provincial congregations, the Bishop of Havana; and the farther he looked and the more he wrote, the greater became the delinquencies, from lapses in different matters of usage and mere peccadillos to sacrileges of a black ecclesiastical dye. It required, in the first place, but a glance to perceive that the Capuchins were not conducting themselves according to the strict order established by St. Francis. He urged poverty, and these men were absolutely luxurious, indulging in an enormous use of clean linen, actually wearing stockings, and guilty of the aggravation of patronizing watch-makers.

It is a very curious view of the times and of Spanish religious pretensions which Father Cirilo's Spanish letters present, and which Mr. Gayarré with much unction turns into his rich, flowing English. “These men,” he wrote, “in their dress, such, for instance, as their shirts, breeches, stockings, and shoes, resemble the laity much more than members of their religious order. They say that they have a dispensation from the Pope; but of what nature? *I have not seen it yet.* Whether it is in existence or not, certain it is that the doctrine which we profess, commands us to be satisfied with the strictest necessities of life, and with the extremest poverty. Therefore I do not believe in the grant of any such dispensation by the Popes, beyond what may be absolutely requisite to keep soul and body together. But it never could extend so far as to authorize every one of these fathers to have a watch in his fob, and a clock striking the hour in his room, and another in their refectory which cost two hundred and

seventy dollars. Nor," he adds, "do I believe that they have permission from our sovereign lords, the Popes, to possess so many silver spoons and forks, that it is doubtful whether your grace owns the like. Not only have they silver spoons of the ordinary size, but they have also small ones, to take coffee with, as if wooden spoons were not good enough for Capuchins."

That a man's moral goodness should be impaired by listening to the solemn monitor of departing time, as

"Half-way up the stairs it stands,  
And points and beckons with its hands  
From its case of massive oak,  
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!  
With sorrowful voice to all who pass, —  
Forever — never!  
Never — forever!"\*

and that guilt should increase as the size of a silver spoon in use by a Christian gentleman diminished, is one of those extraordinary absurdities that have been vented in the name of Christianity, which might be discredited as the paltry libels of farce-writing, were they not thus recorded in authentic history. These sorry French Capuchins even made an assault upon the rigid virtue of their Spanish fellow-laborer, which he hastened to lay before his diocesan. "I can assure your grace," he writes, "that they spare no efforts to make me like one of them, and to induce me to wear a shirt and stockings, and to become as lax in my morals and habits as they are."

We shall go on with a few further details of these ecclesiastical complaints. They are so unlike anything presented in the old chronicles of our Eastern and Northern States, that they have the interest of novelty in our national annals, and they carry an obvious lesson with them. There was one thing which met with Cirilo's approbation, namely, the construction of the confessionals, which he considered more decent and better for their purpose than those in Spain. So far, so good; but there was one little deficiency, — the confessionals

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\* Longfellow's poem, "The Old Clock on the Stairs."

were not used. "What is to be regretted," he writes, "is, that none of these priests confess in these confessionals, but in the vestry, where they sit in an arm-chair, by the side of which the penitent kneels." He asked the cause of such a departure from proper usage, and was told that it "was owing to the heat." The celebration of the other sacraments was anything but *en regle*. Marriage was regarded, according to French law, as a civil contract. The ceremony, too, was performed in private houses, and not in the church, where it should have been; and, what was worse, the priests remained afterwards to enjoy the feast. The same thing was done much oftener at christenings. Rumor went, that "these Capuchins play cards"; but they were absolved from any suspicion of dancing on account of their age. Their treatment of the Eucharist was no less unworthy.

"As to the Eucharist, that mystery which makes the angels tremble with awe, we found that the sacramental elements were so full of insects which fed on them, and presented so disgusting an appearance, that it was necessary to fling them into the jakes, as if they had been the veriest filth. So great is the detestable negligence of these men, that I think they are the disciples either of Luther or Calvin! The consecrated oil is never renewed, either because they think that it is incorruptible, or because, like the heretics, they do not believe in the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist after the utterance of the consecrating words; and the proof of it is, that, on our remonstrating with them on this state of things, one of them answered with the greatest serenity that he had kept two years a large consecrated wafer, and had not thought necessary to change it. Nor is less the irreverence with which they behave when they exhibit the Host to the people; for without singing, or burning any incense, they take it out of its small tabernacle, and expose it in the most indecent manner; or, at Vespers, they sing the *Salve Regina*, and also on the first Sundays of every month. The Host being exposed, they sing the *Miserere*, *De Profundis*, and *Requiem*, &c., — which practices are contrary to the rules of the breviary and to the decretals." — *Spanish Domination*, pp. 74, 75.

But Father Dagobert made amends by giving the benediction to the people much oftener than it was incumbent on him, and he was very fond of processions, turning out as often as a city militia-colonel, without being one half as much of a martinet. "I once saw him," says Cirilo, "go out with the

Viaticum without ordering the bells to be rung, and with as little ceremony as if he was bent only on taking a walk." As to the sacrament of penitence, without pretending to pronounce positively, from the necessary difficulty of obtaining evidence, Father Cirilo delivered himself of this rather uncharitable and decidedly meddlesome personal description of the way of spending a day by the good Dagobert.

"With regard to the sacrament of penitence, as God alone can know how it is administered, we must leave it to him to express his judgment upon it, when the day shall come. I shall only say that these priests do not know nor ever have known, nor ever will know anything of morals and religion, for since our coming to this colony, we have never known them to remain in their convent beyond the time required to eat and sleep; and with regard to Father Dagobert, here is in a few words how he lives; he rises at six in the morning, says or does not say mass (such mass as he says!) preparing himself in this way for the duties of the day. He then goes to church, hardly makes the proper genuflection, claps on his bonnet, says his mass which does not last a quarter of an hour, without any of the prescribed ceremonies, uncovers his head, makes another genuflection as for grace, and taking his three-cornered hat, which is a very superfluous and unworthy appendage for a Capuchin, he goes (without thinking of saying any *Ave Maria*, except it be for goodly dollars, and in abundance) to a somewhat suspicious house, where he plays until the dinner hour. When that meal is over, he resumes the occupation in which he was engaged, and continues in it until supper time, so that it is very doubtful whether he complies with divine worship. With regard to extreme unction, I have not been able to ascertain how this sacrament is administered, and I do not know whether it is administered at all, but I believe that they carry it in their purse." — *Ibid.*, pp. 76, 77.

These were the representations made of the clergy of Louisiana, in 1772. Father Cirilo went on with his complaints till a vexatious priestly quarrel was induced, which ended in the discomfiture of the Spaniard, and the confirmation of the position of the venerable Dagobert, when the Governor Unzaga took a common-sense view of the matter, and, declaring his new French subjects "neither vicious nor addicted to debauchery," denounced the ambition which lay lurking under "the coarse woollen gown of the monk." We shall close our reference to this subject by an account of the only attempt ever

seriously made, we believe, to establish the Inquisition upon territory within the present limits of the United States. It was at New Orleans, as late as in the year 1789; and this is the account of the transaction, which was promptly met by the sagacity and vigorous decision of Governor Mirò.

“It appears that, soon after the death of Charles III., who was far from being a bigoted king, an attempt was made to introduce the much dreaded tribunal of the Inquisition into the colony. The reverend Capuchin, Antonio de Sedella, who had lately arrived in the province, wrote to the Governor to inform him that he, the holy father, had been appointed Commissary of the Inquisition; that in a letter of the 5th of December last, from the proper authority, this intelligence had been communicated to him, and that he had been requested to discharge his functions with the most exact fidelity and zeal, and in conformity with the royal will. Wherefore, after having made his investigations with the utmost secrecy and precaution, he notified Mirò that, in order to carry, as he was commanded, his instructions into perfect execution in all their parts, he might soon, at some late hour of the night, deem it necessary to require some guards to assist him in his operations.

“Not many hours had elapsed since the reception of this communication by the Governor, when night came, and the representative of the Holy Inquisition was quietly reposing in bed, when he was roused from his sleep by a heavy knocking. He started up, and, opening his door, saw standing before him an officer and a file of grenadiers. Thinking that they had come to obey his commands, in consequence of his letter to the Governor, he said: ‘My friends, I thank you and his Excellency for the readiness of this compliance with my request. But I have now no use for your services, and you shall be warned in time when you are wanted. Retire then, with the blessing of God.’ Great was the stupefaction of the Friar when he was told that he was under arrest. ‘What!’ exclaimed he, ‘will you dare lay your hands on a Commissary of the Holy Inquisition?’ — ‘I dare obey orders,” replied the undaunted officer, and the Reverend Father Antonio de Sedella was instantly carried on board of a vessel, which sailed the next day for Cadiz.

“Rendering an account of this incident to one of the members of the Cabinet of Madrid, Governor Mirò said in a despatch of the 3d of June: ‘When I read the communication of that Capuchin, I shuddered. His Majesty has ordered me to foster the increase of population in this province, and to admit in it all those that would emigrate from the banks of those rivers which empty themselves into the

Ohio. This course was recommended by me, for the powerful reasons which I have given in confidential despatches to the most excellent Don Antonio Valdès, and which your Excellency must have seen among the papers laid before the Supreme Council of State. This emigration was to be encouraged under the pledge, that the new colonists should not be molested in matters of religion, provided there should be no other public mode of worship than the Catholic. The mere name of the Inquisition uttered in New Orleans would be sufficient, not only to check immigration, which is successfully progressing, but would also be capable of driving away those who have recently come, and I even fear that, in spite of my having sent out of the country Father Sedella, the most fatal consequences may ensue from the mere suspicion of the cause of his dismissal.' Considering the dread in which the holy tribunal of the Inquisition had always been held in Spain, the energy with which Mirò acted on this occasion cannot be too much admired." — *Ibid.*, pp. 269–271.

On an earlier occasion the *Index Expurgatorius* of the Roman faith was heard of in the colony, when Governor Galvez was ordered to issue his prohibition of the circulation of Mercier's book, "The Year 2240," and Robertson's History of America.\*

The Spanish rule from 1769 to 1803, when the country passed for a short time, previously to its purchase by the United States, into the hands of Napoleon, was upon the whole a mild one. The Governors, O'Reilly, Unzaga, and Mirò, appreciated the obvious commercial necessities of the region, and urged the relaxation of mercantile restrictions, in favor of extending commerce with Spain, France, and the aborigines of the continent. Under these influences, with a liberal government expenditure, which Mr. Gayarré puts down at about fifteen millions of dollars above any revenue receipts, from Ulloa's landing to the retrocession to France, and the constantly increasing pressure from without of the adjacent flourishing settlements, the population and resources of the country were steadily enlarged. But Spain was destined to be always in hot water in Louisiana. No sooner was the French "Republic," with its "provisional government," disposed of by O'Reilly, than his successors were called upon to

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\* Gayarré's History of the Spanish Domination in Louisiana, p. 117.

combat the English, who by treaty had become entitled to the free navigation of the Mississippi, and who had established important trading settlements on the right bank of the river, at Baton Rouge and Natchez. The illicit trade which they introduced was a convenience to the country; but it did not add to the resources of the Spanish exchequer. When the Revolutionary war of the American Colonies broke out, New Orleans became a place of negotiation and supplies, in furtherance of attacks upon the Western British settlements, and in 1778 Captain Willing did the enemy some damage through this instrumentality, which the Spaniards, even at that time, witnessed with distrust, fearing "that the mildness and the advantages of the climate of Louisiana may seduce the Americans, and attract them to a region, from which the communication with the Gulf of Mexico begins to be better and more practically known."\* In 1779 the Spaniards took for themselves the English possessions, which they retained by the treaty of peace in 1783. The anticipated call of the Americans, however, was not long deferred. In 1787, the interests of the settlers on the west of the Alleghanies had reached that point of development, when some better understanding, both with their own proper constitutional authority on the Atlantic and their Spanish neighbors who commanded the outlet on the Gulf, had become indispensable. The recent historian of the Federal Constitution, Mr. Curtis, has traced the consequences of this position in its relation to that great instrument, and the demand for a strong central national authority.†

The great subject of agitation was the free navigation of the Mississippi. It was an obvious advantage of the utmost importance to the Western settlers, as it was sure to be claimed by them, either as a natural right, should they have the power to assert it, or from the negotiations of the peace of 1783, when it was made a matter of treaty stipulation. The Spanish government, wishing to absorb the commerce of the Mississippi, refused to grant the free use of the river. The

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\* Gayarré's History of the Spanish Domination, p. 115.

† History of the Constitution of the United States, Book III. Chap. V.

old Congress, not able fully to meet the difficulty, wavered, and proposed a postponement of the matter under a new treaty with Spain, which should secure various commercial advantages to the Eastern States. Jefferson clearly perceived the danger, and saw that the separation of the Western territory hung upon the issue. This was the very result desired by Spain, for which her minister Gardoqui was intriguing on the Atlantic, and her Governor Mirò on the Mississippi. We have heretofore known only the general conditions of this question. Mr. Gayarré now puts us in possession of a very curious private history of intrigue and sedition, in which a once highly prominent personage in the country bore the leading part. We allude to General James Wilkinson, who first appears on the stage of Louisiana, in 1787, commencing a course of treacherous correspondence with the Spanish authorities, which he continued for several years, till he was finally thwarted by the full establishment of the Western country as a component, indissoluble part of the United States.

Wilkinson, a native of Maryland, had entered the army of the Revolution at Cambridge, had led a company into Canada, and, being with Gates at Saratoga, had been charged with the despatches to Congress announcing the victory; which he had been so slow in delivering, that, when it was proposed in that body to honor him for his embassy by some special gift, the shrewd and sarcastic Witherspoon quietly suggested, "Yes! a pair of golden spurs." The fact was, that, at that moment of patriotic ardor, he had been loitering on the way, endeavoring to sound Lord Stirling in behalf of the effort to undermine Washington in the intrigue for Gates; whose confidence he had betrayed by communicating a letter of Conway. He got out of this scrape by his effrontery, the affair passing off in the bloodless, blubbering duel with Gates. But the man had shown himself. The keen eye of the humorist afterward penetrated his braggadocio propensities; for it is matter of literary history, that General Wilkinson sat to the veritable Dutch historian, Diedrich Knickerbocker, for the ludicrous portrait of General Van Poffenburgh, the redoubtable commander of Fort Casimir. Pomposity

and pretence sometimes cover mere vanity ; but in this case they seem to have protected an essentially intriguing, scheming nature. Full of loud-mouthed professions of patriotism, Wilkinson went deliberately to work with the Spaniards to secure a fortune, and to betray the interests of his country. For this purpose he engaged in trade with New Orleans, and secured some advantages in the remission of duties upon the produce which he carried with him. In free conference with the Spanish authorities, he then prepared, to be sent to Spain, a statement of his views, in which he spoke of the free opening of the river to the districts above as a necessity, — a paper which might have been published anywhere without injury to his reputation ; while at the same time he held out to Governor Mirò speculations and promises as to the separation of Kentucky and other Western regions from the United States government. Wilkinson continued his trading and his communications with New Orleans, talking treason cautiously with the Western emigrants, and ready to betray either party, as the scale of safety and advantage might preponderate. A letter of Wilkinson to Mirò, dated Lexington, Kentucky, February, 1789, will sufficiently illustrate his manner and policy in the intrigue.

“ There are three conditions which are requisite to perpetuate the connection of this section of the country with the Atlantic States. The first, and the most important, is the navigation of the Mississippi; the second, which is of equal consequence, is the admission of this district into the Union as an independent State, and on the same footing with the others ; the third, and the last, which is of less moment, is the exemption from taxes until the befalling of the two events previously mentioned. Now, Sir, as two of these conditions are inadmissible, either by the Atlantic States or by Spain, can any one hesitate to declare what will be the consequences? With due deference, I say, No ; because, as it is not rational to suppose the voluntary casting away of property, that another may profit by it, so it is not to be presumed that the Eastern States, which at present have the balance of power in their favor in the American government, will consent to strip themselves of this advantage, and increase the weight of the Southern States, by acknowledging the independence of this district and admitting it to be a member of the Federal Union. That the people of Kentucky, as soon as they are certain of their being refused what they claim, will separate

from the United States, is proclaimed even by Marshall, Muter, and their more timid followers.

“The same effect will be produced by the suspension of the navigation of the Mississippi, which lies entirely in the power of Spain, and which must reduce this section of the country to misery and ruin; and as it has been stipulated that the operations of the Federal government shall be uniform, the new Congress will have to lay taxes, without exception whatever, over the whole country submitted to its jurisdiction. The people here, not having the means of paying those taxes, will resist them, and the authority of the new government will be set at naught, which will produce a civil war, and result in the separation of the West from the East.

“This event is written in the book of destiny. But if, to produce it, we trust solely to the natural effect of political measures, we shall experience some delay. It is in the power of Spain, however, to precipitate its accomplishment by a judicious co-operation; and permit me here to illustrate the observations which I presented some time ago to yourself and Navarro, in my answer to your inquiries as to the nature of that co-operation.

“As long as the connection between the Americans of the East and of the West on this side of the Appalachian Mountains shall produce reciprocal benefits, and an equal security to their common interests and happiness, the Union will maintain itself on a solid foundation, and will resist any effort to dissolve it; but, as soon as it shall be ascertained that one section of the confederacy derives from the Union more advantages than the other, and that the blessings of a good government — such as peace and protection — cannot be equally distributed, then harmony will cease, and jealousies will arise, producing discord and disunion. In order to aid the favorable dispositions of Providence, to foment the suspicions and feelings of distrust already existing here, and inflame the animosity between the Eastern and Western States, Spain must resort to every artifice and other means which may be in her power.

“I have stated that the navigation of the Mississippi, and its admission as an independent State and a member of the Union, are rights claimed by the people of this part of the country, and constituting one of the principal conditions under which its connection with the Atlantic States is to continue. Hence it follows, that every manifestation of the power of Spain and of the debility of the United States, every evidence of the resolution of the former to retain exclusively for herself the right of navigation on the Mississippi, and every proof of the incapacity of the latter, will facilitate our views. Every circumstance also that will tend to impede our admission as an independent State will loosen the

attachment of many individuals, increase the discontent of the people, and favor the execution of our plan." — *Spanish Domination*, pp. 229 – 231.

Supple, crafty, plausible, the traitorous correspondence of Wilkinson dragged its serpentine course through this period of history, till disaffection to the administration of Washington was no longer fashionable on the Ohio. Coupled with this Kentucky intrigue was Wilkinson's proffer of services to the speculating South Carolina Company, which, numbering the influential names of Moultrie, Huger, Colonel Washington, and others, had purchased from the State of Georgia a vast district, extending from the Yazoo to Natchez on the Mississippi. Of this Wilkinson greedily undertook, or offered to undertake, the management, and so promised his friend, Governor Mirò, who still supplied him with money and trading facilities. It was a new item of duplicity added to his already large stock. We quote his own account of the transaction.

"In connection with this subject, he wrote from Lexington to the Spanish Governor, on the 28th of January: 'The documents No. 1, 2, 3, will inform you of the purchase which a company, composed of distinguished men, has made from the State of Georgia, of a vast territory contiguous to the Mississippi. Mr. Cape, to whom I have loaned three thousand dollars, is consequently in my dependence. Holder, on account of his being under my protection, cannot do any harm, and both are insignificant creatures. Turning this affair over in my mind, I became apprehensive lest it should become prejudicial to our other plans, and, after mature reflection, I determined to address Messrs. Moultrie, Huger, and Snipes, who are gentlemen of rank and fortune, (as you will see per Doc. No. 4,) with a view to obtain the agency of that affair, and to induce the Company to sue for your protection. If I succeed, I am persuaded that I shall experience no difficulty in adding their establishment to the domains of his Majesty, and this they will soon discover to be their interest. I hope that the step I have taken will meet your approbation. It would have been necessary to do a little more, but I had no time to consult you and ascertain your opinion. This is the reason for which I have undertaken to place in your hands the whole control of this affair. You will have the opportunity to modify the plan of the Company as your judgment and prudence will suggest, and the interest of the King may require. I will keep you well informed of every movement which I shall observe, and it will be

completely in your power to break up the projected settlement, by inciting the Choctaws to incommode the colonists, who will thus be forced to move off and to establish themselves under your government.'"  
— *Ibid.*, pp. 276, 277.

The character of Wilkinson has been little studied, and no man whose name occurs so often in our history is so little known. It is a painful subject of investigation, but it is a necessary and a profitable one. No one who acted a prominent part on the stage of our early political history can be allowed to pass unquestioned, whether his part was honorable or the reverse; and Mr. Gayarré has but done his duty to the State in his thorough examination of the intrigues of Wilkinson. We shall again meet with him in the subsequent volume, on which it gives us pleasure to learn that our author is already engaged, when among the stirring events of the American possession of the country Burr's conspiracy comes into view, and Wilkinson, in that congenial company, again appears upon the stage, in his old character of the mysterious, plotting, betraying politician. His was a singular career, which needs a fuller and more candid biography than his own Memoirs afford.

The remaining incidents of the Spanish history of Louisiana, and the story of the negotiation for its purchase from Bonaparte, by Livingston and Monroe, in days when annexation was more timidly undertaken than at present, are well related by Mr. Gayarré; but we need not enter upon that portion of the work here.

We have given our readers, we trust, a not unsatisfactory introduction to many of the topics, now for the first time presented, in our author's volumes. The narrative in Mr. Gayarré's hands is always pleasing, and the facts are always of value. Well acquainted, as we have seen, with affairs of state himself, he knows what is of importance in the materials for history. Of his faithfulness, we may be content with the testimony of Bancroft, who frequently quotes his books as of authority, and in his last volume remarks: "There is little need of looking beyond Gayarré, who rests his narrative on authentic documents." \*

- ART. X.—1. *New England Spiritualists' Association. Constitution and By-laws, List of Officers, and Address to the Public.* Boston. 1854.
2. *Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity. Delivered in Philadelphia, by Clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church.* Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 1855. Lecture XI. *The Modern Necromancy no Argument against the Gospel.* By RT. REV. GEORGE BURGESS, D.D.

THE subject which forms the caption of this article is one for the discussion of which we have no appetency; and we have delayed taking cognizance of it in our pages, in the hope that it might relieve us of the responsibility of so doing by losing its hold on the public interest. But, so far from this, it at the present moment occupies the thought and controls the action of not a few men of undoubtedly high culture, ability, and integrity, and of very many persons of good common sense, respectable education, and unimpeachable honesty. We do not think the following paragraph from the "Address" of the "New England Spiritualists' Association" an overstatement.

"It is computed that nearly *two millions* of people in our nation, with hundreds of thousands in other lands, are already believers in Spiritualism. No less than twelve or fourteen periodicals are devoted to the publication of its phenomena and the dissemination of its principles. Nearly every succeeding week brings through the press some new books treating exclusively upon this subject. Every day, and much more than daily, lectures upon Spiritualism are given in the presence of audiences quite respectable as to both numbers and character. Circles are held, by day and by night, in nearly every city, town, and village throughout our country." — p. 9.

The modes of communication claimed for departed spirits are too well known to need enumeration. That there has been a large amount of monomania and of imposture connected with these strange phenomena, there can be no doubt. Yet still, in quarters where the suspicion of insanity and of fraud would be equally out of place, and under the agency of persons whose testimony is valid beyond dispute as to

facts within their own experience, there have occurred, and are still occurring, events as yet unaccounted for by the recognized laws of matter and mind. The time has gone by when a shrug and a sneer can dispose of the alleged evidence. The phenomena of which we speak demand profound investigation at the hands of scientific men. To this fraternity we do not profess to belong; and in what we are going to write, we shall be at no pains to employ other than popular phraseology. The most that we hope to do is to show that the subject admits of scientific treatment, and to commend it to the research of those who can give it such treatment. If the mere germ of a theory which we propound fails to find lodgement in any other mind, or growth in our own, we shall, nevertheless, have succeeded in our present aim, if we can induce attention to our subject on the part of any competent, patient, and persevering inquirer. The method of successive approaches alone can eliminate the truth, and a theory that shall prove untenable may open the way for a more thorough induction of facts, and sounder conclusions as to their causes. One word more in explanation of our purpose. We do not propose to embrace in our consideration all alleged phenomena of the class under discussion, but only such as have come under our own knowledge, or rest on proof which seems to us valid and impregnable. If the range of undoubted facts exceeds the range of our own belief, our theory must either be enlarged and modified to embrace that entire range, or must give place to a more comprehensive theory.

We would maintain, in the outset, that the least tenable hypothesis of all is that which attributes the phenomena under discussion to the agency of departed spirits. If the souls of men separated from their bodily integuments lead a more subtle and ethereal existence than while in the flesh, how is it that they resort to a mode of intercourse so gross, slow, cumbrous, and awkward, as in the mysterious *knockings* which have given the name to this modern necromancy, and were almost its sole instrumentality in its earlier stages? Yet, again, in these (so-called) spiritual communications, there are often discrepancies and errors, as to matters of fact that must needs have been within the earthly cognizance of

the spirit supposed to be rapping, writing, or speaking. For instance, in a well-authenticated case, in which Benjamin Franklin was believed to utter himself through a young woman as a medium, and the talk was in a highly Franklinian style, he, (if it were he,) on being questioned, was unable to recall several of the most prominent facts in his earthly life, knew not whether he had been once married or oftener, and could not even tell where his body was interred. Hardly a less weighty consideration, though not so directly ponderable, is the general failure of these communications to indicate growth of knowledge, of mental ability, or of moral excellence, on the part of the spirits from whom they purport to come. We admit that there is often a strong likeness in style and sentiment between these mysterious deliverances and the utterances and writings in their lifetime of the persons in whose name they are given forth; but the difference is generally one of marked defect or inferiority, such as would attach itself to the effort of imitation, whether conscious or unconscious. Thus of the renowned men whose ghosts have been brought upon the stage, the mannerism is retained without the vigor and point; while those who have received letters bearing the names of their deceased kindred or friends, can generally find in their desks letters from the same persons when living, that display traces of richer fancy, purer taste, sounder thought, nobler sentiment.

The frequently mercenary character of this necromancy goes far towards negating the idea of its spiritual origin. In almost every city in New England are Pythonesses, (not always persons of fair reputation,) who, for the price of fifty cents and upwards, will command the presence and responses of the most exalted spirits that ever dwelt on earth. Exhibitions of this kind have been among the lucrative speculations of the *omnificent* Barnum. What must be that spiritual state which lends its converse, the converse too of its choicest and purest denizens, to feed the cupidity of a common showman? What kind of an immortality — how dignified, how happy — can that be, which may be disquieted by the incantations of hireling women, and subjected to the impertinent teasing of any idler who has more money than brains?

Would not many of the spirits professedly evoked prefer annihilation to a spiritual life which should expose them to such humiliating annoyances? For ourselves, we should deem it no more difficult to believe that the soul dies with the body, than to believe that the souls of the righteous are at the beck and call of mountebanks and their customers. Were we to adopt this hypothesis, we should be compelled to dismiss every happy association we had ever cherished with the life to come, and to deny almost every truth that we have held sacred with regard to the Divine attributes, the law of retribution, and the separate existence of the soul. Nay, magic and witchcraft would make up the whole of our religion, and we should find it easier to fall back upon some exploded system of polytheism, than to retain our faith in the infinite unity of God.

There is much in the phenomena under discussion which favors the belief that they have their origin in some peculiar mode of the medium's own consciousness, enlarged and modified indeed, in some instances, by the consciousness of members of the surrounding circle. It will be conceded that the communications made seldom contain anything that might not be conceived to have been present to the thought or latent in the memory of the central personage, or of some person immediately concerned in the operation. As to religious belief, while we can hardly suppose that in the world of spirits, and especially among the celestial orders, there are any wide diversities of theological opinion, these alleged communications cover the entire ground, from the most evangelical Christian doctrine down to a low and feeble naturalism; and, so far as we know, they correspond in their tone very closely to the existing state of belief in their respective mediums. We have seen numerous writings from a "spiritual circle" consisting of eminently devout persons, and these writings are gospel hymns, — poor poetry, but emphatically Christian in their sentiments, — exhortations to the study of the Scriptures and the imitation of the Saviour, glowing representations of the power and love of the Redeemer, entreaties to friends to lead lives of prayer and of holiness. On the other hand, the communications through persons of no definite

faith or religious character ignore all that is distinctive in Christianity, treat the Scriptures with supercilious indifference, eliminate all penal sanctions from the Divine law, and ring incessant changes on the single idea of universal and indefinite progress.

In matters other than where opinion is involved, there may still be traced this same subjective element. We recently received from a medium of transparent ingenuousness and singleness of character certain metrical productions, which she said were written through her hand by the spirit of John Milton. Two of them were in English verse, in sentiment highly devout, though misty and dreamy,—in style and rhythm certainly not beyond the capacity of the medium in her normal state, though she said that she was not in the habit of writing verse. The third of the pieces, our correspondent informed us, was in Latin,—to her, literally an unknown tongue; and she requested a translation. It was inscribed, “A Latin Sonnet.” But it was not a sonnet, and it was not in Latin, nor in any language with which we are conversant. Yet it had throughout a Latin sound, and the terminations were all Latin. Now the father of this medium had for many years received into his family boys fitting for college, and others unfit to remain in college. She had undoubtedly heard in her youth a great deal of Latin read or repeated; and the (so-called) sonnet was evidently composed of sounds and fragments of words, that had lingered thus long in her memory to be reproduced in this written dream.

The following is another mode in which the self-born character of these phenomena betrays itself. Wherever a medium, who is not so for hire, but spontaneously, and with full conviction of the reality of the communion with departed spirits,—wherever, we say, such a medium deems himself or herself in communication with several spirits, if there be among them a father, brother, or intimate friend, that person is always represented as exercising a commanding, controlling influence over the rest, even though he seem to every other mind a spirit of a much inferior order to his supposed associates. We have known several instances of this kind, some so glaringly incongruous in placing the last first, as to

provoke ludicrous associations, notwithstanding the gravity of the theme.

We are confirmed in our belief of the subjective character of these phenomena by conversation with a highly respectable clergyman, who, a few years ago, to his own surprise, found himself a writing medium, and was for many months in the frequent habit of writing under this singular influence without premeditation, often without knowing what he was inditing, or whose name he was going to sign. He at first fell in with the popular notion, but became gradually convinced, by the incongruity and absurdity of much that he wrote, and by the dream-like character of the whole, that he had been putting upon paper, not the behests of unseen spirits, but the results of some unexplained mode of his own consciousness.

In suggesting a mode of accounting for the abnormal manifestations which constitute our present subject, we would call the attention of our readers to the duplication of most of the organs of the human body. The right and the left half of the body are in more respects counterparts than complements of each other. For many of the vital functions, either half furnishes an entire and full working apparatus. The two hands, the two feet, indeed, give cumulative power, and both discharge offices to which neither alone would be adequate. But a single eye or a single ear might perform all the requisite work of these organs; and how it is that the two work together without confusion, and carry a single and the same report to the mind, is a problem on which physiologists and metaphysicians have labored in vain, and which the Supreme Artificer alone can solve. The same provision extends to the nerves, which branch off in pairs, constituting two symmetrical systems, either of which might act independently of the other. The lungs in like manner present two separate systems, and, though the decay of either lobe is generally fatal, probably because it is a development of constitutional decay, there yet have not been wanting instances in which one of the lobes has been entirely destroyed, and the patient has survived for years in health and activity. The brain, too, is double throughout, and whether both divisions in the healthy subject act together, or alternately so as to relieve each other, it may

be impossible to determine; but experience has shown that grave injury or extensive disease on one side of the brain does not necessarily suspend or impair its action, the sound hemisphere sufficing for perception and reflection. The phenomena of dreams favors the idea that the two divisions act, or at least may act, alternately; for not only is there wont to be a change of the mode and the objects of our consciousness when we fall asleep, but we sometimes take up anew in dreams conceptions or trains of thought from previous dreams, which have not meanwhile occupied our waking hours, and we often wholly drop from our dreams subjects that up to the moment of sleep have engrossed all our power of intellect and capacity of emotion.\*

In health and in the ordinary condition of the body, the double organ acts as one; the eyes see but one image; the ears hear but one combination of sounds; the brain performs but one process. In some cases of disease, however, separate action takes place. The confusion of sounds that is more embarrassing than deafness probably results from separate cognizance taken by the two ears of what in their normal state they hear together. There are conditions of the system in which one sees double. We are well acquainted with a person who, unless he keeps one eye covered, always sees two distinct images of the same object. There have also been, in connection with cerebral disease, not very infrequent instances of double or alternating consciousness, which could be

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\* No doubt the final cause of this duplication of the organs, where a single organ would suffice for ordinary use, is the furnishing, *first*, of a double chance against the loss of any power or the suspension of any function by incurable accident or disease; and, *secondly*, of an opportunity of rest and remedial treatment for one of the pair in case of injury, the other in the interval performing double duty. And it is, for the most part, the exposed organs that are duplicated. The heart, the liver, the stomach, and the intestinal canal, are single, and we can easily see why they must needs have been so. Their ministry is to supply and maintain the fluid circulation of the system; and a body often in violent motion could not bear with safety the shock of opposing life-tides. The danger from the mutual gorging or choking of their ducts, were they double, would be greater than that resulting from their single working. But these single organs are to a great degree out of harm's way, — packed where they cannot be reached by common casualties, and so protected by the bony frame, or by adipose substance, that they can hardly receive fatal injury, except by violence so great as under any circumstances to put life in serious jeopardy.

referred only to the separate action of the right and left hemispheres of the brain.

Dr. Wayland, in his "Elements of Intellectual Philosophy," gives the details of a case of alternating consciousness, described by the patient herself, a Miss Reynolds of Meadville, Pa., and attested by her nephew, Rev. John V. Reynolds, a Presbyterian clergyman of high standing and character. Miss Reynolds, at the age of eighteen or twenty, after one of a series of convulsion-fits, lost all knowledge of what she had previously known, even of the forms of letters, the power of words, and the faces of her parents. In this state she commenced learning everything anew. After a few weeks, her old consciousness returned; but with its return she lost all remembrance of what she had experienced and learned during the interval. A few weeks later, she relapsed into what we may call her second state, and knew nothing except what she had learned when in that state before. For more than twenty years these alternations took place not infrequently. She was completely re-educated in her second state. In each state, she knew only people that she had seen, and remembered only things that she had heard and read in that state. She needed in one state re-introduction even to persons with whom in the other she had become closely intimate. Her handwriting in the second state was as unlike her handwriting in the first, as if they had been in the hands of two different persons. At length, these alternations ceased, and for the last thirty years of her life (she lived to the age of sixty-nine) she remained wholly in the second state, an intelligent, active woman, but with her first twenty years and large portions of the next twenty as utterly a blank in her memory as if she had not been in existence.

In this case, we can hardly doubt that there was a separate, alternate action of the two hemispheres of the brain. But if they can act separately and alternately, it is entirely conceivable that they may act separately, yet simultaneously. Where one utters or writes what seems to flow from an inspiration or guidance wholly independent of himself, may not one half of the brain continue its usual processes, while the other pursues a different class of operations, isolated from

all surrounding objects, as is the case in the dreams that accompany sleep? Were these alleged communications remembrances that remained on the mind after natural sleep, they would indeed seem noteworthy, yet would be regarded as nothing more than remarkable dreams. May they not be virtually dreams, superinduced upon a hemisphere of the brain highly stimulated, yet cut off from connection through the organs of sense with the external world, while the other hemisphere remains in its normal state? This double consciousness is not intrinsically more strange than are the phenomena of ordinary sleep. Neither can in the literal sense of the words be *accounted for*. In fact, what we call accounting for natural phenomena is simply tracing analogies and making classifications. The agencies to which we refer them are names, not for our knowledge, but for our ignorance, — fence-words set up where the mind can go no further. The utmost that we can do is to bring new and unfamiliar facts into analogy with the well-known and long-experienced; and beyond this, philosophy can only “point with trembling finger and shaded eye” to Him, of whom, and through whom, and to whom are all things.

The personality of the medium, in the accesses of the abnormal influence, seems indeed often entirely unlike his or her normal state. But is not our personality in our ordinary dreams so unlike that of our waking hours, that, if we should utter or act our dreams, our identity would hardly be recognized? The writing mediums write, as is well known, in a very different hand from their usual handwriting. Here it may be instructive to recur to the case of Miss Reynolds, who in her two modes of consciousness wrote two widely unlike hands. Some months ago, we turned over a large collection of documents purporting to have been written by different spirits through a medium of whose entire guilelessness and honesty there could not be the shadow of a doubt. They were all in a similar hand, and that widely different from her ordinary writing. But on comparing some of them with the pen-work of the supposed writers during their lifetime, we found the discrepancy still greater. No doubt, where wilful charlatanry imitates or accompanies the opera-

tion, a resemblance to the handwriting of the deceased person represented may occur; but we have yet to learn that such resemblances are wont to take place in what we might call (to borrow a term from the medical profession) "respectable private practice."

Is it asked, What is the cause of this double consciousness? Our belief is that this state is the consequence of some peculiar condition of animal electricity, or sensitiveness to electro-magnetic influences.\* What constitutes animal life? What connects soul and body? What principle furnishes the communication between the human spirit and the outward world? Among the answers that might be given to these questions perhaps none presents so strong claims to regard as the theory according to which the element, be it fluid or force, which we term electro-magnetism constitutes the life of the body, — the life of physical consciousness, perception, and sensation. The vertebræ are, as it were, the successive plates of a galvanic battery, of which the skull is the apex, while the spine, culminating in the brain, constitutes, like the acid in the artificial battery, a continuous and cumulative creator and channel of the electro-magnetic force. Of this force the nerves of sensation and of voluntary motion are the conductors, — the former serving as telegraphic wires for intercourse with the outward world, the latter conveying, as in successive discharges or shocks, the mandates of the will to the executive organs of the body. The living battery, as ordinarily charged, may suffice to keep but one hemisphere of the brain in action, while an excessive charge may keep both hemispheres in simultaneous action.

This theory may account for the rappings, phosphoric lights, table-tippings, and other physical phenomena, reported in connection with the pretended spiritual intercourse. The rappings

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\* We do not pretend here to employ exact, still less the most recent, scientific language. That the "odyle" of Reichenbach is a modification of the same element which in inorganic matter assumes under different conditions the forms of electricity, galvanism, and magnetism, we have no doubt. But we prefer using familiar terms, as our object is merely to designate the direction in which an explanation of the (so-called) spiritual phenomena may be sought, not to define their cause with technical precision.

are not unlike sounds which might be produced by an electrical machine. The lights correspond in shape, color, and movement with those which are elicited by experiments with the galvanic battery. The movement of non-conducting substances is at least a possible result from the passage under certain conditions of large masses of the electro-magnetic fluid or force. Nor let it be objected that the human frame is insufficient to generate electricity to such an amount as is implied in these phenomena. Literally speaking, an artificial battery does not generate electricity or galvanism, but simply disturbs the electrical equilibrium of the surrounding atmosphere, bringing into separate action the positive and negative elements. If the human body furnish for the time being a strongly excited and intensely active battery, it is not that body which by its own inherent force produces mysterious knockings, projects strange lights upon the wall, or sets the furniture in motion; but the disturbed electrical currents of the entire apartment, building, or neighborhood may with much greater probability be regarded as the producing cause of these wonderful sights and sounds.

This theory may account for some of the more marvellous contents of the (so-called) spiritual communications. So far as we know, the solitary writer under this influence is not wont to make startling revelations, or to impart aught which might not be supposed to exist already in his or her own mind. But in the circles where the Pythoness utters verbally responses as from spirits speaking through her voice, or where the mysterious knockings spell out responses letter by letter, there are undoubted instances in which correct answers have been given to questions, and statements of facts have been made, where the answers or the facts could not have been previously known to the medium, yet were known to some consulting member of the circle. It is conceivable that an electro-magnetic communication may be established between the intensely stimulated brain of the medium and the brains of those composing the circle; that the vibrations of the latter may be transmitted to the former; and through these vibrations sensations, remembrances, and ideas may be imparted without speech or gesture.

So far as *clairvoyance* is connected with these spiritual mani-

festations, the authentic cases of it are fewer and less striking than those connected with mesmerism, and mesmerism does not pretend to evoke the spirits of the dead. We are inclined to believe that the solution of the facts of mesmerism is to be sought in the direction which we have now indicated ; but our present limits will permit us to deal only with what is peculiar to the new form of necromancy. There are connected with it some alleged cases of marvellous foresight, yet by no means so wonderful as those that are credibly reported of the Scotch "second-sight"; and when we reflect how often the causes of a future event exist for a long time unrecognized, and on the occurrence of the event we marvel that we did not recognize them, it is by no means wonderful that through a highly stimulated brain the mind should so act on existing causes as to deduce from them consequences which no one else foresees. This not infrequently takes place in sleep, and there are on record numerous instances of the foresight in dreams of events, of which the forecast shadows had not been discerned in the waking hours.

The question now may suggest itself, Why is it that these phenomena should abound at one period of the world's history, while in previous times they have occurred rarely or not at all? We answer, that there have been similar periods in past ages, — epochs of phenomena by no means unlike the present, though described in different terms and attributed to different agencies. Had we time, we might illustrate this position by numerous examples; but it will be sufficient to refer to the "Salem witchcraft," which it is hard to interpret as a series of mere delusions, but which is easily explained if we suppose a condition of things resembling that of our own day, except so far as it was modified by the opinions of an age which was prepared to expect visitations from infernal rather than from celestial spirits. According to our hypothesis, an abnormal condition of the brain and the nervous system — in fine, *nervous disease* (for excess no less than defect of functional activity and power is disease) — is the primary cause of these manifestations, and nervous disease is always epidemic. If the brain excites the mind, the mind may equally react upon the brain, and the wide-spread contemplation of,

interest in, and appetency for these marvels that are now rife are sufficient to have multiplied a single sporadic case a hundred or a thousand fold. The epidemic has probably not reached the climax of its power. It will grow till the general mind is sated with its *quasi* miracles, till curiosity wanes, and excitement ceases, and then it will decline and pass away; and a century hence it may be looked back upon with the vague scepticism with which most persons regard the diabolical workings recorded in Mather's "Magnalia," though our hope is that it will take shape in the memory of posterity as an actual mode of human experience, subject to and explainable by scientific laws.

We would now advert briefly to a striking psychological phenomenon which we have observed in connection with this subject. The very persons who accord to the phenomena under consideration the most hospitable hearing and the most ready credence as supernatural facts, are in numerous instances persons who pride themselves on their scepticism with regard to the miracles of the Old and New Testament. They cannot believe that the order of nature was reverted and the veil drawn aside from the unseen world for purposes of universal, infinite, and endless moment; yet they confidently maintain that spirits of exalted dignity and worth can be vexed and tortured to satisfy the curiosity and amuse the idle hours of a lounge about town or an unfledged school-girl. We confess that we have been more than once reminded by these things of a keen saying of St. Paul about those who in his day "received not the love of the truth,"—"For this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie." Such instances confirm us in the conviction that the supernatural has an essential place—a niche of its own—in the human soul, that it is almost impossible for man to escape belief in the occurrence of events beyond the cycle of his ordinary experience, and that the denial of one class of miracles only leaves the larger room and the stronger appetency for the reception of miracles of a different class. We are fully prepared to adopt as an axiom with regard to the supernatural what Horace says about Nature:—

"Naturam expelles furca, tamen usque recurret,  
Et mala perrumpet furtim fastidia victrix."

The easy faith of the believers in modern miracles helps us also to hurl back the charge of excessive credulity from the adherents to the opponents of revealed religion. In our apprehension, it requires a much keener appetite for the marvellous to believe in the acknowledged history of Christianity, and yet deny its miracles, than to admit in full the authenticity of its canonical Scriptures. In fine, we have always been disposed to regard modern infidels as weakly credulous; and large numbers of them are now justifying our verdict in the matter under discussion.

The admirable Lecture of Bishop Burgess, which we have named at the head of our article, and to which we referred in our last number, treats solely of the bearing of the modern necromancy on the evidences of Christianity. The writer fixes on no hypothesis; but by an exhaustive process, taking up successively the several theories of imposture, delusion, the operation of natural laws as yet undeveloped or unknown, demoniacal influence, and the presence of departed spirits, he shows that on neither ground is the evidence or the validity of the Christian revelation impaired. We close with two extracts from the Lecture.

“Far more probable than the supposition of simple imposture, or of simple delusion, is that of the operation of natural laws, physical or psychical, but as yet undeveloped or unknown. Mind communicates with mind in modes with which science has but the most indistinct acquaintance. The brain, the nerves, the vital powers, the relations between the body and the soul, the magnetism of the human system, the channels of communication between the inner man and the outer world, the very nature of that world itself as contrasted with spirit; all this is a sphere of which little is taught us except by experience. If new experience should decidedly affirm the most startling facts, the old experience is not sufficient to justify, by its ignorance of such facts, the rejection of their reality. It may very well be true that these phenomena may proceed from such causes, as well as other phenomena which can no longer be questioned, but which were once almost as wonderful. It may be that the mind, in certain states, may partake the thoughts of others without word or sign. It may be that it can control the movements of a body not its own. It may be that all the alleged disclosures from the world of spirits have been only the kind of reflection of what the mind was in itself or in other minds; a reflection clothed in fantastic

forms like those of a revery or a dream. It may even be, that the soul may assume something of the power which it shall wield in its disembodied state, and that the future and the distant may come within its dim perception. We do not know the limits beyond which our Creator may have decreed that the natural faculties shall never advance. We cannot know, while every other science glories in its discoveries and their application, that the experimental science of the soul may not bring to light its peculiar wonders. It ill becomes us to presume that no motions are ever to be perceived within us of powers which wait to spread their wings, when the worm shall emerge from the chrysalis, and fly upward. When we were children, it seemed quite as probable that a man in a trance might see what was taking place a thousand miles off at that moment, as that it could be told him by a current darting along a wire as swiftly as his thought. It is no settled law of nature that sight, hearing, and touch shall alone communicate knowledge; or that the mind can exercise no physical instrumentality but through the bodily organs; no more a settled law than that mechanical powers are the only force which man can set in motion. Perhaps all which can be proved of the marvels so often asserted may be but the results of laws which are yet to be developed, or which are involved in no peculiar mystery." — *Philadelphia Lectures*, pp. 312, 313.

"We come to the utmost supposition: What if it were even admitted that departed spirits had made some rude efforts to communicate with the living, and had been permitted so far to prevail as to give a few vague answers to vague questions, in a manner allowed to be difficult and disturbed, and very often delusive? There surely is no adequate proof or plausible color of anything like this. But what if there were? What if necromancy, guilty as it is, should be but the more guilty for the reality of its results? In the mere fact there is no contradiction to revealed truth, could the fact be established that the dead have spoken. The only questions would be, have they spoken that which is beyond revealed truth? and have they spoken that to which revealed truth is contradictory?

"To be assured of the truth of any new revelation from sources like these, would be impossible, even though we knew that the voices were the voices of the dead. The channel is corrupt and forbidden, and therefore the disclosures may be deceptive. If the dead should even tell us that they are at rest, and describe the state in which they dwell, who could assure us that they were not false, that they might not be betraying us to the same ruin which had overwhelmed them, or that they were not mischievously sporting with our rash curiosity? How

could we be certified that they were the persons whom they personated? But it is unnecessary to dwell upon the possibility of such deceit, since the whole mass of what has been pretended to be revealed in mere addition, not in contradiction, to the Word of God, is only such as, were it true, would have but the least conceivable value, would be but as the dust of the balance.

“Contradictions, however, to the word of God have been uttered, as from the world of the dead; and then the issue is directly raised between the Revelation which we have received through the Prophets and Apostles and the Lord Jesus Christ, on one side, and the disclosures which purport to come from departed spirits, on the other. They affirm what the Scriptures deny. They dispute what the Scriptures declare. Which shall be believed? Some of the very persons who are represented could claim no confidence while they lived, and death could not have entitled them to be heard in opposition to the voice of Inspiration. Of others we do not know whether they are indeed present, or whether some false spirits have stolen their names and imitated their manner and knowledge. But if they be present, and be they who they may, the Christian believer can have but one answer: ‘Though an angel from heaven preach any other Gospel, let him be accursed’; ‘We wrestle not merely against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.’ Not till the Redeemer shall return can any teachers, except the Holy Comforter, possess authority equal to that which we follow. The mere circumstance that the contradiction to the truth which we have so received is one which comes from the invisible rather than the visible world, should have no more power to persuade us than the temptations to wickedness, which come directly from the Evil One, should have beyond those which assail us through mortals like ourselves. Thus it is with Christians: but for him who is not a Christian in belief, one mighty obstacle to faith should seem to be removed when he is persuaded that the dead are actually living. If he credit this, and imagine that they are speaking, why should he hesitate to allow at least the probability of a far clearer, fuller, purer, and nobler revelation? One voice from the spiritual world should overthrow all the infidelity of the Sadducees of every generation who say that there is neither angel nor spirit.” — pp. 317–319.

## ART. XI. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Shakespeare's Scholar : being Historical and Critical Studies of his Text, Characters, and Commentators ; with an Examination of Mr. Collier's Folio of 1632.* By RICHARD GRANT WHITE, A.M. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1854.

IF a good book be all the better for a handsome exterior, the elegant appearance of this volume certainly entitles it to our prepossessions in its favor. In this respect, we may fairly say, that few works have been published in our country in a manner so creditable to the American press. Evidently unusual taste and judgment have been bestowed upon the outward material and mechanical execution, the paper, print, and binding of the book, all of which are excellent of their kind, and make it a volume pleasant, instead of toilsome or dangerous, to read. We may be fastidious upon points like these ; but, nevertheless, a letter of recommendation of the kind thus indicated can never fail to afford gratification.

Upon this favorable introduction, we have read Mr. White's book with the attention which its subject both claims and warrants. A more intimate acquaintance, gained by repeated examinations of its contents, has not disappointed us. The work constitutes, beyond any doubt, a highly valuable accession to that voluminous mass of criticism already accumulated, which may fitly pass under the name of Shakespearian literature. Its author is evidently a person of a genial and poetical temperament, of scholarly tastes and accomplishments, of critical tendencies and habits, fully possessed of the zeal and learning requisite to a work of this description, and with a mind enlarged by that familiar knowledge of men and things indispensable to the understanding of the writings of Shakespeare. In these respects he is competent, where many of the poet's commentators have shown themselves lamentably deficient. Perhaps no consideration could more plainly exhibit this latter defect, than that which results from the fact, that wise, sensible, and learned men often and often have indulged in critical discussions, in their closets, upon the use of phrases and turns of thought in the writings of Shakespeare, becoming only more and more befogged the farther they went, while the pit and galleries apprehended the meaning of the great genius at once, and always have done so, without any difficulty. For instance, let us take the passage in *Hamlet*, —

“He smote the sledded *Polack* on the ice.”

One would suppose that nobody could hesitate about the meaning of the italicized word, and certainly it is a form of national designation which would inevitably impress a poet's fancy. It seems, however, that, amidst the countless blunders of some of the earlier editions, this word was printed *Polax*; whereupon Mr. Boswell remarks, that this is probably the true reading, since, as he observes, *pole-axes were the insignia of persons of high rank in certain countries!* though we would suggest that these implements must have been borne only by their attendants. Accordingly, a very learned modern editor of Shakespeare, though he indeed retains the proper word in his text, yet yields so far to absurdity as seriously to quote Mr. Boswell's suggestion in a note. It is thus that blunders and vague or partial criticism, resulting often from want of acquaintance with common things, or from absence of tact, or perhaps quite as frequently from incapacity of poetical appreciation, have opened the way for further discussion, and palliate, if excuse be necessary, that vast accumulation of critical matter which has gathered about the writings of Shakespeare.

Mr. White's work he modestly denominates "Shakespeare's Scholar," implying, as we suppose, that he has been a student and learner at the feet of the great master; sitting, as it were, for refreshment and delight, by the side of that fountain of inexhaustible gladness, whose waters, sweeter than from any other spring of genius, have indeed fertilized and invigorated the world. The book is introduced by a handsome and very suggestive "Prefatory Letter," addressed to an elegant writer of our own country. This is followed by an "Historical Sketch of the Text of Shakespeare," which constitutes an extremely valuable portion of the work. Under this head Mr. White enumerates the various editions of Shakespeare's Plays, from the period of their earliest publication to our own day, with some critical analysis of their several claims to respect. He also disposes of many of their editors, often in a manner quite summary, but, as we believe, entirely correspondent with their deserts; discriminating amongst them, however, with great fairness and good judgment. Without offering us a complete list of the long file of commentators who have illustrated, sometimes Shakespeare, and sometimes their own utter incompetency to the task, Mr. White affords us sufficient insight into their labors to make us wish (we were about to say!) for a new edition of the immortal poet, with notes critical, historical, emendatory, and, above all, sensible, philosophical, and poetical. He next examines, at considerable length, the pretensions of that extraordinary "Folio of 1632," by the publication of which Mr. Collier for a while amazed and amused the public a year or two since. The main body of the work is taken up with "Notes and Comments" on the various

plays. In this portion, too, Mr. White favors us with several elaborately drawn disquisitions upon certain principal characters; exhibiting his own powers of nice analysis, though perhaps we should be unable always to assent to his conclusions. To this is added, also, a brief and highly interesting essay upon the "Sonnets," which, in spite of Dr. Johnson, and other persons neither so sagacious nor so learned, we could never help admiring and loving as much as any of the great poet's productions. We say nothing of the theory suggested by Mr. White on the subject of their origin, whether satisfactory to us or otherwise, because we have now no space to devote to the discussion. There is also a still shorter essay, upon the proper method of spelling Shakespeare's name, which we think entirely satisfactory, and a fair rebuke to modern affectations on this particular point.

The great principle which has guided Mr. White in the path of his studies and labors is obviously sound and true. His object has been simply to ascertain, if possible, what his author actually wrote. Many of the commentators have presumptuously suggested, and editors have frequently inserted into the text, something of their own, as better expressing the idea, which Shakespeare, according to their notions, had failed to convey; or they have substituted some other word or phrase for one, the meaning of which they did not happen to know. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, perhaps, a more accurate taste, or a better informed judgment, or a higher knowledge, or a wider view, would insist, without hesitation, upon the commonly received text. Mr. White has far too sincere a reverence for his subject, and too much of what, even in criticism, is of sterling value, namely, personal integrity, to deal thus wantonly or inconsiderately with the text of Shakespeare, whenever there are probable grounds for the ordinary reading. He is, indeed, an earnest, yet an honest and enlightened, worshipper at the shrine of the world's great genius. Could he do so, he would repair the breaches of the edifice, and restore whatever of its garniture blind fury and folly have mutilated. In this way he has done a great deal of good service to the cause of taste and sound literature; and the lovers of Shakespeare have ample cause to thank him for his diligent and successful labors.

In commending this book to the friends of letters, it is not necessary that we should be supposed to assent to all the writer's views, or to believe that he has avoided all the errors of his predecessors, or has fallen into no mistakes of his own. This would be equally unreasonable and impossible. Every writer has his peculiarities and prejudices. No one has perfect vision, unerring instinct, or powers of universal insight. The observation of no one person commands the entire horizon. Some-

times, undoubtedly, Mr. White arrives at erroneous conclusions, and now and then sees objects in a light in which they do not present themselves to other eyes. This is so much the better; for while it exhibits his original ways of thinking, it stimulates also our own critical faculties, and challenges the investigation of subjects which cannot lose their interest to the literary world. It is quite sufficient to make "Shakespeare's Scholar" a work absolutely useful and valuable, that its views are generally sound, and its critical conclusions commonly true. We sincerely regret that we have no space to designate points in regard to which we differ with the author; but still more, that we are unable to express, in a more complete and extended form, the grounds of our decisive approbation of a work of so much value to literature, of such real utility and sterling merit.

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2.—*Palestine. Description Geographique, Historique, et Archeologique.* Par S. MUNK, Employé au Département des Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque Royale. Paris: Firmin Didot Frères. 8vo. pp. 704.

THIS work forms one of the volumes of the "Univers Pittoresque," commenced by Messrs. Didot several years ago. It is the most valuable and thorough of the series, and contains a more condensed, digested, and comprehensive account of the "Holy Land" than we have seen in any language. The author's connection with the "manuscript department" in the Royal Library of Paris gave him rare and peculiar facilities, and he has brought together in this compilation an extraordinary amount of information and research. The method of the work is exact and admirable. It is divided into *five* books. The *first* treats of the physical geography and topography of Palestine; the *second*, of the pagan races which inhabited the land before and after the Hebrew invasion; the *third*, of the Hebrew history; the *fourth*, of Hebrew archeology and antiquities; and the *fifth*, of the history of Palestine and the Jews, from the exile in Babylon to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. In an appendix is added the history of the land during the last eighteen centuries. This summary of subjects gives no idea of the masterly fulness with which every topic included under these general heads is treated. The work is printed in double columns, with small type. Notes, explanatory and illustrative, from books of travel, histories, poems, philosophies, of every language and every age, from Herodotus to Dr. Robinson, are copiously supplied at the bottom of the page. Nothing seems to have been neglected or omitted, and yet there

is not a word too much. The complete table of subjects would seem to render an index unnecessary. But a most complete index is furnished. Even the seventy maps and plates which are affixed are severally explained, and a list is given of the more important works of travel, from the Bourdeaux Itinerary to the present day. The style of the work is clear, flowing, and perfectly adapted to the various themes, never turgid and never dry. Its scientific spirit does not exclude a reverential tone, and the veracity of the Scripture accounts is never needlessly questioned. Constant references are made to the Old Testament books, as well as to the Talmuds and Josephus. We are glad to notice, also, that M. Munk, though skilled in Continental lore, draws largely from English sources. No language has helped us to more correct information concerning the Oriental lands than the English.

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3.— *Chrestomathie Française*. Par M. VINET. Bâle. 1851.

THIS is the title of a work in three volumes, containing selections from the best French writers, and prepared for the use of young persons by the late M. Vinet, one of the pastors of the Reformed Church in Switzerland. Each extract is preceded by a short biographical notice of the author from whose works it is taken, and accompanied by notes, calling the attention of the reader to those peculiarities of idiom and grammatical construction which constitute the niceties of a language. These volumes have the additional merit of giving specimens of the style, not only of such writers as are considered classical, but of the best of our own day. Thus, in the first volume we find an interesting episode in the life of John of Brittany, taken from Barante's spirited History of the Dukes of Burgundy; next, "The Departure for the First Crusade," by Michaud, followed by "The Battle of Hastings," from Thierry's History of the Norman Conquest, and the "Death of Charles I.," by Guizot. Then we have some extracts from the French memoir-writers, calculated to tempt the youthful reader to pursue this most entertaining and instructive branch of literature; also, at the close of the volume, some very good selections from the best French poets, among which we notice one from Casimir Delavigne, whose writings are not so well known in this country as they deserve to be. The other two volumes, intended for the use of older scholars, contain equally judicious selections. The entire work, if republished, might, we think, be introduced with advantage into schools in this country.

4. — Η ΠΡΟΟΔΟΣ ΤΟΥ ΧΡΙΣΤΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΠΟΔΗΜΟΥΝΤΟΣ ΑΠΟ ΤΟΥ ΚΟΣΜΟΥ ΤΟΥΤΟΥ ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΜΕΛΛΟΝΤΑ. ΕΝ ΕΙΔΕΙ ΕΝΥΠΝΙΟΥ. ΥΠΟ ΙΩΑΝΝΟΥ ΒΟΥΝΙΑΝΟΥ. 'Εν Ἀθήναις, ἐκ τοῦ Τυπογραφείου Ν. Ἀγγελίδου, Ὀδὸς Ἐρμού παρὰ τῇ Καπνικαρέᾳ. 1854.

*The Progress of the Christian Pilgrim from this World to that which is to come; under the Similitude of a Dream.* By JOHN BUNYAN. Athens: From the Press of N. Angelides. 1854.

It is a singular destiny which has befallen the son of the Tinker of Elstow. His humble origin, his vicious youth, his conversion, his Christian life, and the sufferings and persecutions by which it was marked, form of themselves a history of extraordinary interest. The wonderful genius with which he was endowed has made the influence of his name and character immortal. The tale of the Pilgrim's Progress has had more readers among those who speak the English language than any other uninspired book. It is the delight of childhood, as a story of adventure, and hairbreadth escapes, and final triumph, not less attractive than the best tales of chivalry. Persons of mature years read it for the story, the allegory, and the lessons of Christian life. The unlearned find in its homely and practical style a manner level to their comprehension, and matter of deep import to their spiritual welfare. The learned find that same homely style so free from vulgarity, and so penetrated with the kindling force of genius and imagination, that they hang over its pages of vivid narrative and picturesque description and ingenious allegory with an admiration that never tires.

But Bunyan himself, dreamer as he was, and the greatest lover of Bunyan, believing him one of the greatest minds the world has produced, could scarcely have anticipated that the Pilgrim's Progress would ever be translated into the language of Hellas. Yet so it is. We have it now in excellent Greek, published in Athens, from the press of an Athenian printer, in the street of Hermes. The translation was made by a native Greek, under the eye of the Rev. Mr. Buell, of the Baptist Mission, a gentleman well known in Greece, and to all travellers in Greece, as an able man, and a most devoted laborer in the field which he has been called to cultivate. His command of the Greek language is almost that of a native. He speaks and writes it with fluency and elegance, and preaches in it to the acceptance of Hellenic hearers. We regret to learn that failing health has compelled him recently to quit his post for a time. When the French and English army of occupation took possession of the Peiræus and Athens last summer, the peaceful dwelling of Mr. Buell was seized to furnish lodg-

ings for some of the officers, and since then Mr. Buell has gone to Malta. But now that the military gentlemen have been called to scenes of more active operations than that of turning a Christian missionary and his amiable and accomplished wife out of their peaceful and happy home, we hope that the good people of the Peiræus and Athens will soon welcome back its former tenants, and that they will have a vivid perception of the difference to them between the soldiers of France and the soldier of the Cross.

This translation has been very skilfully executed; and, passing under the critical revision of Mr. Buell, it may be relied upon for entire fidelity to the original. It is not only a faithful transcript of the English, but an excellent specimen of the Greek as now spoken and written by educated people, as taught in the schools, heard in cultivated society, and listened to from the pulpit and the professor's chair in Greece. The very peculiarities of Bunyan's home-bred style, and the significant names of the characters in the story, are admirably preserved; and this, we think, is not only a good test of the conscientious fidelity of the translator, but of the flexibility and resources of expression which still, as in ancient times, are characteristic of the language of Greece. My Lord Turn-about, my Lord Time-server, my Lord Fair-speech, Mr. Smooth-man, Mr. Facing-both-ways, Mr. Any-thing, and "the parson of our parish, Mr. Two-tongues," bear the excellent names of *ὁ Εὐγενὴς Εὐμετάβολος*, *ὁ Εὐγενὴς Καιροσκόπος*, *ὁ Εὐγενὴς Χρηστολόγος*, *ὁ Κύριος Γλυκολόγος*, *ὁ Κύριος Διπρόσωπος*, *ὁ Κύριος Ἀλλοπρόσαλλος*, and *ὁ ἐφημέριος τῆς ἐνορίας μας*, *Κύριος Δίγλωσσος*. Mr. Vain-confidence is *ὁ Ματαιοθαρήης*; Giant Despair is *ὁ Γίγας Ἀπελπιστής*, and his wife Diffidence is *Δυσπιστία*; the Delectable Mountains are *τὰ Τερπνὰ Ὅρη*; Giant Slay-good is *ὁ Γίγας Ἀγαθοκτόνος*; Vanity Fair is *ἡ Ματαιοπανήγυρις*; Dare-not-lie is *Φυγοψευδής*; Stand-fast is *Εὐσταθής*; Father Honest is *Γερο-Τίμιος*; and Madam Bubble is most expressively denominated *ἡ Πομφόλυξ*. These examples will show how admirably adapted the Greek language is to reproduce the entire spirit of Bunyan's allegory, and how adroitly the translators have availed themselves of its capabilities. We know something of the intellectual eagerness of the Hellenic youth; and we cannot doubt that by this time the Pilgrim's Progress is found, not only in the cottages of Attica, but in every hut on the slopes of Parnassus and Helicon, and in the humble habitations built upon the ruined splendors of prophetic Delphi.

We quote a few sentences of the English, and then the translation, as a specimen of the general style.

"Then said Christian to his fellow, Now I call to remembrance that which was told me of a thing that happened to a good man hereabout. The name of the man was Little-Faith; but a good man, and he dwelt in the town of Sincere.

The thing was this. At the entering in at this passage, there comes down from Broadway-gate a lane called Dead-man's-lane ; so called because of the murders that are commonly done there ; and this Little-Faith going on pilgrimage, as we do now, chanced to sit down there and sleep. Now there happened at that time to come down the lane from Broadway-gate, three sturdy rogues, and their names were Faint-Heart, Mistrust, and Guilt, three brothers ; and they espying Little-Faith where he was, came galloping up with speed. Now the good man was just awaked from his sleep, and was getting up to go on his journey. So they came up all to him, and with threatening language bid him stand. At this Little-Faith looked as white as a sheet, and had neither power to fight nor fly. Then said Faint-Heart, ' Deliver thy purse ' ; but he making no haste to do it, (for he was loth to lose his money,) Mistrust ran up to him, and, thrusting his hand into his pocket, pulled out thence a bag of silver. Then he cried out, ' Thieves, Thieves ! ' With that, Guilt, with a great club that was in his hand, struck Little-Faith on the head, and with that blow felled him flat to the ground, where he lay bleeding as one that would bleed to death."

“ Εἶπε τότε ὁ Χριστιανὸς πρὸς τὸν σύντροφόν του, Ὡς ἐνθυμούμαι ὅτι ποτὲ ἤκουσα περὶ τοῦ συμβεβηκότος ἀγαθοῦ τινος ἀνδρὸς εἰς ταῦτα τὰ μέρη. Ὁνομάζετο οὗτος Ὀλιγόπιστος, ἀλλ’ ἦτο καλὸς ἄνθρωπος, καὶ κατ’ῴκει εἰς τὴν Εἰλικρινόπολιν. Παρὰ τὴν εἴσοδον τῆς ἀτραποῦ ταύτης καταβαίνει ἐκ τῆς Πλατείας Πύλης ἀτραπὸς τις καλουμένη Νεκροπάροδος, ἕνεκα τῶν ἐν αὐτῇ πραττομένων φόνων· συνέβη δὲ ὁ Ὀλιγόπιστος οὗτος ἀποδημῶν ὡς καὶ ἡμεῖς νῦν, νὰ καθίσῃ καὶ νὰ κοιμηθῇ ἐν αὐτῇ. Κατέβαινον τότε κατὰ συγκαίριαν ἐκ τῆς Πλατείας Πύλης τρεῖς πανοῦργοι, ὁ Δειλόκαρδος, ὁ Φιλύποπος καὶ ὁ Ἐνοχος, καὶ οἱ τρεῖς ἀδελφοί, οἵτινες ἰδόντες τὸν Ὀλιγόπιστον κοιμώμενον, τὸν ἐπλησίασαν καλπάζοντες ἐν τάχει, καθ’ ἣν στιγμήν οὗτος ἐγείρετο ἵνα ἀκολουθήσῃ τὴν ὁδοιπορίαν του. Τὸν περιεκύκλωσαν ἅπαντες, καὶ μὲ ἀπειλητικούς λόγους τὸν προσέταξαν νὰ σταθῇ. Ἀφ’ οὗ ἤκουσεν ὁ Ὀλιγόπιστος τοῦτο, τὸ πρόσωπόν του ἔγεινεν ὡς πανίον, καὶ δὲν ἠδύνατο οὔτε νὰ ἀντισταθῇ οὔτε νὰ φύγῃ. Ὁ Δειλόκαρδος τότε, Χρήματα, τῷ λέγει. Ἐπειδὴ ὁμως ὁ Ὀλιγόπιστος ἐβράδυνε νὰ ἐκβάλῃ τὸ βαλάντιόν του, διότι ἐλυπείτο τὰ χρήματά του, ὁ Φιλύποπος τρέχων ἔχωσε τὴν χεῖρα εἰς τὸ θυλάκιόν του καὶ ἐξέβαλε ἑξακοῦλαν τινὰ μὲ χρήματα. Κλέπται ! Κλέπται ! ἐφώναξε τότε ὁ Ὀλιγόπιστος. Ἐν τούτοις ὁ Ἐνοχος μὲ τὸ μέγα αὐτοῦ ῥόπαλον, ἐκτύπησε τὸν Ὀλιγόπιστον εἰς τὴν κεφαλὴν, καὶ τὸν ἔρριψε κατὰ γῆς πρηγῇ, ὅπου ἔκειτο αἵματοκυλισμένος καὶ κινδυνεύων ν’ ἀποθάνῃ.”

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- 5.—1. *Life Scenes of the Messiah.* By Rev. RUFUS W. CLARK. Boston : John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 330.  
 2. *Romanism in America.* By Rev. RUFUS W. CLARK. Boston : S. K. Whipple & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 271.

Mr. CLARK has precisely the qualities of head and heart adapted to make him a *popular* writer in the best sense of the term, that is, not

one who will echo the sentiments of the people, but one whom the people will permit to instruct and guide them. He knows how to present the results of diligent study, profound thought, and devout feeling in forms that shall at once satisfy the demands of the more cultivated, and meet the needs of the less cultivated. Familiar, without losing dignity, clear, yet not over diffuse, thoroughly in earnest, yet never vehement, with a style unartificial, yet smooth, fluent, and graceful, with few striking and no weak passages, he is read more than he is talked about, and probably wins more assent to his arguments than flattering criticism of his rhetoric. Not that his rhetoric is otherwise than pure and good; but its chief excellence is that it is always ancillary to the expression of generous sympathies and the purpose of direct usefulness as a citizen, a philanthropist, and a Christian. The first of the books above named is a series of twenty-five sketches of the life of our Saviour, from his birth to his ascension, and has the crowning merit of presenting the Divine Founder of our religion with such singleness of aim, that the reader's attention is never called off from the subject to the author, or from the thought to its drapery. "Romanism in America" is a plain exposition of just so much of the history, doctrines, discipline, and policy of the Romish Church as it behooves every American Protestant to know, that as a Christian he may guard the integrity of his faith, and as a citizen may defend the institutions of his country from influences no less adverse to civil freedom than to religious toleration.

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6. — *Notes on Duels and Duelling, alphabetically arranged, with a Preliminary Historical Essay.* By LORENZO SABINE. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 394.

BEFORE we saw this book, our high respect for the author's intellectual and literary character did not prevent strong misgivings as to his proposed plan. It is fully justified in its execution, and we are now inclined to agree with Mr. Sabine, that such an exhibition as he has made is more likely than a direct moral appeal to produce a repugnance to the barbarous practice of duelling where it is still sustained by public opinion. The prevalent tone of sentiment on this and numerous allied subjects differs so widely in the Northern and Southern sections of our Union, that, on the one hand, it is difficult for a Northern man to appreciate in full the position and liabilities of the chivalrous member of a community where "the code of honor" overrides the law of the land, and, on the other, equally difficult for the Southerner to believe that he is understood and that his case is fairly met, or to prevent him-

self from regarding expostulation as invective, and the censor's office as arrogant usurpation. But if dispassionate history, arranged not for effect, but in a form in which there can be no canvassing and packing of witnesses, presents an unbroken array of reluctance, compunction, remorse, and misery, with no "after-shine" of complacency or glory, with no laurels won and worn by the successful duellist, then without a word of reasoning or opprobrium there is a cumulative argument of irresistible force against a custom which perhaps has received no stronger sentence of reprobation than from its abettors and its victims. The Historical Sketch with which this volume opens traces the duel from its origin in the dark ages in the "wager of battle," through its successive modifications, to the present time, and presents general views of the methods, rules, and causes of single combat, of the opinions and feelings of combatants, and of the sentiments of eminent men and of different communities with regard to this mode of arbitration. In the alphabetical catalogue of duels, the story of each is told without comment, whenever it is possible in the words of others, and in several cases the preliminary correspondence is given in full. The narratives most minute in detail are those of the duels between Cilley and Graves, Clay and Randolph, Decatur and Barron, and Hamilton and Burr. The latter is no doubt the most impressive and instructive case on record, at least in our own country, illustrating as it does the cruel tyranny of the false sense of honor, which compelled the first statesman in America to meet in mortal conflict a man whom he despised, and at whose hand he expected certain death, while he confessed before the act his hearty disapproval of it, and bore in dying the most emphatic testimony to his own condemnation. Mr. Sabine's Appendix contains a series of valuable documents and extracts bearing upon the subject of the volume, among which, and second to none in interest, is a large portion of Dr. Nott's Sermon on the death of Hamilton. We cannot but believe that a book written and compiled in a spirit so kindly, and with so patent a philanthropic purpose, will be well received, and will have a salutary moral influence where its lessons are most needed, and, we cannot but believe, are as much desired as needed.

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7.—*Poems by ALICE CARY.* Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855.  
24mo. pp. 399.

WE can find little fault with any one of these poems; and though there is perhaps not one of them which would vindicate the author's claim to a seat near the summit of Parnassus, they are in general char-

acterized by easy rhythm, graceful thought, and striking, though sometimes incongruous imagery. But they are all in the minor key, — a prolonged and varied dirge-note, — a wail, under a great diversity of titles, of disappointed love, desertion, betrayal, and bereavement. And they give us the impression of their spuriousness as an embodiment of the writer's own experience. We know not her history; but actual grief is less artificial in its utterance, and less recondite in its metaphors. Yet she shows talent enough in working the "love-sick" vein, to prepare us to welcome any subsequent appearance of hers before the public on less lugubrious themes and in more joyous and hopeful strains.

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8. — *Commentaries on the Laws of the Ancient Hebrews; with an Introductory Essay on Civil Society and Government.* By E. C. WINES. New York: George P. Putnam & Co. 1855. 16mo. pp. 640.

As we hope in a future number to make this book the subject of an extended review, we will now simply express our high sense of its worth, both as an argument for the divine origin, and an exposition of the contents, of the Mosaic law; and bear our emphatic testimony to the acumen, ability, learning, sound judgment, and religious reverence manifested by the author.

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9. — *A History of England, from the First Invasion by the Romans to the Accession of William and Mary, in 1688.* By JOHN LINGARD, D.D. From the last revised London Edition. In 13 vols. Vols. I. — VII. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1853 — 4.

AMONG the writers of finished and standard histories of England, Dr. Lingard is by many years the latest, and the last London edition, which he lived to revise, was published only six years ago. He therefore had the advantage of his predecessors in the use of numerous materials disinterred by the antiquarian research of the present century, and in an improved philosophy of history. That he was conscientiously accurate and faithful is denied by none. That, as a Romanist, he often gives a different reading of events or grouping of characters from Hume and Macaulay, is equally undeniable. But no one can understand the history of England who does not contemplate it from the several points of view in which it presents itself to Romanist and Protestant, Churchman and Dissenter. Religion has been the chief working force in the de-

velopment of the English constitution, character, and history, and therefore every element of that force demands representation by hands prepared to do it ample justice. We believe that English historians have generally done great injustice to the Romish Church, especially during the reign of the Tudors; and for this period more than for any other should Lingard be read and studied, nor can there be any reasonable doubt that, during the transition epoch, he represents the party the most loyal to truth and right; while the English Reformation was not a reformation in its motive, intent, and initial steps, though it became so in the lapse of time, through growing intelligence, Continental influence, and the counsels of a Providence educing good from evil. The edition of Lingard, now in press, of which we have seven volumes on our table, is under the care of an able and experienced editor, who gives personal attention to the proof, and occasionally adds an explanatory note. It may be relied on as even more accurate than the English edition on which it is founded; for that did not wholly escape errors of the press.

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10. — *Milestones in our Life-Journey.* By SAMUEL OSGOOD. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 24mo. pp. 307.

WE might term this book a *generalized autobiography*, — the life-book of the author's experience, divested of egoism, and compiled in a form in which it can instruct, edify, and guide. The first chapter, entitled "Companions by the Way," embodies the leading incidents of the writer's school and college days, and his early clerical life, yet so modestly and delicately drawn, that he remains in the background, while he gives us in strong relief the portraits of some whom the great world delights to honor, and of others who have left a green place in the memories of a smaller circle. From this "Introductory Sketch," he passes to the leading epochs, liabilities, needs, and spiritual resources of human life from childhood to the birth through death into immortality, drawing manifestly for the first half of the "Life-Journey" on his own remembrance and consciousness, and for the latter half and its final consummation on the faith and hope with which as a Christian he looks forward to the waning of the earthly and the dawning of the heavenly life. Chaste, rich, and quietly eloquent in style, claiming a high rank in a merely literary aspect, the book still commends itself chiefly as a *vade-mecum* for the pilgrim who would make the milestones on his life-journey waymarks on the path to heaven; and its pervading purpose is indicated in its emphatic conclusion, which we quote.

“ True progress is to be measured by the character formed, not by the distance travelled. Not without meaning we close our notes of the Milestones on our way with those hallowed words that Jesus, the great Mediator between time and eternity, as well as between man and God, spoke when he embraced all men and all nations in his parting prayer :—

“ ‘ This is Life Eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent. ’ ” — p. 307.

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11. — *A History of Greece, from the Earliest Times to the Roman Conquest. With Supplementary Chapters on the History of Literature and Art.* By WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D. *With Notes, and a Continuation to the Present Time, by C. C. FELTON, LL.D.,* Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University. Boston : Hickling, Swan, and Brown. 1855. 8vo. pp. 670.

IN a recent number we spoke of Smith's History of Greece in terms of unqualified commendation. The name of the American editor is a sufficient guaranty for the worth of his additions. If familiar conversance with the literature and monuments of ancient, and prolonged and varied observation of the renewed life of modern Greece, can fit one to be its historian, Professor Felton is second to no American in his qualifications for the office. At the same time, we regard his “ Continuation ” as of higher interest and importance than the main work ; for ancient Greece has no lack of historians, while we know not where but in the volume before us to look for a compendious history of Greece under the Turks and since her emancipation.

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12. — *A Treatise on English Punctuation ; designed for Letter-writers, Authors, Printers, and Correctors of the Press ; and for the Use of Schools and Academies. With an Appendix, containing Rules on the Use of Capitals, a List of Abbreviations, Hints on the Preparation of Copy and on Proof-reading, Specimen of Proof-sheet, etc.* By JOHN WILSON. Third Edition, enlarged. Boston. 1855. 16mo. pp. 334.

THOSE who have had experience of Mr. Wilson's accuracy as a printer, faithfulness as a proof-reader, and keen critical sense as a suggester of emendations, know from the mere title of this work that it is all that it purports to be, and all that such a book can be. It should be a manual for the author's desk and the printing-office. At the same time, it comprises so much of grammatical analysis, and enters so fully

into the structure and use of our language, that it could not fail as a school-book to surpass in actual utility almost any of the school grammars now in use.

13. — *Institutes of Metaphysic: The Theory of Knowing and Being.*

By JAMES F. FERRIER, A. B. Oxon., Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy, St. Andrews. Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons. 1854. 16mo. pp. 530.

THIS is a remarkable book, and we regret that our notice of it, at least for the present, must be brief and hurried. Its framework consists of a series of mutually dependent propositions, with their demonstrations, designed to place metaphysic on the same footing with the exact sciences, and to establish in that department a body of truth, which shall rest in the consciousness on similar evidence with that on which we receive the demonstrated theorems of geometry. The author starts with the single axiom: "Along with whatever any intelligence knows, it must, as the ground or condition of its knowledge, have some cognizance of *itself*." From this postulate, (axiom we with him believe it to be,) he deduces his entire system, commencing with *epistemology*, or the theory of knowing, passing through *agniology*, or the theory of ignorance, thus entering the province of *ontology* with a clear view of the conditions and limitations not only of possible knowledge, but of possible ignorance also, (for there can be no ignorance of what is *intrinsically* unknowable,) and culminating in the proposition, "All absolute existences are contingent *except one* ; in other words, there is One, but only one, Absolute Existence, which is strictly *necessary* ; and that existence is a supreme and infinite and everlasting Mind in synthesis with all things." The system is equally opposed to materialism and to idealism, the pervading purpose being to demonstrate the impossibility of our either knowing, conceiving, or ignoring matter by itself or mind by itself. The synthesis of something (whether material or not) other than self with self, or, in the author's favorite phrase, "object + subject," is the *minimum* of cognition and conception. The object and subject are thus inseparable in thought, and therefore it is impossible to affirm, or to conceive of, the independent existence of either. We can follow our author through his epistemology and agniology ; but in the ontology an unwarrantable leap is taken from the conditions of knowledge incident to all finite beings to the "Necessary Absolute," whose being and knowledge may be unconditioned. The system implies the impossibility of self-subsistence and self-cognition on the part of the Supreme

Being, and the coeternity of the universe with its (commonly so called) Creator ; and it is precisely where these inferences would be inevitable that the author's logic breaks down, and the propositions begin to look like parasites rather than the natural growth of their antecedents.

But there is another than a logical vein running through the book. Every demonstrated proposition is followed by "Observations and Explanations," in which, as well as in a long Introduction, free play is given to flashing wit, keen sarcasm, criticism of ancient systems, invective against modern psychologists, — all in the most dashing style, with some amazing flights and no less signal plunges of rhetoric, often as entertaining as the last novel, though sometimes provokingly diffuse and redundant. If the author is, as we suppose him to be, a young man, we predict for him eminence as a metaphysician, though there probably must be a fall from his present towering height of self-appreciation ; for he now deems himself to have overtopped the loftiest summits of previous human philosophy, and to have been the first to solve the problem of the universe.

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14. — *Sabbath Laws and Sabbath Duties considered in Relation to their Natural and Scriptural Grounds, and to the Principles of Religious Liberty.* By ROBERT COX. Edinburgh: Maclachlan and Stewart. 1853. 16mo. pp. 598.

THIS book consists of a "Plea for Sunday Trains," occupying sixteen pages, addressed "to the Proprietors of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway," and a huge and heterogeneous Appendix of corroborative matter. It bears the marks of honest purpose, but is disfigured by vehemence and bitterness, and is symptomatic of a fierce partisan conflict, in which it seems by no means unlikely that combatants on both sides used "weapons of the Philistines." We dislike the tone and temper of the book, and dissent wholly from its theories of obligation and expediency ; and as the question of Sunday trains has been agitated, and may be agitated again, in our own community, we will crave indulgence for a brief comment on the postulate of Mr. Cox's argument.

Sunday trains are advocated on the ground that they enable those who have labored all the week to enjoy the country air, to visit their friends, and to take recreation for which their employers give them no other season. We believe that sober and well-disposed persons of this class are in general satisfied with the domestic repose and quiet, the walk to church, and the means of improvement, proffered by the weekly Sabbath. Where Sunday trains have been established, they have not

been filled by the industrious and worthy portion of the community, but by the idle, dissipated, and corrupt,—by the very class of people against whose society it would be well that the better portion of the poor should be sedulously guarded. The chief benefit that results from such an arrangement is the weekly depletion of city rowdyism, which is more than counterbalanced by its overflow into surrounding villages and rural haunts, where it is insufferably annoying and pestilential. We would indeed have more thought taken than has yet been for the recreation of the laboring classes. They, most of all, on account of the unspiritual routine of the week's service, need the unbroken consecration of Sunday for the good of their higher natures. But we cannot think that any injurious results would ensue, or any less work be done, if the weekly labor ceased on Saturday noon, and thus by the weekly half-holiday the temptation to desecrate the Sabbath were removed, and physical and social needs provided for. This is a privilege generally accorded to the slaves on the Southern plantations; can it be less needed by farm-servants, journeymen, or factory operatives?

One consideration to be taken into the account in the matter of Sunday trains is, that, if they are run, a very large number of engineers, firemen, conductors, brakemen, and station-masters must be, not occasionally, but permanently, cut off from all Sunday privileges, and made absolutely *pariahs* as to the religious communities to which they ostensibly belong. Such a procedure, involving interests of unsurpassed moment for a very numerous class of people, can be justified only on the plea of a necessity so manifest, intense, and earnest, as to demand a costly sacrifice.

The public also have important interests at stake on this issue. Steam is a fearful agent when under reckless management. We need for the guidance of our public conveyances eminently sober, trustworthy, faithful men. But persons of this class would generally resign their places rather than run Sunday trains; or, were they to retain their places, it would be with an inevitable deterioration of character. We should deem it an immense evil for our New England railroads to pass into the management of such persons as will consent to forfeit their Sunday rest, privilege, and enjoyment. We write only what we know, when we say that we must lose in that event many of the very functionaries whose caution, fidelity, and courtesy are among our chief securities and comforts in travelling, and to whom we owe it, not only that the strong and self-reliant can pursue their journeys in safety, but that invalids, children, and unprotected females find their condition an unfailing claim upon urbanity and kindness.

15. — *Cornell's Primary Geography, forming Part First of a Systematic Series of School Geographies.* By S. S. CORNELL. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 96.

WE notice this book, because it is the first school geography that we have ever seen which seemed to us adapted to accomplish its purpose. The author, Miss Cornell, is herself a teacher, and her method has been suggested by her experience. She proposes to give in the beginning just those outline-views of the world and its salient features which the child can understand, and will learn without effort in the very process of understanding them, then to fill in the outline little by little, first by larger divisions and geographical facts of strong interest, and to fix these in the memory before smaller divisions and less noteworthy facts are taken cognizance of, reserving the circles and nomenclature of astronomical geography for the close of the process. For this purpose, there are progressive series of maps, each map containing just what the author wishes the child at that particular stage to remember, and no more. We would earnestly recommend the adoption of this book, and shall look with much interest for the appearance of the subsequent numbers of the series.

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16. — 1. *Outlines of History; illustrated by numerous Geographical and Historical Notes and Maps. Embracing, Part I. Ancient History. Part II. Modern History. Part III. Outlines of the Philosophy of History.* By MARCIUS WILLSON. University Edition. New York: Ivison and Phinney. 1854. 16mo. pp. 845.
2. *American History: comprising Historical Sketches of the Indian Tribes, a Description of American Antiquities, with an Inquiry into their Origin and the Origin of the Indian Tribes; History of the United States, with Appendices, showing its Connection with European History; History of the present British Provinces; History of Mexico; and History of Texas, brought down to the Time of its Admission into the American Union.* By MARCIUS WILLSON. New York: Ivison and Phinney. 1854. 8vo. pp. 706.

WE have examined these books sufficiently to convince us that they are all that they purport and claim to be; that the first is as good a compend of universal history as any, and better than almost any, in use; and that the second contains a fuller array of materials and helps (in maps, plans, and charts, as well as text) for the study of American history, than has ever before been brought together. They of course do not supersede (as what compend can?) particular and detailed histories; but they will prove of the highest value, at once as class-books and as books of reference.

17. — *Analytical Class-Book of Botany, designed for Academies and Private Students.* In Two Parts. Part I. *Elements of Vegetable Structure and Physiology.* By FRANCES H. GREEN. Part II. *Systematic Botany: illustrated by a Compendious Flora of the United States.* By JOSEPH W. CONGDON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 228. Plates 29.

OF this book also we can speak in terms of unqualified commendation, not only as a text-book for school use, but as a manual for field study. The Flora is indeed "compendious," but copious. We have failed to find in it no plant for which we have looked (except that, in our copy, the binder omitted an important signature), and the descriptions are sufficiently minute to enable the explorer to identify the objects of his search without danger of mistake. The work, in fact, embodies in a condensed form, yet without obscurity, materials of botanical knowledge, for which (so far as they were then in existence) a student might twenty years ago have been compelled to ransack a score of volumes.

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18. — *Literary Fables of YRIARTE.* Translated from the Spanish. By GEORGE H. DEVEREUX. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855. 16mo. pp. 145.

THESE Fables are original (i. e. not borrowed or modified from Æsop); they have generally a very keen point; they relate wholly to the foibles and faults of literary men; and, though written in Spain, and in the last century, they are precisely as well adapted to the present condition of the literary world in America, as if Mr. Devereux had been their author, not their translator. And he has done his work well. He has preserved the aroma of the Spaniard's wit, and the raciness of his satire; he has copied and imitated those difficult Spanish metres which are a very pillory for English verse; and this without transcending the canons of taste and euphony applicable to his own language.

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19. — *The Life of Horace Greeley, the Editor of the New York Tribune.* By T. PARTON. New York: Mason Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 482.

THE history of an American boy, who, with only the advantages the humblest institutions of New England give, works his way, without anybody's patronage, to a position where his influence directly affects

more individuals than does that of any other American, must, if well written, have in it a great deal that is very curious and very valuable. This book is singularly well written; and its mingling of private incidents with public history is so managed, that its popularity will not be transient.

The early part of Mr. Greeley's life is wrought up from a great number of authorities, and presents the best picture we remember of the life of a New England youth. It is not slurred over with a few sentimental allusions to "the old oaken bucket," or "the home of his childhood," but, in a matter-of-fact way, goes resolutely into the details which have so much to do with making the man of after years. This is the most difficult and the most entertaining part of the book, and renders it almost a classic for boys, and for men too. The boy, wild for books, and accurate in facts and figures, showed even then the Horace Greeley that was to be. Yet in some things how impossible was it to judge of his future! Eager to attend the spelling school, he never missed at it,—and "that was a lucky side in a spelling match which secured the powerful aid of Horace Greeley." So small, that he would drop asleep as the long evening spelling trials went on; still, when waked by "a nudge," he would spell his word with precision. How horror-struck would the sleeping boy have been, if, in one of those stolen naps, he had even dreamed that, by any mishap, future times should so circumvent him, that he could be possibly tempted to write of "a traveler leaving his plow, in a season of drouth,—traveling from the center of New Hampshire, and watching the hight of the reveling at a theater"!

The boy becomes a printer's apprentice,—passes through that glorious manual-labor college, to which, from Franklin down, this country has owed so many of its best men. And thus, in his connection with the press, the book follows him on, till it becomes a history of that remarkable journal, which wields an influence no quarterly ever dreamed of,—the New York Tribune.

This is no place for criticism on the newspaper press of America. So we say nothing of the Tribune, though we should not be sorry to discuss it and the other leading American journals. This is no place for such criticisms, because, to be of any use, they must be thoroughly followed up, month after month, and year after year. A part of the newspaper press of this country and of England sells its editorial columns to any Barnum who will pay high enough for them. A part does not. The public will never make out the difference between these two classes of journals, till it has some gallant guide, careless of them all, to lead the way. There are journals, again, which publish what-

ever is new, reckless as to its truth. There are others which do not. Just now, the public prefers to read *all* the news, true and false together. It will prefer so to do, till some gallant guide, careless of the daily press, criticizes it truly, and leads the public out of that fatally immoral blunder.

This must be done, if it is ever done, by some express "critic of the newspapers." Some editor must establish a Review, which shall make this its only province. Unpopular as Croker, fearless as Jeffrey, he must, month by month, expose the tergiversations of the daily press, wherever he finds them. He must trace a mermaid through the country, and point out the character of the editorial opinion (!) of the different journals which "notice" her. He must dissect the "notices of books," and make a monthly catalogue of those which "ought to be in every family in the land." (An edition of four million copies is thus suggested every day, by the "book-noticers.") It would be his business to see who starts falsehoods, and who corrects them. He would point out who puffed themselves, and who were puffed by others. In a very short time he would find that he had gallant backers in the newspaper press, — and such enemies ! But if he went on, with iron nerve, and unflinching courage, this Hercules — though he could never get an office — would die (young) with the certainty that he had done the greatest work for truth and right given to any one man in America to do.

Recommending the Life of Mr. Greeley to general attention, we have to speak in particular commendation of the admirable style in which the author has collected his materials, and wrought them up. The book did not reveal to us the power of Horace Greeley. We knew that before. But we did not know the power, in research, in mastery of the English language, and in strong good sense, of Mr. T. Parton, who is its author. It revealed that to us. For, let us own it, we did not know there was any such man.

We have now to say that here is an author new to title-pages, though not new, as it seems, to newspaper-work, whom we shall hear of with pleasure always, and who, by this step, takes a foremost place among our writers. The book is not an ephemeral book, — like the lives of many men more or less distinguished. It is not like a campaign life of Clay, of Taylor, of Jackson ; it is a piece of standard English literature. It is an amusing book. It is a brave book. It is, so far as its author can make it, a true book. Thanks for all of this to Mr. T. Parton. And we give these thanks all the more earnestly, because there are in this world so few men who can praise without puffing, — can work hard at a subject, and not show the soil of labor upon their hands, — can make a thorough book entertaining, — can tell the truth, fearing no man, — and, with all this, can write good English too.

It seems that we hear from Mr. Parton every week. We trust he has some other *pièce de résistance*, however, which will present him to the world as a *book*-author once more.

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NOTE TO ARTICLE VI. OF THE JANUARY NUMBER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW:—

Dear Sir,—The honor of originating the plan for organizing emigration to the West, with the view of saving Kansas and the new Western States from the worst of evils, is one which will yet be regarded as among the most distinguished honors of this time. As your pages will be resorted to as history, I am anxious to put on record there the title of Mr. Eli Thayer to all this honor. He conceived the scheme, he arranged the working details of it, and by his comprehensive and ingenious combinations so adjusted it, in the beginning, that to practical men it has always seemed an eminently practical affair.

This statement is due from me, because, in your kind notice of my book on Kansas, there is an expression from which a careless reader might suppose that Mr. Thayer was working out suggestions of mine. Every one who knows the facts would ridicule this idea. I published in 1845 a pamphlet on Emigration to Texas, which no one read, and I could not induce any one to consider the idea. It contained no plan of operation. Although I never abandoned the fundamental idea of that pamphlet, I made no suggestion for carrying it out last year, nor had I any plan to propose. Mr. Thayer had never seen nor heard of my pamphlet, when he originated what I have no claim to,—the comprehensive scheme, only now beginning to be realized, for organizing Western Emigration.

Very truly yours,

EDWARD E. HALE.

WORCESTER, February 3, 1855.

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NOTE TO ARTICLE IX. OF THE JANUARY NUMBER.

THE name of the artist who accompanied Bishop Berkeley to Rhode Island is *Smibert*, and was so written by the author of the article. The editor changed it into *Smilert*, on the authority of what he supposes to be the latest, and knows to be a carefully edited, edition of Berkeley's Works (London, Charles Daly, 1837); but before the number was issued, it was ascertained that the London editor himself was at fault.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

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Catalogue of the Officers and Students of the University of Michigan, 1854-55. Ann Arbor. 1855.

Calendar of Trinity College, Hartford. M.DCCC.LV. Hartford. 1855.

A Catalogue of the Meadville Theological School, for the Academical Year 1854-55. Meadville. 1855.

Class of Alumni of Dartmouth College in 1813 ; with Biographical Notices of the Members. Boston. 1854.

Harper's Story-Books. A Series of Narratives, Dialogues, Biographies, and Tales, for the Instruction and Entertainment of the Young. By Jacob Abbott. Embellished with beautiful Engravings. No. 1. Bruno. 2. Willie. 3. Strait Gate. 4. Little Louvre. New York : Harper and Brothers. 1854-55.

Harper's Gazetteer of the World. Nos. 8-10.

Library of Select Novels. No. 195. Avillion, and other Tales. No. 196. North and South. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1855.

A Year of the War. By Adam G. de Gurowski. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1855.

A Review of the Tariff of 1846. Boston : Redding & Co. 1855.

The African Squadron : Ashburton Treaty : Consular Sea Letters. Reviewed, in an Address by Commander A. H. Foote, U. S. N. Philadelphia. 1855.

Antislavery Tracts. No. 1. The United States Constitution. No. 2. White Slavery in the United States. No. 3. Colonization. By Rev. O. B. Frothingham. No. 4. Does Slavery Christianize the Negro? By Rev. T. W. Higginson. New York. 1855.

Report of the Annual Examination of the Public Schools of the City of Boston, 1854. Boston. 1854.

The Principles of Criminal Legislation and the Practice of Prison Discipline investigated. By George Combe. London : Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1854. 16mo. pp. 105.

Hard Times : Important Suggestions to Laborers in the Manufactory and the Workshop, the Field and the Mine. With some Remarks upon the Proposed Reduction of the Duty upon Railroad Iron and Coal. Boston. 1855.

Reports of the Trustees and Superintendent of the Butler Hospital for the Insane. Presented to the Corporation, at their Annual Meeting, January 24, 1855. Providence. 1855.

Annual Report to the Executive Committee of the Salem Provident Association. VOL. LXXX. — NO. 167.

ation. Rendered November 17, 1854. By John Ball, City Missionary. Salem. 1854.

Tenth Annual Report of the Minister at Large in Lowell. Lowell. 1854.

Twenty-first and Twenty-second Annual Reports of the Seamen's Aid Society of the City of Boston. Boston. 1855.

Nature and Man before and after the Deluge : being a brief Defence of the Literal Reading of the first ten Chapters of Genesis. By P\*\*\*\* R\*\*\*\*. New York : Charles B. Norton. 1855.

Letter to the President of the United States on Slavery, considered in Relation to the Constitutional Principles of Government in Great Britain and in the United States. By an American Citizen. Boston : Redding & Co. 1855.

Thirteenth Annual Report of the Managers of the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents, to the Legislature of the State, and the Corporation of the City of New York. New York. 1855.

A Sermon delivered before His Excellency Emory Washburn, Governor, His Honor Wm. C. Plunkett, Lieutenant-Governor, the Honorable Council, and the Legislature of Massachusetts, at the Annual Election, Wednesday, January 3, 1855. By S. K. Lothrop, D. D. Boston. 1855.

The Incarnation. A Sermon preached at the Ordination of Rev. Calvin S. Locke over the Unitarian Church and Society in West Dedham, Wednesday, December 6, 1854. By Rev. Oliver Stearns. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1855.

American Principles on National Prosperity. A Thanksgiving Sermon, preached in the First Presbyterian Church, Elizabethtown, November 28, 1854. New York : Harper and Brothers. 1854.

Portsmouth : Its Advantages and Needs. A Thanksgiving Sermon, delivered at the Middle Street Church, Portsmouth, November 30, 1854. By William Lamson, Pastor. Portsmouth : William B. Lowd. 1855.

The Unspeakable Gift. A Sermon delivered at the South Church, Portsmouth, N. H., on the Anniversary of the City Missionary Society, Sunday Evening, December 3, 1854. By Henry D. Moore, Pastor of the North Church. Portsmouth : Wm. B. Lowd. 1854.

Congressional Globe : containing the Debates, Proceedings, and Laws of the First Session of the Thirty-third Congress. Vols. 28 (in three parts) and 29. By John C. Rives. Washington. 1854. pp. 2356, 1232.

Eighth Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, showing the Operations, Expenditures, and Condition of the Institution up to January 1, 1854, and the Proceedings of the Board up to July 8, 1854. Washington. 1854. pp. 269.

The State of the Union : being a complete Documentary History of the Public Affairs of the United States, Foreign and Domestic, for the Year 1854. Washington : Taylor & Maury. 1855. 8vo. pp. 475.

Meyer's Monatshefte (German Magazine), Band V. No. 1. January, 1855. New York. pp. 80.

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the Year 1855. Boston : Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1855.

The Forest Exiles ; or, The Perils of a Peruvian Family amid the Wilds of

the Amazon. By Captain Mayne Reid. With twelve Illustrations. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1855. 16mo. pp. 360.

Chemical Atlas ; or, the Chemistry of Familiar Objects ; exhibiting the General Principles of the Science in a Series of beautifully colored Diagrams, and accompanied by Explanatory Essays, embracing the latest Views of the Subjects illustrated. Designed for the Use of Students and Pupils in all Schools where Chemistry is taught. By Edward L. Youmans. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 106. Plates 13.

A Trifolium. By Henry W. Carstens. Boston : James Munroe & Co. 1855. 16mo. pp. 197.

The Aimwell Stories. Oscar ; or the Boy who had his own way. By Walter Aimwell. With Illustrations. Boston : Gould and Lincoln. 1855. 12mo. pp. 313.

Nothing Venture, Nothing Have. By Cousin Alice. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 24mo. pp. 168.

Parish and other Pencillings. By Kirwan. New York : Harper and Brothers. 1854. 24mo. pp. 272.

The Poetical Works of Thomas Hood ; with a Biographical Sketch. Edited by Epes Sargent. Boston : Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 491.

Art, Scenery, and Philosophy in Europe. Being Fragments from the Portfolio of the late Horace Binney Wallace, Esquire, of Philadelphia. Philadelphia : Herman Hooker. 1855. 12mo. pp. 346.

Annual of Scientific Discovery : or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1855. Edited by David A. Wells, A. M. Boston : Gould and Lincoln. 1855. 24mo. pp. 394.

Thoughts to Help and Cheer. Second Series. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 229.

Poems by William Cullen Bryant. Collected and arranged by the Author. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. 24mo. pp. 296, 286.

The Rose and the Ring ; or, The History of Prince Giglio and Prince Bulbo. A Fireside Pantomime for Great and Small Children. By Mr. M. A. Titmarsh (W. M. Thackeray). New York : Harper and Brothers. 1855. 16mo. pp. 148.

The Ways of Life, showing the Right Way and the Wrong Way ; contrasting the High Way and the Low Way ; the True Way and the False Way ; the Upward Way and the Downward Way ; the Way of Honor and the Way of Dishonor. By Rev. G. S. Weaver. New York : Fowlers and Wells. 1855. 24mo. pp. 157.

Cain. By Charles Boner. London : Chapman and Hall. 1855. 16mo. pp. 87.

The Dream of Pythagoras, and other Poems. By Emma Tatham. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. London : Longman & Co. 16mo. pp. 216.

Hypatia ; or, New Foes with an Old Face. By Charles Kingsley, Jr. Second Edition. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 487.

American System of Education. First Thoughts ; or Beginning to Think. By a Literary Association. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 24mo. pp. 115.

The Universe no Desert, the Earth no Monopoly ; preceded by a Scientific Exposition of the Unity of Plan in Creation. Boston : James Munroe & Co. 1855. 16mo. pp. 130, 239.

Hard Times. A Novel. By Charles Dickens. New York : Harper and Brothers. 1854. 24mo. pp. 292.

History of the French Revolution. By D. Wemyss Jobson. Third Edition. London. 1853. 16mo. pp. 338.

The History of an Expedition against Fort Du Quesne, in 1755, under Major-General Edward Braddock, Generalissimo of H. B. M. Forces in America. Edited from the Original Manuscripts, by Winthrop Sargent, M. A. Philadelphia : Lippincott, Grambo, & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 423.

Inez : a Tale of the Alamo. New York : Harper and Brothers. 1855. 24mo. pp. 298.

Questions of the Soul. By I. T. Hecker. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 24mo. pp. 296.

Marco Paul's Voyages and Travels. Vol. VI. Springfield Armory. New York : Harper and Brothers.

The Physical Geography of the Sea. By M. F. Maury, LL.D., Lieut. U. S. Navy. New York : Harper and Brothers. 1855. 16mo. pp. 274. Plates 12.

Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. V. New York : Harper and Brothers. 1855.

The Merchant's and Banker's Almanac, for 1855. New York : J. Smith Homans. 1855.

The Associate Reformed Presbyterian Pulpit, for February, 1855. Sermon XIV. True and Formal Religion, by Rev. Joseph R. Kerr. Sermon XV. Man's Immortality, as evidenced by the Nature of the Soul, by William T. Findley. — Biography. The Rev. Matthew Lind. By Rev. John D. Dales, D. D. Chillicothe. 1855.

Population and Capital ; being a Course of Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford, in 1853-4. By George K. Rickards, M. A., Professor of Political Economy. London : Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1854. 16mo. pp. 259.

Sermons, chiefly practical, by the Senior Minister of the West Church in Boston. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1855. 12mo. pp. 362.

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